CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

JUNE | JULY 2002 $4.95

Looking for Mrs. Armstrong

The Winnipeg Strike's forgotten woman

The Doctor and the Madmen

In David Thompson's Footsteps

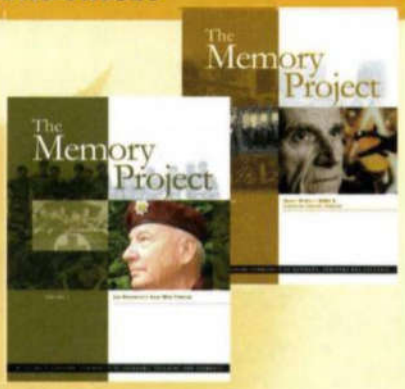
The King of the Klondike & the Queen of Romania

The Memory Project

HELPING VETERANS SHARE THEIR STORIES WITH YOUNG CANADIANS

For educators

STEP 1
Use FREE resource booklets to follow the career of a WWII airman, read the harrowing tale of a Korean War veteran, or explore the stories of Canadian peacekeepers.



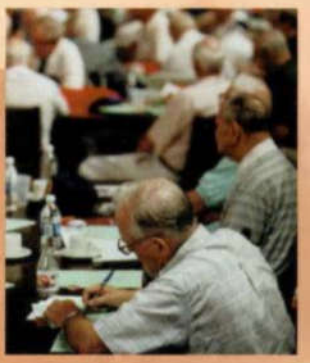
Also, order the FREE History Television/ Dominion Institute documentary, *Crew of Seven* - a WWII veteran shares his compelling story with a group of young Canadians.

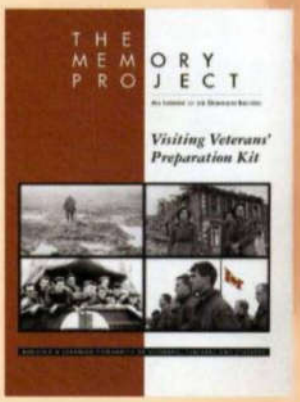
STEP 2
Face-to-face learning is a rewarding experience for young people. Host a classroom or community visit by a trained Memory Project veteran or peacekeeper, and reinforce the contemporary relevance of history for young Canadians. Call the Dominion Institute and we will facilitate the entire process!

STEP 3
Become a Digital Historian. Help conserve Canada's military heritage through the Veterans' Archive at www.thememoryproject.com - hundreds of stories shared by youth and veterans from across Canada.

For veterans

Share your story and ensure that the service and sacrifice of Canada's veterans lives on in the minds of Canadian youth.





STEP 1
Sign up to be a Memory Project Volunteer. Prepare for speaking engagements by attending a preparation workshop and using the Visiting Veterans' Kit with resources customized for your conflict and theatre.

STEP 2
Visit local youth and community groups to speak about your military experience.

STEP 3
Your story will be documented online by the groups you visit, so that it can be read by Canadians from across the country.

Share your own story over the Internet or send it to us to post in the Veterans' Archive @ www.thememoryproject.com

Share YOUR story at
www.thememoryproject.com
and visit the online archives to read other Canadians' contributions, or call 1-866-701-1867 to participate.

In partnership with: Canada Ontario NEWSWORLD HISTORICA

The Memory Project is an educational programme of the Dominion Institute, a national charity, in partnership with the Government of Canada, the Government of Ontario, and the Royal Canadian Legion.

The Beaver

JUNE | JULY 2002 VOL. 82:3

FEATURES

8 The Siege of Fort Beauséjour
by Gwyneth Hoyle
A French stronghold falls and the Acadian expulsion begins.

13 In the Footsteps of David Thompson
by Stephen R. Bown
Retracing the great mapmaker's route over the Continental Divide.

20 Looking for Mrs. Armstrong
by Paula Kelly
The forgotten woman at the heart of the Winnipeg General Strike.

27 The Doctor and the Madmen
by Louisa Blair
Pioneering psychiatry in early Quebec.

33 Seduction and the Law
by Douglas J. Johnston
Ruined maids and fallen women.

36 The King of the Klondike and the Queen of Romania
by Eric Gibson
A war hero and the monarch who loved him.

41 History Redux
by Matt Jackson
People who love to repeat the past.

8

41

36

13

COLUMNS

6
Explorations
Revisiting Riel's conviction

51
Booknotes
Three wishes and a farewell

54
Christopher Moore
The varieties of black experience

DEPARTMENTS

2
Letters
The religious write

4
Currents
Better living through science
Museum goers of the world, unite
Apologies to Longfellow

45
Reviews
Ode to a river
Pop rock
Continental trek
Foot men

PLUS

52
The Society
All PATHS lead to Quebec
Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature

56
Album
Repose

On the cover: Helen Armstrong (middle) with strikers during the 1917 Retail Clerks' Union strike. Photo courtesy Bob Waters.

Letters

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

We did it our way

As a person who was born in the United States but chose to immigrate to Canada, I am offended by the comments of people like Stewart Liddell [Letters: "Blacked Jack attacked," February/March 2002], who so often criticize Canada and urge us to imitate the U.S. His contrast of the September memorial services in Ottawa and Washington was a case in point. The Canadian service, which Liddell attacks as lacking mentions of faith, was deeply moving—and filled with a spirit of inclusiveness that embraced mourners of all faiths. The Billy Graham speech in Washington included a slap in the face for mourners not of Graham's faith. Graham, quite disgracefully, made a point that "many" of the victims of the bombings were now in heaven. Many, but not all. Presumably, Billy Graham was excluding sinners and heathens. Whether or not he intended to single out the Jews, Moslems, and atheists who don't accept his view of the way to heaven, he was certainly inconsiderate of the feelings of at least some families of victims. As a new Canadian and as a person of faith, I am proud of the spirit of openness that, by contrast, characterized the Ottawa service.

Arnold Bennett
Manuels, Newfoundland

The religious write

As an occasional contributor to the *Beaver* I have found myself described as "a communist," "a liberal," "politically correct," "politically *in*correct," and most damaging of all, "a person from Toronto." It was with some interest then that I opened your latest issue to discover I had become "anti-Christian."

I refer to Mr. Stewart Liddell's letter [February/March 2002] regarding what he rightly calls my hatchet job on Jack Miner. While respecting your reader's willingness to put his opinions into print, I must protest what he calls my anti-Christian bias. For what it's worth I consider myself to be the most Christian of authors; I do not write a word without first uttering a Christian prayer. This prayer is one favoured by British playwright Joe Orton and was used by him, I believe, up until the night he was beaten to death with a hammer: "Please God, grant me the ability to *rage correctly*."

Furthermore, like Lawrence Sterne, I am truly a religious writer, for when I start a sentence, only God Himself knows where it will end.

Peter Unwin
Toronto, Ontario

Both Blythe

In the article "Canada's First Literary Ladies" [February/March 2002] there is reference to Ann Langton living with her brother John "in Blythe and later in Peterborough." Readers might assume Blythe was the present village of Blyth near Goderich in Huron County whose postal name was spelled Blythe from 1856 to 1888. However, John Langton's cabin in Fenelon Township and on Sturgeon Lake, 40 km northwest of Peterborough, had been called Blythe in 1833 after the Langton family home near Ormskirk, Lancashire, England. Blythe never became a populated place in Fenelon Township.

Alan Rayburn
Nepean, Ontario

Annalee Greenberg, *Editor*
Doug Whiteway, *Associate Editor*
Pat Stanton, *Design Director*
Dorothy Bosma, *Editorial Assistant*

Laird Rankin, *Publisher*
Catherine Kupfer, *Treasurer*
Patricia Gerow, *Accountant*
Gale Whiteside, *Manager, Member Services*
June Parker, *Supervisor, Member Services*
Maureen Stokell, Danielle Chartier, *Member Services Representatives*
Pinky Bilugan, *Administrative Assistant*

Rolph Huband, *Publisher Emeritus*

Advisory Committee:
James Arnett
Joanne Burgess
Fernand Harvey
Mark Starowicz
Bill Waiser

The Beaver *Canada's History Magazine* (ISSN 0005-7517), founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is published bimonthly by Canada's National History Society, #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Phone: (204) 988-9300. Fax: (204) 988-9309. Toll Free 1-800-816-6777. E-mail: <cnhs@historysociety.ca> Member Services E-mail: <beaver@historysociety.ca> World Wide Web site: <http://www.beavermagazine.ca>

Editorial guidelines can be found on our website. While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss.

Copyright © 2002 by Canada's National History Society. All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission of the publisher is strictly forbidden.

Advertising Representative:
Michael Wile, 5502 Atlantic Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3H 1G4. Phone: (902) 421-7022. Fax: (902) 425-0166. E-mail: <michaelwile@historysociety.ca>

Annual Subscription (6 issues): Canada, $27.50 (includes GST). Residents of Manitoba, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia add $1.80 on a one-year subscription. Please add $4 a year for U.S. orders and $6 a year for foreign orders. Single copy price: $4.95. Subscribe by phone, fax, mail, e-mail, or through our website: <http://www.beavermagazine.ca>
GST Registration Number: 13868 1408 RT

Subscribers have the right to request their names not be used for any internal or external marketing or fund-raising purposes. If you do not wish to receive such communications, please contact Member Services, at left.

Canadian Postmaster: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, #478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6.
PAP Registration No. 09708.
Canadian Publication Agreement No. 40063001.

U.S. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Beaver Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271–0329.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg.

CCAB

Issued May 2002

Printed in Canada on recycled paper

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Publications Assistance Program and the Canada Magazine Fund toward our mailing and editorial costs.

Shadowy scholars

The life and career of William Stephenson has been done a great disservice by historians and reviewers, and Christopher Moore's column [April/May 2002] seems to have added another chapter. He has either misinterpreted or deliberately misrepresented the essence of my book *The True Intrepid: Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents* (TTI).

In a way my book analyzes the Stephenson record. It is completely sourced and contains many interviews with Stephenson's former agents. Nearly all are going on record for the first time, and many are arguably breaking Britain's Official Secrets Act. About three quarters of the book is completely new information. It contains previously unrecorded, important Canadian history, but for some reason Moore's column seems to dwell on Stephenson's fictitious Winnipeg background and an inaccurate previous book.

Moore claims Stephenson exaggerated his war-time role. He bases this on *A Man Called Intrepid* (AMCI)—a book written by Briton William Stevenson and discredited by critics. From the author Stevenson's files it appears Stephenson had little knowledge of what would be written about him, and there are instances where the author wrote up events contrary to what was told him. The late Pauline McGibbon, interviewed in TTI, said Stephenson himself called AMCI a fictionalized version of the true events, and "one day the truth would come out." Moore chose to ignore this information and stated Stephenson's "wartime career has been wildly inflated, and Stephenson was complicit in spreading nonsense about it." Where is the proof? Any complaints about events recounted in AMCI should be directed at its author.

Moore refers to Intrepid's scholarly critics, though he doesn't name any of them. TTI reviews all the ones I could find, and all based their barbs on the book AMCI. As my book points out, all the commentaries on Stephenson's career seem to come from former employees of the British government or British intelligence. They seem quite happy to sweep the career of the Canadian Stephenson under the carpet.

Moore concedes Stephenson "played a useful bureaucratic" role in the secret service. Very useful. Following the D-Day landings, J. Edgar Hoover wrote Stephenson: "When the full story can be told I'm sure your role will be among the foremost in having brought victory finally to the United Nations cause."

Canada's History Magazine deserves more than a superficial analysis of an important Canadian story.

Bill Macdonald
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Born-again Burns

Tommy Burns's boxing career might have been effectively over with his defeat by Jack Johnson, but his interesting life continued ["Lord of the Ring," February/March 2002]. Almost immediately after the loss of his title, Burns began his personal search for a "white hope" who could put the black man "in his place." He located to Calgary and bought the Manchester Arena, where he attracted boxers, sold tickets, and promoted matches. On May 24, 1913, his main event was between Luther McCarty, an American who carried the title White Heavyweight Champion of the World, and Arthur Pelkey, a Canadian from Chatham, Ontario.

Just over one minute into the first round, Pelkey landed a light jab on McCarty's chin. The American staggered and fell to the canvas, dead. But the crowd, many of whom were still filing into their seats, was unaware and booed. A riot almost broke out; suspicions were aroused. People demanded their money back. Odds were 7–3 on McCarty the eve of the match. By fight time they had dropped to even money; someone had waged large sums on Pelkey. Overnight, the arena burned down. Burns and Pelkey were arrested and later released. An autopsy showed that McCarty had died from a broken neck. Pelkey was lauded as the newest "white hope" but faded quickly into the background after he lost his next fight in San Francisco to "Gunboat" Smith.

Burns continued with his "wherever-I-can-make-a-buck" approach. Gambling and Prohibition-era dance halls caught his attention. He even returned to the ring, scoring a KO in Prince Rupert, B.C. in 1918. But the price seemed too high when he was knocked out for the first time two years later. His fighting career finished, he helped develop the right uppercut of Primo Carnera, the Italian giant who defeated Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight title. Burns turned to evangelism in 1955, perhaps to expiate and substitute the admitted hatred that had been his driving force with a new one.

Frank Cosentino, Eganville, Ontario

Just ask Strom

I reread your December/January "Currents" piece on naming something after Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Perhaps Heritage Canada and the Trudeau Foundation should consult with Strom Thurmond, our soon-to-be centenarian and mercifully retired senator. Thurmond has a positive genius for getting himself memorialized. Hardly anything inanimate in South Carolina seems safe from having his name placed upon it; just off the top of my head I can think of a high school, a scholarship, a lake, an institute, a wellness center, and a federal office building. Everywhere we turn we see the name "Strom Thurmond." Senator Thurmond is a political midget. Surely Canada can do better for Mr. Trudeau, a genuine statesman.

John H. Wilde, Greenwood, South Carolina

Skiing firsts

In his article "The Crazy Canucks of '33" [December 2001/January 2002], Robert Stewart writes: "The Akademische was the closest thing to a world championship tournament at a time when professional competitive skiing was unknown." Well, not quite.

Nordic ski events were included in the first Winter Olympics held in Chamonix in 1924 and again in 1928 in St. Moritz. From then on, annual nordic world championships were held under the auspices of the Federation Internationale du Ski (FIS), except in the Olympic years of 1932 and 1936. FIS world championships in alpine events (downhill and slalom) began in 1931. The Akademische events were limited to university students and were recognized as being of the second rung.

This in no way detracts from the Canadians' achievements in 1933, especially Jost's victory in the Roberts of Kandahar held in Murrein. Jost was perhaps the first Crazy Canuck, with whom, however, my brother Peter deserves to be included. He was a good jumper and even better downhill racer.

Lukin Robinson, Toronto, Ontario

Currents

With apologies to Henry Wadsworth

COURTESY MILTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands

We're not sure if Milton, Ontario has Longfellow's spreading chestnut tree. And a smith it is lacking, for the time being. But it does have a smithy. Rare, if not unique, among Canada's towns and villages, Milton's blacksmith shop is in the same location as when it was built, in the 1820s. Which is one reason why it's being restored in earnest. Operated after 1865 by four generations of the Waldie family and a going concern until the early 1970s, the shop, part of which will reopen this summer, has proven to be an exemplar of blacksmith technology (containing every type of forge in its day) and a treasure trove of the smith's craft (so far, over four thousand tools and artifacts have been recovered). Rare among restored smithies, it even has intact horse stocks – sort of the equine equivalent of a car hoist – where the animal could be lifted and its hoof clamped in place for ease of shoeing. The goal of the Milton Historical Society, which is organizing the restoration, is to reestablish the smithy as a functioning year-'round building with a resident blacksmith (*With large and sinewy hands?*) who can demonstrate the craft to visitors (*hear his bellows blow … hear him swing his heavy sledge*) or teach it to hobbyists. Then, when that's done, perhaps they'll plant a chestnut tree.

P.S.–Donations (no horseshoes, please) may be sent to P.O. Box 85, Milton, Ontario, L9T 2Y3.

Online-O-Rama

We're fond of our four-volume set of the *Canadian Encyclopedia*, with its lovely red cloth covers, but all the loveliness in the world doesn't hold a candle to expediency these days, alas. Why lift a weighty tome from the shelves and flip through pages of text, when all you need do is log onto the Internet and, in the case of the CE, type into your search engine <**www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com**>? Yup, everything that was in the four-volume set, and the one-volume compilation, and even on the computer-friendly CD-ROM version is now online and readily facilitates full-text searching, cross-referencing, and the like. And, best of all, it's free! Which will oblige us to find other uses for our text versions. Doorstop, perhaps. Anchoring that dilapidated couch. Or just looking good on the shelf.

Meanwhile, the *Encyclopedia of British Columbia*, which was published in 2000 in a handsome text and a CD-ROM edition, is also taking the online route. The Web edition is hosted at <**www.knowbc.com**>, and, like the online CE, has all the bells and whistles that make finding stuff easy. There is a cost involved here, however. A year's subscription to the service costs $19.95 – but think of it as five cents a day.

But wait! Don't turn that page! There's more bargains online! Fur-trade history buffs will find two new websites useful. Early Canadiana Online has an exhibit on exploration, the fur trade, and the Hudson's Bay Company at <**www.canadiana.org/hbc**>. Meanwhile, over at McGill University, the exploits of the HBC's great rival, the North West Company, are catalogued at <**http://digital.library.mcgill.ca/nwc**>. The latter has the full text and digital images of thirty-eight diaries written by the wintering partners of the NWC between 1790 and 1820.

Take the day off

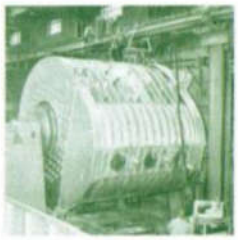
June 30: To mark the first crossing in 1859 of Niagara Falls on a tightrope by Jean-François Gravalet, a.k.a. The Great Blondin. Keep your balance.

June 24: To commemorate the 505th anniversary of the landing of John Cabot on the North American coast, either at Newfoundland or Cape Breton Island. Plant a flag.

July 5: To honour the first investiture of the first ribbon and pendant star of the Order of Canada, to Governor General Roland Michener by Queen Elizabeth II, in 1967. Stick out your chest.

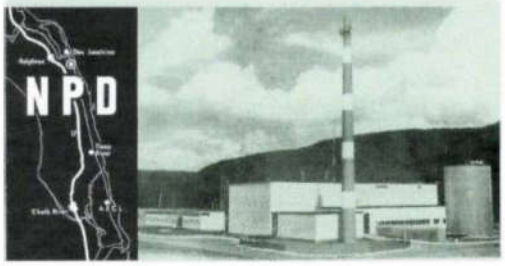
July 10: To celebrate the opening in 1946 in Hamilton of Canada's first drive-in theatre. Fog up the windscreen.

Better living through science



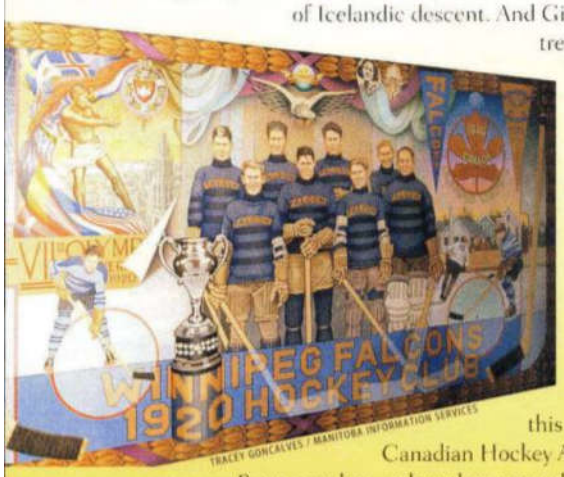
Is it really forty years since a Canadian nuclear reactor produced electricity for the first time? My, how time flies when you're splitting atoms.

But it's true. On June 4, 1962, at Deep River, 225 kilometres upstream from Ottawa near the town of Rolphton, electricity flowed from Canada's first nuclear power plant into the grid and, eventually, into homes and factories and toasters and turbines across Ontario. By September 25, the Nuclear Power Demonstration plant, based on the Canadian deuterium uranium reactor (CANDU) subsequently used at the Pickering and Bruce generating stations, was declared to be fully in service – a triumph of the peaceful atom. The Deep River plant was decommissioned in 1987, but never mind. On June 1, members of the Canadian Nuclear Society and the Ontario Heritage Federation are scheduled to gather to unveil a plaque on the shoulder of Highway 17, about three kilometres from Rolphton, honouring this historical milestone for Canadian science and technology. And, if you can't make the ceremony, you can read all about the NPD's history at <www.cns-snc.ca/history/npd/npd.html>.



Attempt to rewrite history fails

And now the mural of the Winnipeg Falcons, Canada's (and the world's) first Olympic hockey gold medallists, is at the Gimli Museum in beautiful downtown Gimli, Manitoba. Which is a good place for it, as virtually all the members of the Falcons were of Icelandic descent. And Gimli, a hundred kilometres north of Winnipeg on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, was settled by Icelanders.



The Falcons, featured in the *Beaver*'s February/March 1999 issue, won gold at the 1920 summer Olympics in Antwerp, Belgium (there being no winter Olympics until 1924), but somehow this was forgotten by the Canadian Hockey Association – clearly not *Beaver* readers – when they were planning for the 2002 winter Olympics in Salt Lake City last February. The CHA put patches of the Toronto Granites on the Team Canada jerseys, believing the Granites had been the first Canadians to win the Olympics.

Well, *no*.

In a mea culpa gesture, the CHA handed out Falcons medallions at Salt Lake and the mural (above), painted by Manitoba artist Luther Pokrant, was unveiled as the Team Canada men's hockey team looked on. The mural moved to the rotunda of the Manitoba Legislative Building in the spring for public viewing, before travelling to its permanent home in Gimli.

Errors have been corrected. All is forgiven. Just.

Museum-goers of the world, unite!

Speaking of the Winnipeg General Strike, which we do tangentially through one of its protagonists featured on page 20 of this issue, the Workers Arts and Heritage Centre in Hamilton, Ontario, dips into the strikes, struggles, and stresses of labouring lives in its current exhibit *All We Worked For: 100 Years of Canadian Workers' History*. Summer-holiday time may tempt us away from serious-mindedness, but summer holidays might have been only a notion if they hadn't been fought for. Even the nine-hour day was an advance that workers struggled to gain, as the first of six displays in the exhibition (each of which is centred around a single representative worker) illustrates. In 1872 the Nine-Hours Movement began in Hamilton and spread quickly to other industrial centres. It was the first time Canadian labour organized a unified protest movement, developed resistance tactics, and fostered articulate leadership. By 1912 in British Columbia, the Industrial Workers of the World (the "Wobblies"), the subject of the second display, had taken seven thousand, mostly immigrant, workers out on strike to protest miserable wages and working conditions. In 1922, it's coal miners vs. British Empire Steel in Cape Breton – another epic struggle. Winnipeg garment workers fighting low wages, dangerous conditions, and monotonous labour in 1935 summarize the Depression years. The massive ninety-nine-day strike against Ford in Windsor symbolizes the postwar battle for economic security for those who had sacrificed much during the war. And the exhibit ends with 1972 with Quebec public-sector workers seeking a role in society greater than reflexive production and consumption. Weighty stuff, but with videos and even a large board game called Bread and Roses, *All We Worked For* is not all work and no play.

No lollygagging, please

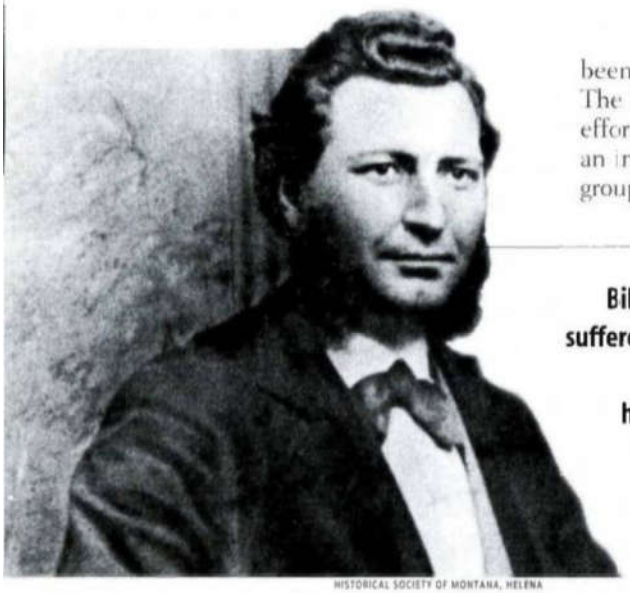
Are you one of 125,000 Canadians who have been involved in peacekeeping missions since 1948? Well, apparently, almost half of you – though eligible for the Canadian Peacekeeping Service Medal issued since June 2000 under the authority of Her Excellency the Governor General of Canada – haven't got around to applying. You are encouraged to do so. For an application, phone toll free 1-877-741-8333.

Pen and paper

Unaccountably, part of James Wolfe's journal – the part relating to that watershed moment in Canadian history, the 1759 Battle of the Plains of Abraham – ended up in the nineteenth century with some guy living in Tetbury, Gloucestershire. But that passionate collector of Canadiana, David Ross McCord, tracked it down in 1914 and whisked it back to Montreal where it joined the thousands and thousands of other cultural artifacts the scion of Montreal's anglophone bourgeoisie had assembled, and which in 1919 formed the foundation of the McCord Museum.

Of course, with such abundance, a treasure like Wolfe's journal doesn't often surface from its climate-controlled repository to the light of day. But now it has. Until August 4 at the McCord Museum's new Third Floor Gallery, Wolfe's journal is there for the reading along with seventy-one other of the McCord's artifacts in an exhibition called – appropriately, given the delicacy of paper, ink, and paint – *Fragile Witness*. Among them, too, is Louis Riel's last will and testament, which, before David McCord's acquisition, had fallen into the hands of the great-nephew of Colonel Irvine, who led the North-West Mounted Police in the 1885 rebellion. Such works of national significance are placed alongside more idiosyncratic items such as an 1812 circus poster, some 1904 fashion journals, advertising for a 1928 B'nai Brith fundraising "smoker," and period needlework designs. The notion, says exhibition curator and McCord executive director Victoria Dickenson, is to offer glimpses of both the public, usually male, and the more private, often female, events that have shaped perspectives on Canadian history.

Revisiting Riel's Conviction



HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA, HELENA

Campaigns to correct what their proponents regard as historical injustices have become increasingly common in Canada in recent years. Perhaps the most successful example was mounted by the Japanese-Canadians, who succeeded in gaining both an apology of sorts from the Canadian government and a compensation package for their treatment during the Second World War. The Acadians have recently indicated that they would like an apology for their removal from their homes by the British government in the 1750s, and yet another private member's bill attempting to rehabilitate Louis Riel has recently been tabled in the Canadian Senate. The Riel campaign represents a major effort to correct the past treatment of an individual, rather than some larger group, although behind Riel floats the whole question of the Métis people.

Bill S-35 ... does not argue that Riel suffered a miscarriage of justice in 1885 ... but simply that his present historical status – presumably as a convicted and executed traitor, although this is not specified – is not congruent with "the national story of Canada."

The current Bill S-35, introduced by Liberal Senator Thelma Chalifoux, is, as introduced in the Senate, considerably less controversial on the surface than its predecessors. Contrary to several newspaper accounts, it does not attempt to "exonerate" Riel from wrongdoing or to recognize him as a victim of any miscarriage of justice. In its preamble the bill merely argues that Riel was a significant political leader whose leadership activities "brought him into conflict with Canadian law and Canadian authorities." This conflict has produced a need for reconciliation of "his story with the national story of Canada." The preamble continues by insisting on the expediency of effecting that reconciliation and harmonizing Canada's national story by honouring Riel and acknowledging his contributions. The key provision of the *Louis Riel Act* is apparently the one that simply declares without explanation: "The conviction of Louis Riel on August 1, 1885 for high treason is vacated." Subsequent clauses acknowledge Riel's role as Métis patriot and his "present role as a Canadian hero," as well as designating May 12 as Louis Riel Day and authorizing the arrowhead sash as "the recognized symbol of the Métis people."

Whether this relatively innocuous piece of legislation will gain sufficient support to become law or whether its provisions will provide long-term resolution of the Riel Question for the Métis people – or anyone else – are matters that cannot be answered at the time this piece is being written. In a curious sort of way, Bill S-35 is probably more objectionable as blatant historical revisionism than any of the earlier versions of proposed Riel legislation. It does not argue that Riel suffered a miscarriage of justice in 1885 (which requires undoing), but simply that his present historical status – presumably as a convicted and executed traitor, although this is not specified – is not congruent with "the national story of Canada," which is equally not specified. But Bill S-35 may be the best that Riel's supporters can expect.

Since the question of whether Riel got a raw deal in 1885 remains the heart of the Riel Question, however Bill S-35 may put it, it is perhaps worthwhile to revisit his conviction for high treason for his involvement in the North-West Rebellion. Riel was a man who spent virtually his entire adult life

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

in legal hot water, but his earlier "transgressions" connected with the Red River resistance are relevant only as evidence of the way in which the Canadian government treated him and the Métis after 1869—with hostility, disdain, and duplicity. After all, Riel did eventually receive a conditional amnesty for his past behavior in 1875, and did spend the requisite time in American exile before becoming an American citizen. For me, the most important part of the early story is not Riel's "murder" of Thomas Scott, but the Canadian government's deliberate deception of the delegates from Red River who were sent by Riel's provisional government to negotiate Red River's entrance into Confederation. The delegates were instructed to negotiate only after Canada had agreed to an amnesty for all acts committed by the insurgents. The Canadian negotiators—chiefly Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Cartier—succeeded in avoiding a written commitment on this matter, but clearly had led the delegates to believe they had agreed to an amnesty. As Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie pointed out in the 1875 parliamentary debate on the amnesty, the government position in 1870 may have been technically accurate, but was otherwise quite flawed. "It was a mere evasion of the truth," Mackenzie emphasized, "to say no promise was made in any quarter that an amnesty was to be given."

Riel's 1885 trial for high treason is arguably the best-known and most frequently studied one in Canadian history. Was there a miscarriage of justice, and if so, where was it? Earlier versions of recent legislative enactments on Riel introduced in Parliament devoted much more attention to these questions. A few general observations are perhaps in order, all of which suggest the ambiguities of the trial.

In the first place, Riel's trial for high treason was intended to be a showpiece trial, in which the Crown would heap much of the culpability in 1885 upon the shoulders of Louis Riel. This conscious strategy would subsequently enable the government to behave more leniently than it might otherwise have done with the other insurgents. It is worth emphasizing that the only other insurgents executed in 1885 were those of the First Nations, whose cases were obviously considered in a separate category from those of either European settlers or Métis. In this sense, part of Riel's heroism was his very willingness to carry the can in 1885.

In the second place, in a trial for treason (much less high treason), legal precedent gives all advantage to the government. One of the principal assumptions of treason trials is that the government itself cannot be put on trial, which means in practice that the defence is not permitted to argue that the actions the government has labelled treasonous were legitimate forms of resistance to government abuse. If the Founding Fathers of the United States had been put on trial for treason by the British Crown in 1776, they would not have been allowed to use any of the arguments of the Declaration of Independence and might well have been found guilty of treason by any jury. But in other respects, the government usually holds most of the cards in political cases it chooses to prosecute. On complex legal issues where a case can be made out on either side, courts often accept the government position for no particularly convincing reasons. The defence in 1885 lost all its legal arguments, such as the one over the size of the jury, and was happy to be able to argue Riel's insanity.

Thirdly, the insanity question really muddied the waters at the trail. I do not think that Riel's lawyers managed the examination of the expert witnesses very well, especially in terms of distinguishing Riel's overall clinical state from his immediate situation at the time of actions in 1885, with the latter's clear evidence of spiritual revelations. But more to the point, Riel himself clearly understood that acceptance of an insanity plea (really an admission that he was not responsible for his actions) would completely undermine his credibility as a leader of his people. Thus Riel worked hard to persuade the jury that he wanted to be seen as responsible, and apparently succeeded.

Fourthly, as I have suggested, his lawyers were not always helpful to Riel. He and they fought throughout the trial over legal strategy and conduct of the examinations and cross-examinations. They made no effort to try to introduce government behaviour into the record (in fairness, they would doubtless have been declared out of order), nor did they point out that the jury could not recommend mercy in a high-treason trial; a death sentence was mandatory. Defence failures are even more apparent at the appeal stage. Riel's lawyers could not know at the time that one of the judges sitting on the Manitoba bench to hear the appeal should have disqualified himself because of conflict of interest, having contributed to the Crown's preparation of the case. This may well be the best technical reason of all for posthumously overturning the conviction. But the case brought before both the Manitoba court and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was woefully weak, and ignored certain errors in the trial (including the problems of the use of both languages). What if the miscarriage of justice occurred because of the inadequacies of the defence, which often occurs in modern trials, such as in that of Donald Marshall?

In the end, however, the Crown succeeded in persuading a legitimate jury (albeit of six rather than the usual twelve) that Riel was guilty of high treason. The recommendation for mercy could be little more than an afterthought, and we still do not understand what the jury thought it was doing. There are two possibilities. One explanation, confirmed by jurors' statements at the time and later, was that the jurors really did think that there were some mitigating circumstances behind the uprising led by Riel. Another explanation, also partially confirmed by juror statements, was that some of its members really did not believe Riel was totally responsible for his actions, but were prepared to accept his own wishes in this matter.

My suspicion is that a definitive and universally acceptable statement on the 1885 trial is beyond reach, although it seems to me that there is a lot of evidence for a miscarriage of justice.

J.M. Bumsted is professor of history at the University of Manitoba, a fellow of St. John's College, and the author of *Louis Riel v. Canada: The Making of a Rebel* (Great Plains Publications, 2001).

The Siege of Fort Beauséjour

by Gwyneth Hoyle

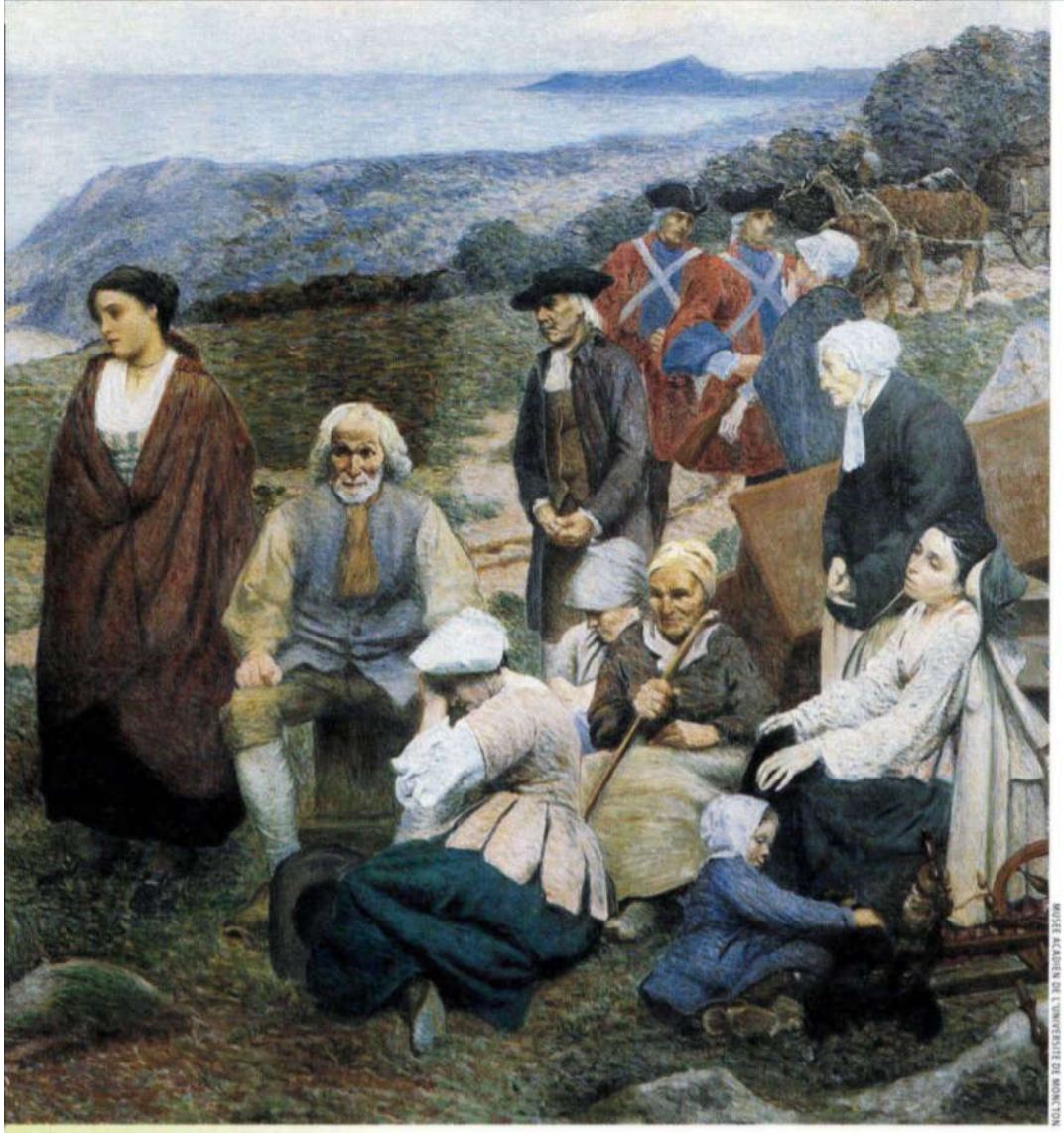
In 1755 a French stronghold falls and the expulsion of the Acadians begins.

A small tidal river, the Missaguash, flowing quietly between banks of thick, brown mud, marks the border between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick across the Isthmus of Chignecto. The highway between the two provinces undulates gently over two low ridges that once played a significant part in the history of the region.

On the seaward slope of one ridge was the English bastion of Fort Lawrence. On top of the second ridge, with a clear view east and west across the marshes and out over the Bay of Fundy, is the reconstruction of Fort Beauséjour, one of the last French forts in Acadia. The two forts, just over a mile apart, were built in 1750–1751 in response to the disputed boundary between French and English territory. Nearly 250 years ago, in June 1755, a fleet of English ships sailed into the bay and anchored in Cumberland Basin near Fort Lawrence. From their vantage point, the French watched the ships discharge a large contingent of enemy troops, and they prepared for battle. In two weeks it was all over for the French, with only a handful of casualties on either side. But for the Acadian people the repercussions were catastrophic.

Acadian settlement of the Isthmus of Chignecto began in 1672 when Jacques Bourgeois, a surgeon, farmer, and shipbuilder, sold some of his holdings around Port Royal, on Nova Scotia's north shore, and moved east with his grown family. The high ground was suitable for farming, and by diking the broad marshlands, they increased their acreage on the rich, alluvial soil. Bourgeois brought with him a flour mill and a sawmill, purchased from New England merchants with whom he traded regularly. In 1676, ten square leagues of land in Chignecto were granted as a seigneury to Michel Le Neuf de la Vallière by Count Frontenac, the governor of New France. De la Vallière, who named the area Beaubassin, built a manor house on a tidal island of the marsh and brought in settlers and indentured labourers. The two landowners thrived, the population grew, and Beaubassin became one of the most prosperous places in Acadia.

While Acadian farmers traded surplus produce with Boston, soldiers from the French forts some-



MUSÉE ACADIEN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DE MONCTON

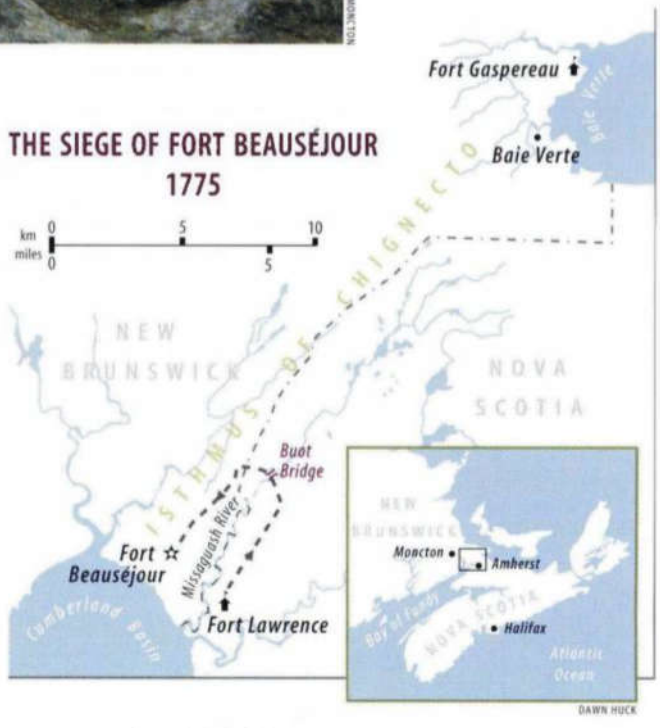
La dispersion des Acadiens by Henri Beau, 1900

Acadia – territory in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia settled by the French in the early seventeenth century – passed back and forth between France and England during the European conflicts of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The self-reliant Acadians sought neutrality to avoid military backlash, but they passed permanently into the hands of the English at the end of the War of the Spanish Succession in 1713. However, boundaries between French and English territory in present-day Nova Scotia and New Brunswick remained contested for several decades, until renewed hostilities between France and England in the mid-1700s determined the English to make their Maritime territory thoroughly British. After Fort Beauséjour fell to the English in 1755, the expulsion of the Acadians began. The process lasted until 1762, by which time three-quarters of the Acadian population had been deported.

times raided New England forts along the Atlantic seaboard with their Malecite and Abenaki allies. Retaliatory attacks on French outposts resulted, the most aggressive led by the Indian fighter and colonial officer Ben Church, who took revenge by punitive assaults against unarmed settlements, twice burning the village of Beaubassin.

Such events were a foretaste of the future, when war between Britain and France spilled over into their North American colonies. In the European conflict that ended in 1713 with the Treaty of Utrecht, the English were given mainland Nova Scotia, while the French retained Île Royale (Cape Breton) and Île St. Jean (Prince Edward Island). Though the boundary of Nova Scotia was undefined, the communities in the rich farmlands of Beaubassin – an area stretching from present-day Moncton southeast to beyond Amherst – continued to prosper, and by the 1750s had a population of 3,000. The Acadians were prepared to swear an oath of allegiance to the English king on condition that they had the right to remain neutral in any future conflict and were permitted to have French priests to serve their Catholic faith.

A few of these priests were conscientious in maintaining the agreed neutrality as one of the conditions for serving in Nova Scotia. Others could not forget their loyalty to France.



Charles Deschamps de Boishébert (1727–1797) entered upon a military career early in life and was several times sent to Acadia to undertake reconnaissance and to bolster French defences.

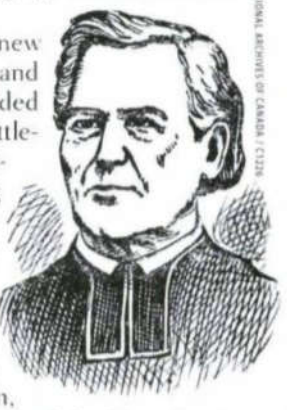
NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 70808

French-born Thomas Pichon (1700–1781) began spying for the British garrison at Fort Lawrence after his arrival at Fort Beauséjour in 1753. He discouraged French defence schemes, encouraged Acadian neutrality, and passed along information, helping the British to capture Beauséjour in 1755. He later moved to Halifax and then London where he took the name Thomas Tyrell and lived on a British government pension. He spent the last eleven years of his life on the island of Jersey, which is only twenty-three kilometres from the French coast.

Major General Robert Monckton (1726–1782) engineered the capture of Fort Beauséjour and later supervised the deportation of the Acadians. At the siege of Quebec in 1759, he was second in command to James Wolfe.

Inset, right: A wood engraving of Abbé Jean-Louis Le Loutre by an unknown artist. Le Loutre (1709–1772), determined to keep the French Catholic Acadians from British Protestant domination, encouraged the Micmacs to harass the British, and urged the Acadians to abandon their property and take refuge in areas claimed by France. After the fall of Fort Beauséjour, he escaped to Quebec City, but he was captured by the English on his way back to France and imprisoned until 1763. For the last nine years of his life, he worked for deported Acadians who wished to live in France.

Among the latter was Abbé Jean-Louis Le Loutre, who arrived in 1737 and was sent the following year as a missionary to the Micmac. Zealous and diligent, Le Loutre struggled to master their difficult language and soon developed a loyal following among them.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 1326

After thirty years of calm, a new European conflict erupted in 1744, and once again French and English raided each other's colonies, although the settlements of Beaubassin remained relatively peaceful. A daring young French officer, Charles Deschamps de Boishébert, who had carried out reconnaissance and raids in the Atlantic region, established the French presence in 1749 with a fort at the mouth of the Saint John River. From there, disguised as a fisherman, he visited the Acadian settlements around the Nova Scotia coast to assess their loyalty to France and to inform them of French military plans for the area beyond the disputed border. Coincidentally Abbé Le Loutre was using his clerical power to incite the settlers of Beaubassin to burn their farms and move across the Missaguash River away from the English to what was considered the French side. These settlers then became refugees, under the protection of the French government, within sight of their own land.

To counter the rising tide of French patriotism among the Acadians, Major Charles Lawrence landed with English troops in Cumberland Basin April 22, 1750, with the intention of building a fort. Joshua Winslow, the second in command, described the scene in his journal:

> *Came to anchor about 300 yards from the shore and landed all our forces upon a salt meadow about 1/2 miles distant from the Town which was still on fire … every house and barn, with the mass house, were set on fire and the whole town burnt down by the enemy.*

They met with strong resistance from the French and the Micmac and withdrew under a flag of truce, returning with a stronger force in September to erect Fort Lawrence near the ruined village of Beaubassin. The French responded by building Fort Beauséjour on the opposite ridge the following year. During several years of uneasy peace, the garrisons of the two forts maintained cordial relations, and the Acadian settlers pastured their cattle on the intervening land and sold produce at both forts.

Toward the end of 1753, Thomas Pichon arrived at Beauséjour from Louisbourg to serve as commissary and purchasing agent. Pichon was disgruntled by his removal from the fort of Louisbourg, and soon established communication with Colonel George Scott, the commandant at Fort Lawrence. Scott easily persuaded Pichon to spy for the English with the promise of generous compensation. Pichon's reports, which give an intimate portrait of day-to-day life in the region, were carried to Scott and his successor Captain Hussey by trustworthy settlers who could move freely between the two forts. In his letters, which date between September 1754 and October 1755, Pichon describes Fort Beauséjour's flaws and urges the English to attack while the

defences are weak, recommending a spring offensive. He characterizes Abbé Le Loutre as ruling the Acadians "almost despotically," and reports the cleric provoking the Indians to make random attacks against isolated English outposts and settlements. About French commandant Louis Du Pont Duchambon de Vergor, whom he describes as "universally despised," Pichon is scathing:

> *[He] merely applies himself to skimming the cream off this colony. He has scarcely any other talent, and the plans he makes are utterly absurd ... he owes his position solely to the contemptible complaisance of M. Bigot [the Intendant in Quebec], whom he has more than once served as a pimp. If any serious fighting should take place here I doubt if he would be obeyed, but have no doubt that he would quickly lose his head.*

Shaped like a five-pointed star, Fort Beauséjour was built to accommodate a small detachment of troops to reinforce the French claim on the area. It relied on its position – high on the ridge with visibility on four sides – to protect it from surprise attack. However, on the fifth side, the ground slopes upward for 800 metres through a wooded area, which left the fort vulnerable. With the English largely in control of the Bay of Fundy, supplies for the fort were landed on the eastern side of the isthmus, twenty-four kilometres away, and stored at the village of Baie Verte, which was protected by Fort Gaspereau at the head of Baie Verte off Northumberland Strait. The long overland portage between the two French forts was another major weakness in the defence plan.

In 1752 the government in Quebec, recognizing that Beauséjour might need to be defended, sent a detachment of artillery with instructions to increase the fortifications. Without an engineer to direct the operation, a young artillery officer, Jacau de Fiedmont, was put in charge. With the settlers as his labour force, he dug around the fort's perimeter a two-metre-deep trench more than five metres wide at the top. He then raised a berm around the outer walls with the removed earth, building casements below reinforced with heavy squared timber. But the labourers were often busy with their own farms or building dikes under the direction of Abbé Le Loutre, and de Vergor was more intent on lining his own pockets than improving the fort. Work was still in progress on June 2, 1755, when a French settler sighted a British fleet of about forty vessels in the Bay of Fundy waiting to drop anchor at the entrance to Beaubassin. Alerted, de Vergor dispatched couriers to Quebec, the Saint John River, Louisbourg, and Prince Edward Island to solicit aid, while local inhabitants were summoned to the fort. A force of about six hundred men was raised.

The English landed early in the evening and the next day they encamped on an elevation that dominated Fort Lawrence. "The Commandant of Fort Lawrence," de Fiedmont noted in *A Journal of an Attack on Beauséjour*, "wrote to the Commandant of Beauséjour asking him to instruct the settlers to keep their cattle from crossing to his side of the river in future. ... A few English crossed to our side on the pretext of recovering their cattle; they were stopped by ... the officer in charge of an observation post ... they had come, presumably, merely to examine the ground over which their troops were to pass."

Preparations at Fort Beauséjour continued in haste. To halt the enemy's advance, de Vergor ordered a redoubt and a bridge to be destroyed at Buot Bridge over the Missaguash River, which the French regarded as the boundary of their territory. Meanwhile, de Fiedmont laid out a trench along the dikes. "But," he wrote, "the settlers refused to work ... to withstand the enemy who, in approaching the river, would have no cover ... they were more intent on assuring their own retreat. Four small swivel-guns [were] placed behind the ... barricades of stumps and bushes. ... Fifty Micmac Indians joined the settlers to await arrival of the English."

At six in the morning on June 4, the English army set out. De Fiedmont entreated de Vergor for "a few well-disposed men" to defend Buot Bridge, but was rebuffed. Meanwhile, the English, with columns of soldiers extending more than twenty-five hundred metres, advanced slowly northwest across the extensive marsh. Wrote de Fiedmont:

> *They arrived at the river ... drew up in battle formation, and made ready their artillery. ... As they prepared to throw a bridge across the river, our swivel-guns and musketry opened fire without much effect. The enemy paused and responded with cannon and musketry ... directed at [our] swivel-guns ... which were soon put out of commission. The Indians immediately abandoned the entrenchment [as did most of the settlers] ... only a few soldiers remained in the entrenchment with the officers.*

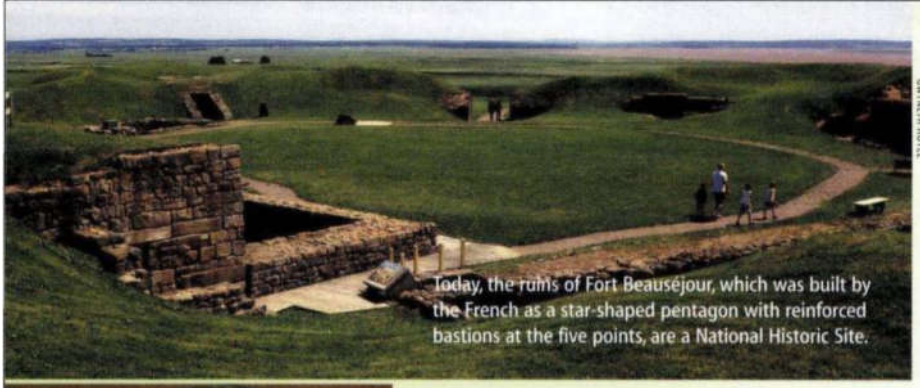
A little over four hours later, after setting fire to the guardhouse and the buildings in the neighbourhood, the French troops abandoned their post. One French soldier was killed and one settler injured. The English rested briefly in the woods, then, about noon, continued their advance. They set up camp about two thousand metres from Fort Beauséjour, below Butte à Mirande (Mount Whatley). The French removed provisions from the storehouses and dwellings outside the fort and set fire to the buildings.

By this one skirmish the English established control of the territory, effectively cutting off French communication with Fort Gaspereau. The French were confined mainly to the area of Fort Beauséjour, while bands of settlers and Micmac roved about under cover of the surrounding bush, inflicting slight damage on the enemy. Meanwhile, de Fiedmont continued to strengthen the defences with limited help from settlers who were concerned with their own safety.

On June 8, the French captured an English officer, who, de Fiedmont wrote "was received with consideration and politeness."

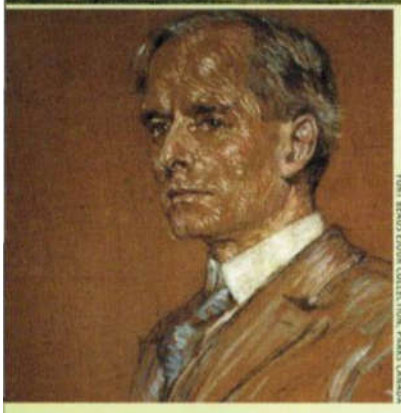
> *He was left free on parole within the fort ... Our Commandant wrote to assure [his commandant] that he would procure for this officer ... all the comforts possible. [The messenger] was led into the enemy camp with his eyes bandaged, and ... was taken to see the park of artillery; he noted several appeared to be 18 and 24 pounders and a few mortars.*

Over the next few days, the English advanced a thousand



GWYNETH HOYLE

Today, the ruins of Fort Beauséjour, which was built by the French as a star-shaped pentagon with reinforced bastions at the five points, are a National Historic Site.



FORT BEAUSÉJOUR COLLECTION, PARKS CANADA

The Collector John Clarence Webster, born in 1863 to a wealthy family in Shediac, New Brunswick, had two careers. One was medicine, which he studied at the University of Edinburgh, practiced in Montreal, and taught at the University of Chicago. The other was history. In 1920, he decided to return to New Brunswick and take up full time the study of Canadian history, with a special interest in his own region. With his wife, Alice Lusk, he spent many winters in England and France searching out Canadiana – letters, journals, and diaries – which he brought back to Canada (and which this article quotes). In 1923 he was appointed to the Historic Sites and Monuments board, which was awakening Canadians' interest to their own history, becoming its chairman in 1943. Webster was instrumental in preserving what remained of the long-neglected forts at Louisbourg and Beauséjour and having them declared National Historic Sites. He was also closely associated with the building of the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John, to which he bequeathed his extensive collection of Canadiana. He was elected to the Royal Society and the Canadian Historical Association, actively continuing historical work until his death in 1950. In his eighties he could often be seen striding over the Tantramar marshes searching for relics of Acadian settlement. —G.H.

metres closer to the fort, consolidating their position at a deliberate pace, steadily unloading great quantities of ammunition and artillery from their transports. The French, firing from behind the dikes, were unable to hinder them. De Fiedmont worked unceasingly on the fortification of Beauséjour, hoping for reinforcements to arrive from Louisbourg, but English mortar attacks increasingly drove his men to abandon their work and crowd into the casements. Late on June 14, the situation worsened. De Vergor received a letter from the governor of Louisbourg saying that no assistance was available. "The bad news became known to the settlers almost at once," de Fiedmont noted in his journal. "Eighty of them disappeared in the night."

Two days later, a bomb penetrated the roof of the casement considered the most secure, killing the English prisoner, two other men, and wounding more. The disaster threw the fort into turmoil. The settlers demanded that de Vergor either capitulate or they would turn their arms against the officers and soldiers and deliver the fort to the English. Too weak to overcome the settlers and with no hope of help arriving, the commandant called for suspension of hostilities. The Honourable Robert Monckton, the English commander, dictated the terms of capitulation, which were to be accepted by seven that evening.

A journal of the siege written by Louis de Courville, the Royal Notary in Acadia, stationed at Fort Beauséjour, tells of the final day in the fort:

> *M. Jacau de Fiedmont, who during the siege had performed his duties to the very utmost, now became zealous for the safety of the Acadians and demanded for them honourable and advantageous conditions. … Colonel Monckton had good reasons to arbitrarily dictate the conditions. From morning to night there was nothing but discordance in the Fort; the Officers were occupied only in pillaging. …They signed without the slightest deliberation, and we had considerable difficulty in making them cease pillaging in order to have them sign the articles of capitulation. The Commissariat officers of the English wished to have a signed inventory of the munitions of war, the provisions and the merchandise being handed over to him. But François, the keeper of stores, replied in the presence of M. de Vergor that he would sign no inventory for the reason that the thieving and pillaging had been done in full view of the Commandant.*

The French troops, allowed to march out with their arms, baggage, and drums beating, were transported to Louisbourg on British ships, and were forbidden to bear arms for six months. Fort Gaspereau surrendered under the same terms the following day.

Fort Beauséjour was immediately renamed Fort Cumberland and manned by British troops, who continued to march to different parts of Beaubassin, burning villages and crops, and capturing settlers. Sloops and schooners arrived from Halifax to take away those who had been taken prisoner.

The fears of reprisal that had haunted the settlers had been realized. The expulsion of the Acadians from the lands they had occupied peacefully since the seventeenth century had begun. By October 13, 1,100 Acadians from Beaubassin had been transported to South Carolina, Georgia, and Pennsylvania. By the end of 1755, a total of 6,000 Acadians had been sent into exile.

In the confusion, families were separated. The New England colonies, still at war with France, did not welcome French-speaking Catholics, who were destitute and a drain on the public purse. As more Acadians arrived, they were dispersed up and down the New England coast, and sent to British colonies in the Caribbean and to England. Hundreds died in shipwrecks and from epidemics contracted in filthy conditions. A proud and prosperous people had been reduced to poverty, their homes destroyed, their lands confiscated to be given to new English-speaking immigrants.

Some Acadians went into hiding, aided by Boishébert, who led his soldiers in guerrilla attacks while helping the people to flee northward in what is now New Brunswick. Persecution and capture continued slowly in Nova Scotia and the Beaubassin area until 1763, by which time more than ten thousand Acadians – three-quarters of the entire population – had been sent into exile.

Gwyneth Hoyle, a research associate at Trent University and writer on northern subjects, spends her summers in the area around Fort Beauséjour. Her latest book is *Flowers in the Snow*.

In the Footsteps of David Thompson

by Stephen R. Bown Charged with finding a way through the Rocky Mountains to open up the fur trade, in 1807 the celebrated explorer and mapmaker lit on genial Howse Pass. Nearly two hundred years later, Stephen Bown and Nicky Brink retrace Thompson's route and discover why the pass he discovered never found favour.

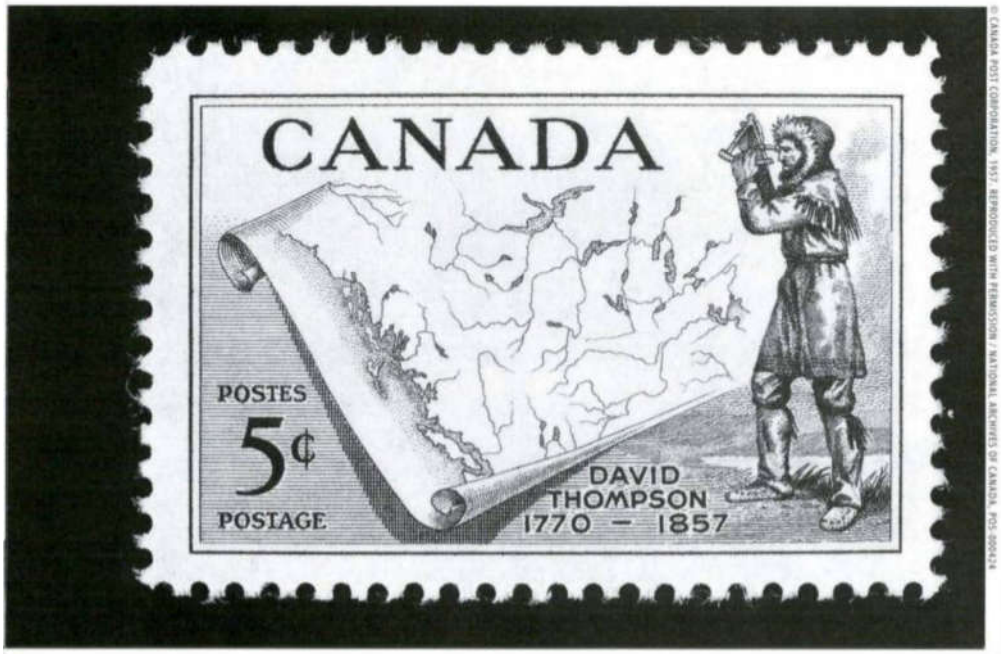
Howse Pass from British Columbia, looking northeast.

A wooden sign at the height of land along Howse Pass (below) proclaims David Thompson's passage. Nicky Brink and Stephen Bown reached the summit July 2, 2001 – 194 years and one week after David Thompson crossed it for the first time.

STEPHEN R. BOWN AND NICKY R. BRINK

From a crumbling ridge several kilometres from Saskatchewan River Crossing in Banff National Park, a deserted wilderness valley, guarded by the brooding sentinels of the Waputik Mountains, heads west and then south towards a cluster of mountains and glaciers at the Continental Divide. The braided channels of the Howse River weave chaotically across the valley floor, surging in volume after the addition of the Glacier Lake Outflow draining the runoff from the Lyell and Mons Icefields. The sparse trees and underbrush make it ideal for horse travel and for keeping your bearings. It is the type of valley that would lure an adventurer ever deeper into the wilderness.

A rugged trail follows the east shore of the Howse River for about twenty-five kilometres to the base of a small forested hill. There is surprisingly little



© CANADA POST CORPORATION, 1957. REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION. NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA PHOTO C-000424

With American expansionism in the West intensifying competition for furs, finding a pass through the Rocky Mountains became urgent for traders of the North West Company in the early years of the nineteenth century. David Thompson, who studied mapmaking as a Hudson's Bay Company apprentice in the 1780s and 1790s before joining the NWC, spent five years in the Rockies exploring passes west from the Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers, building trading posts, and mapping the uncharted Columbia River basin from its source to the Pacific. Thompson retired to Upper Canada in 1812, where he pursued a career as a surveyor and mapmaker, completed maps of his western explorations, and mapped portions of the Canada-U.S. border. Business failures drove him to penury. Toward the end of his life in 1857 he completed his *Narrative*, about his travels in western Canada. No image of Thompson is known to exist. A likeness was created for this stamp issued in 1957.

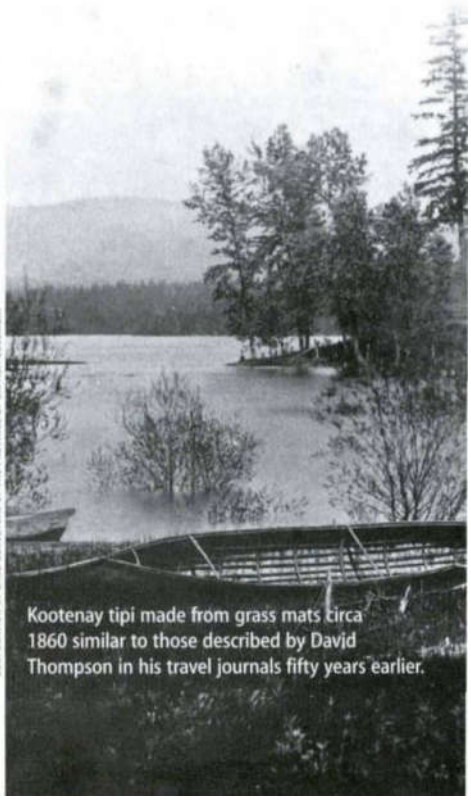
elevation gain to reach the top of this hill, which, remarkably, marks the height of land along the Continental Divide. The trail continues, gradually descending into British Columbia following the Blaeberry River. Apart from a brief congested and forested section near the summit, the Blaeberry also flows down a broad and gentle valley of open gravel and sand that descends to the Columbia River near Golden, B.C.

The level grade of Howse Pass will come as a surprise to anyone who has seen the wild and impenetrable rock walls and glaciers that make the Canadian Rocky Mountains world famous, or who has driven the treacherous stretch of the Trans-Canada Highway through the Kicking Horse Pass to Golden. Why doesn't the railway or highway follow mellow Howse Pass instead of the circuitous, dangerous, and expensive-to-maintain routes now used?

My wife, Nicky Brink, and I wondered that same question as we backpacked through Howse Pass in the summer of 2001, reaching the summit on July 2 – 194 years and one week after David Thompson and a fur brigade crossed it for the first time. It was obvious that we were in a pass; it seemed like a secret gateway through an impenetrable wall to an unknown world on the other side, which of course it was.

Finding a route across the Continental Divide was extremely valuable to the fur trade. There are only a handful of viable natural passes through the bewildering miasma of peaks and ice fields that form the height of land that is now the boundary between Alberta and B.C., and locating them was an expensive and uncertain process. These days we hardly notice a good pass, accustomed as we are to the engineering marvels of the twentieth century – highways carved out of the rock, bridges spanning frightening torrents, and tunnels shielding the road from avalanches. The internal combustion engine has shrunk distances and made travel easy, fast, and predictable, but on foot, as we were, it became obvious why these original routes were so valuable, why adventurers like David Thompson devoted years to locating them, and why they could become the focal point for simmering political rivalries between fur companies and their native customers.

Although he died in obscurity near Montreal, David Thompson is now recognized as the pioneer of Canada's cross-continental trade, the nation's greatest geographer and mapmaker. From unlikely origins as the child of impoverished Welsh parents living in London, he rose to



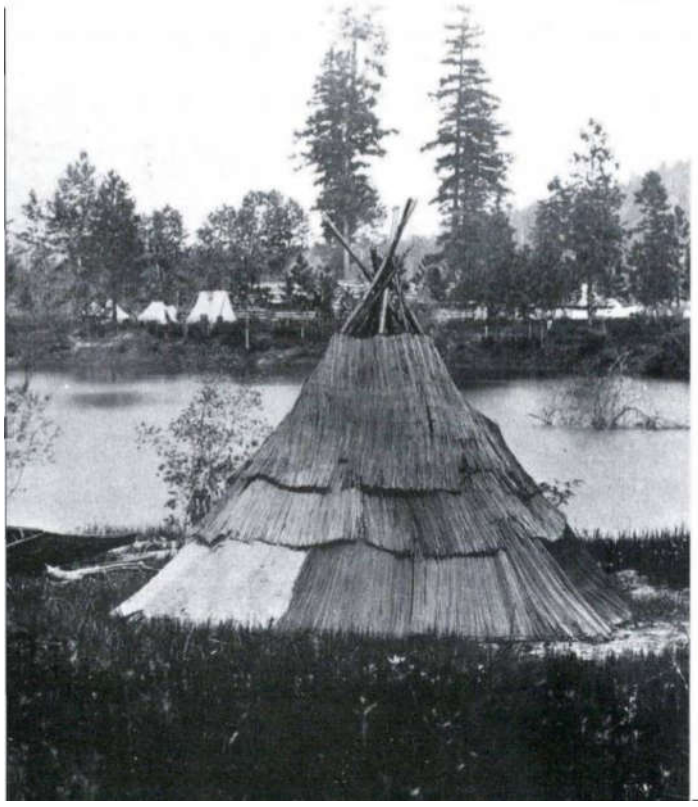
CORPORATION OF LAND SURVEYORS OF THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Kootenay tipi made from grass mats circa 1860 similar to those described by David Thompson in his travel journals fifty years earlier.

become one of the preeminent explorers and fur traders in Canadian history.

Born in London in 1770, Thompson was a boy of three when his father died. Four years later his struggling mother enrolled him in the Grey Coat School of Westminster Abbey, a charity school, where he was given a basic grounding in Latin, mathematics, geography, and navigation. In 1784, at fourteen, his school paid five pounds to the Hudson's Bay Company to take him on as an apprentice, and he shipped across the Atlantic to the barren coast of Hudson Bay where he learned the rudiments of surveying and mapmaking. But the torpid life of an HBC apprentice was not to his liking."Neither reading nor writing was required," he later remarked in sour humour, "and my only business was to amuse myself, in winter growling at the cold and in the open season, shooting Gulls, Ducks, Plover and Curlews, and quarrelling with Musketoes and Sand Flies." Thompson was a man of action, and the Hudson's Bay Company showed little interest in exploring or surveying the wild terrain under their trading monopoly. In 1796, the acrimony mutual, he trudged 120 kilometres to the nearest North West Company outpost and offered himself for hire. He spent the rest of his career wandering the wilds with the Nor' Westers, before becoming a land surveyor in Ontario and Quebec.

Although no official portrait exists of Thompson, according to an account from later in his life, he "was plainly dressed, quiet and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all around, and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. ... [He was] friendly and intelligent ... Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair, he has a very powerful mind, and a singular clarity for picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle, or feel the snow-flakes on your cheeks as he talks." He was a master storyteller, and his *Narrative*, although somewhat embellished from his field notes, is a classic of Canadian travel writing.

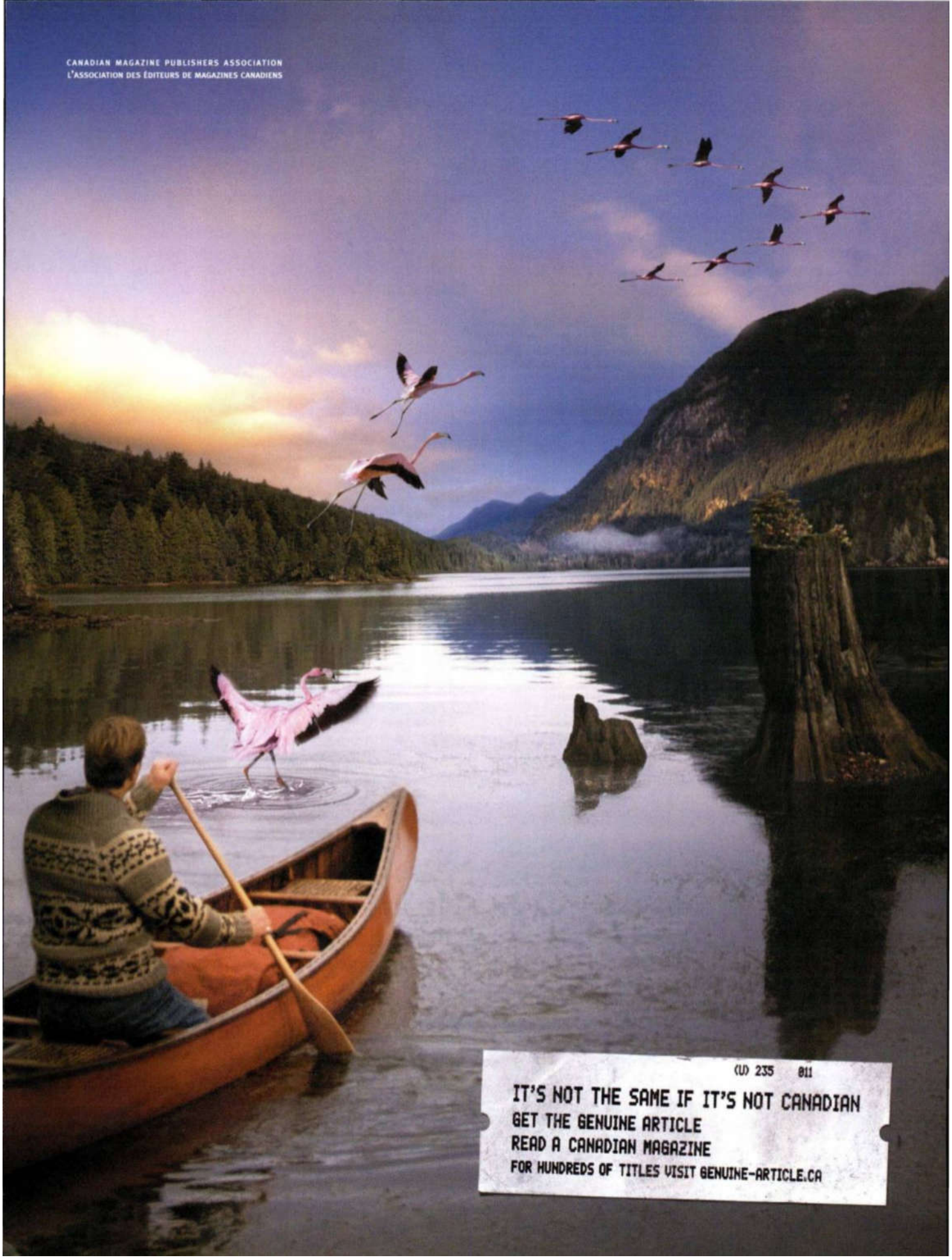


In many ways Thompson was not the standard frontier trader. His rugged competence and simple survival instincts were balanced by a sensitive soul and a poetic appreciation for the native cultures and way of life. He earned a reputation as a fair and honest trader with the native peoples. On one occasion "several old Indians made a bargain with me," he noted. "If they should die in winter, I should not demand the debt due to me in the other world – namely, heaven. To which I always agreed." In 1798 at the age of twenty-eight, he married Charlotte Small, the daughter of a wandering trader and a Cree woman, and for the next twenty years they usually travelled together, with their children in tow, across much of the wilderness of northwestern Canada. "My lovely wife is of the blood of these people," he wrote, "speaking their language [Cree] and well educated in the English language, which gives me a great advantage."

In 1799 the North West Company built a new trading fort on the bank of the North Saskatchewan River in sight of the Rocky Mountains and gave it the optimistic name Rocky Mountain House. In September 1800, Thompson was sent there as a company clerk. He was to be second in command of an ambitious expedition to cross the mountains and tap the unexploited fur potential of the Far West, an enterprise in tune with his longing to explore new lands. For after nearly sixteen hundred kilometres of rolling grassland, the Great Plains abruptly end in a seemingly impenetrable wall of forbidding ice-encrusted peaks running the length of the continent from Alaska to Mexico. Finding a route through the peaks, rock walls, glaciers, and snaking valleys would be nearly impossible without some knowledge of the region. With no maps, no roads, and no clear idea of the lay of the land, Thompson's only hope, other than educated guessing, was the services of a guide.

He sought the assistance of the Kootenay Indians, a plains people who only years before had been pushed west across the mountains by the powerful Peigan, part of the Blackfoot Confederacy that ruled the foothills and western prairie from the Missouri to the North Saskatchewan. Very few Kootenays were willing to venture east of the mountains into the land of the dominant and better-armed Peigan, who profited handsomely as middlemen in the trade and were very careful to keep a monopoly of guns for themselves.

Three weeks after he had arrived at Rocky Mountain House, Thompson led a delegation into the mountains to meet a band of Kootenays who were venturing east to trade. A suspicious band of Peigan shadowed him the entire journey, and it is a testament to Thompson's diplomacy that he managed to lead the Kootenay – twenty-seven men and seven women – back to the fort with only two-thirds of their horses stolen. "They are so jealous of the Kootanaes coming in to Trade," Thompson wrote, "that they do all they can to persuade me to return, assuring me that it is impossible for me to find them, and that in endeavouring to search them out, our Horses will fall by Fatigue and Hunger, and perhaps also ourselves." Thompson nevertheless persuaded the Kootenays to send a guide back the following year to lead him west across the Continental Divide.

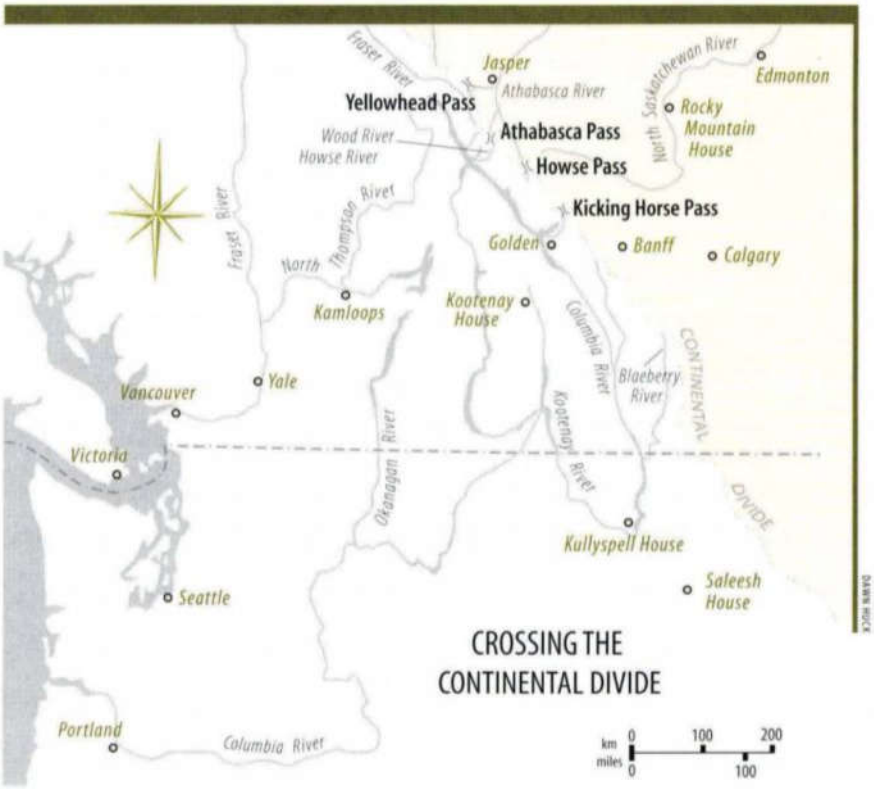

CANADIAN MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
L'ASSOCIATION DES ÉDITEURS DE MAGAZINES CANADIENS
(U) 235 811
IT'S NOT THE SAME IF IT'S NOT CANADIAN
GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE
READ A CANADIAN MAGAZINE
FOR HUNDREDS OF TITLES VISIT GENUINE-ARTICLE.CA

That winter Thompson and Duncan McGillivray eagerly planned the expedition, but with the arrival of spring 1801 Thompson noted the Kootenay guide was "murdered within a few Miles of the Fort." It was a devastating blow. To make matters worse, McGillivray became ill and gave over leadership of the expedition to James Hughes, the leading ranking trader at Rocky Mountain House. The only guide who seemed to have any notion of how to cross the mountains was a Cree named The Rook. He was, according to Thompson, "a Man so Timourous by Nature, of so wavering a Disposition, & withal so addicted to flattering & lying, as to make every Thing he said or did equivocal and doubtful."

Thompson's fears were well founded. After bragging about how he had crossed the mountains on a good trail suitable for horse travel, The Rook led Thompson and the horse brigade up the North Ram River to an impenetrable rock wall, where they could go no further. Only then did The Rook sheepishly admit that his claims were false; that not only did he not have horses with him when he ventured into the mountains, but he had never actually crossed the Continental Divide. Thompson was not amused. "Why you Scoundrel," he said, "was it not upon the Supposition that you knew a good Road for Horse across them, that we engaged you for our Guide? Otherwise we would have followed, the best Way we could, the Banks of the Saskatchewan River."

Although Thompson tried to salvage the expedition by building canoes and going up the North Saskatchewan River, as he had seen the Kootenays do the year before, the season was too far advanced—the heat of mid-June had melted the snowpack and glaciers and turned the river into a flooding, silty, raging torrent littered with deadfall. In a letter to William and Duncan McGillivray, "Agents of the NW Company," Thompson explained his failure and outlined his plans for success the following year:

> However unsuccessful this Journey has been, it has not been wholly without its use: it has taught us to make a better choice of our Men, & take fewer of them; & never employ an Indian of this Side of the Mountains for our Guide. ... Whoever wishes to attempt to cross the Mountains for the Purposes of Commerce ought to employ a Canoe, & start early in the Spring, say the beginning of May, from the Rocky Mountain House, the Water for that Month being low & the current not half so violent as in the Summer. ... In this Season, they would cross a great Part of the Mountains without extraordinary Difficulty.



Thompson planned to travel up the North Saskatchewan the following season without a guide. But it was not to be. Because of threats to their trading operations in the north—from the Hudson's Bay Company and the newly formed collection of renegade traders united and organized by Alexander Mackenzie called the XY Company—the Nor' Westers set aside plans for expanding the trade. Thompson spent the next five years in present-day Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. He returned to Rocky Mountain House in 1806, as a full partner, to resume his ambitious quest.

The Peigan, however, were no more amenable in 1806 to allowing traders west of their territory than they were in 1801. Hearing of the renewed activity at Rocky Mountain House, the Peigan Chief Kootenae Appee visited the fort on New Year's Day 1807 and again in March, perhaps to warn Thompson against his scheme to venture west. But luck was with Thompson and events conspired to open the route.

The previous summer, two Peigan were killed in Montana by the Lewis and Clark expedition. The killings, he wrote, "drew the Peigan to the Missouri to revenge their deaths; and thus gave me an opportunity to cross the Mountains by the defiles of the Saskatchewan River." In early May, Thompson and his entourage decamped and set off up the North Saskatchewan. The delegation was an unruly mob that eventually grew to eleven men, five women and nine children, approximately thirty horses, a pack of yelping dogs, and several canoes. It included Charlotte and their three young

children, the youngest a fifteen-month-old bundle strapped to her back.

Thompson pushed ahead on his horse to scout the route. On June 15, he noted that "the Snows that have plentifully fallen on the Mountains these three days are now rushing down with such a Noise that we can hardly persuade ourselves it is not Thunder – we hear it at least every Hour, & sometimes oftener." On June 22, he grew tired of waiting and set off up the gravel flats of the Howse River to investigate the snow condition toward the pass. He was astonished to find it clear, "in all probability there is no snow to stop us in the rest of our Road." He immediately sent word to bring up the sprawling cavalcade. The ascent to the pass was relatively easy, consisting mostly of wandering the gravel flats and then ascending a small wooded hill to a "meadow full of springs at the foot of the surrounding Mountains, forming a hollow – not to be noticed at any distance."

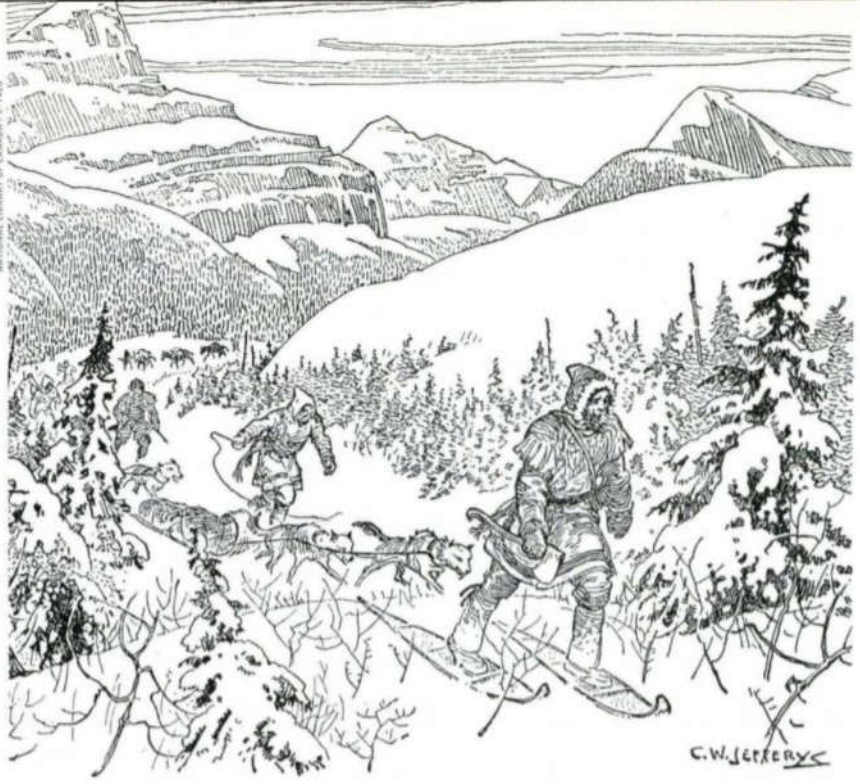
The route down the other side, along today's Blaeberry River, proved another matter. The trail that Thompson had ordered to be marked the previous fall by two Nor' Westers, in anticipation of the crossing, was totally useless for a heavily laden horse brigade. Slowed by the tremendous quantities of deadfall and the deadly river crossings, it took five days to descend the sixty kilometres to the Columbia River (despite the relatively clear flats along the lower Blaeberry). The pack train wound precariously down through the overgrown tangled morass, crossing and recrossing the torrential river wildly swollen above its banks in the heat of late June.

> The Trees every where fallen down & the Moss overgrown with a kind of wild willow vine & very sharp prickly Shrubs – we had to cut much wood away & widen the Path. Add to this, the Horses were obliged to jump with their Loads over much wind-fallen Wood. … The Men had much ado to save themselves.
>
> We crossed and recrossed every hundred Yards, the Stream winding continually from the foot of one Hill to the foot of the other, besides sending off many channels. … The Current is so very rapid & deep, that I often expected to see the Men & Horses with their loads swept away before it, but thank God all got safe hereto, tho' much wilted.

But for historical accident the Howse Valley might well have become the route of the railway in the late nineteenth century.

On June 30, the weary train of adventurers came upon a grassy clearing near a great river Thompson called the Kootenay (in reality it was the Columbia but he wouldn't realize it until years later).

They descended into the verdant valley of the upper Columbia, founded Kootenae House trading fort just north of Lake Windermere, and settled into a domestic-nomadic life tramping over the brownish dry hills, following rivers through much of interior British Columbia, western Montana, Idaho, and Washington, inviting the Indians to trade at his post. For the next three years, trade from the Columbia Division doubled each year and additional trading posts – Kullyspell House and Saleesh House in Idaho and western Montana – were constructed. Each fall a ton and a half of goods passed west over Howse Pass, and each spring tons of furs returned east. But the golden era of the fur trade through Howse Pass was about to end.



Thompson led the brigade on a harrowing and uncertain journey north through the uncharted wilds, searching for an alternate pass west to the Columbia.

In the late winter, early in 1810, Finan McDonald, a Nor' West trader, was hunting as the guest of a band of Saleesh Indians in present-day northern Montana, when they were surprised by a band of Peigan. It was not a peaceful encounter and during the battle seven Peigan and five Saleesh were killed. The Saleesh were armed with guns supplied by the North West Company, and two of the Peigan may have been killed by McDonald himself. Long irritated with the trade that was undermining their role as middlemen and humiliated by an unparalleled military defeat, the Peigan moved to shut down Howse Pass.

Thompson had ventured east of the mountains in the spring of 1810, and when he departed Rocky Mountain House for Howse Pass in the fall, Kootenae Appee and a well-armed war band lay in ambush near Shunda

Creek, upstream from Rocky Mountain House. They waylaid the annual canoe brigade as it paddled up the North Saskatchewan River and forced it to return under guard to Rocky Mountain House. News of the battle between the Peigan and the Saleesh had not yet reached the Nor'Westers, but Thompson strongly suspected intertribal conflict lay behind the aggressive blockade. Rather than engaging in a gun battle with his customers, Thompson regrouped as quickly as possible and led the brigade on a harrowing and uncertain journey north through the uncharted wilds of the front ranges of what is today Jasper National Park, searching for an alternate pass west to the Columbia. He eventually stumbled upon Athabasca Pass, a treacherous defile with an unremitting thousand-metre drop into the Wood River of the Columbia basin. He crossed it for the first time in January 1811, amidst violent wind, five-metre-deep snow drifts, terrifying avalanches, and temperatures of -34°C. Sir George Simpson later wrote "it appears extraordinary how any human being should have stumbled on a pass through such a formidable barrier as we are now scaling and which nature seems to have placed here for the purpose of interdicting all communication between the East and West sides of the Continent."

Amazingly, this cruel stretch of turf that linked the Columbia to the Athabasca River systems, not safe for horses or humans, became the main transportation route across the Rockies for the next forty years. It was out of reach of the Peigan. Trade and communication across the mountains continued to flourish, and Thompson eventually retired quite wealthy from the trade and settled with Charlotte and his family near Montreal. Even after the threat of the Peigan diminished, Howse Pass – a far more suitable and mellow route over the Continental Divide – remained abandoned. Once forts along the rivers at either end of Athabasca Pass were built and manned, there was no going back.

But for historical accident the Howse Valley might well have become the route of the railway in the late nineteenth century. If not for Kootenae Appee and the Peigan blockade, it would have remained the primary route across the mountains, instead of falling into disrepair and becoming so overgrown that when James Hector of the Palliser expedition searched for it in 1859, he could scarcely find a trace of the early trail. Although he did eventually bushwhack down the Blaeberry River (which he named because of the delicious blueberries he found along the shore in the fall), he could not recommend it as a practical route – it would have required too much work to clear the forest. But grade is a far more important consideration than congested vegetation when designing a rail line. Compared to the Kicking Horse Pass, which, after numerous train wrecks and dozens of fatalities, required the construction of outrageously expensive spiral tunnels bored from the interior of two nearby mountains to decrease the grade, Howse Pass would have made an admirable route. The railway could have followed the Howse River to its headwaters and then descended adjacent the Blaeberry to the Columbia Valley.

The highway would then have followed the rail route, and Glacier Lake would be adorned with an elegant chateau instead of Lake Louise. If not for current Parks Canada policy that strives to maintain wilderness and disallows additional road construction within the park boundaries, Howse Pass might still become a well-used highway. The issue of a road from Saskatchewan Crossing to Golden, B.C., is frequently raised by politicians in Red Deer, Alberta, eager for a drastic reduction in the time it would take to transport goods between central Alberta and the B.C. coast. Despite its obvious practicality, however, for anyone interested in wilderness conservation, a road, even a small one, through this mostly untouched valley would be a disaster.

Now it is nearly as peaceful and wild as it was during Thompson's day, and, one hopes, likely to remain that way – though in our opinion more hikers should make the trek to the crest of the pass, a National Historic Site, and appreciate the cultural and historical significance of Canada's first large-scale cross-mountain trade route. It was the first link in a long chain of logistical challenges to unite British North America from east to west, a chain that eventually became the nation of Canada.

In the summer of 2001, Stephen Bown and Nicky Brink spent six weeks backpacking five remote and wild trails while researching their book *Forgotten Highways: Wilderness Journeys Down the Historic Trails of the Canadian Rockies.*

et cetera

On the Road with David Thompson **by Joyce and Peter McCart. Fifth House, Calgary, 2000.**

The Little Inn
INNKEEPING SINCE 1832
Ontario's longest continuosly operated Inn... Since 1832... on the shores of Lake Huron in the heritage Village of Bayfield.
Today a four diamond Hostelry
MAIN ST. BAYFIELD
1-800-565-1832
www.littleinn.com

CATALOGS
Arctic, Western Canadiana
Fur Trade & Exploration
RARE AND OUT-OF-PRINT
Request our latest catalog
BJARNE TOKERUD
-- BOOKSELLER --
2789 Benson Place, Victoria,
British Columbia, Canada V8N 1S5
Toll Free: 1-888-869-5459 (tel/fax)
Outside Canada: 1-250-381-2230
Will Travel Anywhere to Purchase Books, Archives, Photographs & Artifacts

Researching Your Roots?
Visit our website, shop in person, or call for a free catalogue!
- Genealogy How-to Books and General and Local Histories
- Family History Software & CD's
- 1000's of Maps & Atlases
- Preservation Supplies

1-800-361-5168
GLOBAL
13 Charles St. Milton ON L9T 4S2
http://globalgenealogy.com

Who was that impassioned woman at the heart of the 1919 Winnipeg General Strike? And why did her memory become lost to time? Filmmaker Paula Kelly set out to bring Helen Armstrong back from the margins of history and discovered in her journey a legacy of humanism that has been passed down through the generations.

Looking for Mrs. Armstrong

by Paula Kelly

Absences in the historical record are often as compelling as the existing evidence, something I discovered in the process of writing and directing my first biography on film. I found that absence can become a space for speculation, for turning over the surviving historical fragments and trying to visualize the pieces that somehow went missing.

This kind of speculation can rapidly escalate into obsession, as I discovered about five years ago when I began catching occasional glimpses of a woman who would later become as familiar to me as the members of my own family. Her name was Helen Armstrong, a working-class housewife and mother of four who rose to the front

COURTESY DOROTHY DYER

Helen (Jury) Armstrong was born in 1875, the eldest daughter of ten children, to a Toronto tailor. In 1897, she married George Armstrong. When the Armstrongs moved to Winnipeg with their three daughters in 1905 (a son, Frank, was born in 1907), George quickly moved to the forefront of the labour movement. Public notice was first taken of Helen in 1914 when she campaigned alongside her husband in his unsuccessful bid for a seat in the Manitoba legislature. By 1917, with her daughters old enough to mind the household, she began to take an active role in labour politics on behalf of working women. In that year, she became president of a revitalized Women's Labor League, presided over the founding of the Retail Clerks' Union, and took up the anti-conscription banner in the debate over the Military Service Act, against the judgment of most middle-class leaders of the women's movement. In 1919, during the six-week Winnipeg General Strike, she was front-and-centre, organizing female workers, picketing, managing a strikers' soup kitchen, signing up new union members, speaking, and marching, until she ended up in jail on June 24. (She was released four days later.) After the strike, she continued to advocate for working women and in November 1923 ran unsuccessfully for Winnipeg city council. However, with George blacklisted and unable to find work, the entire family, including their daughters with their husbands, moved to Chicago. After the 1929 Crash, Helen and George returned to Winnipeg, where they remained until the early 1940s. They retired to Victoria, then relocated in California to be near one of their daughters. Helen died in Baldwin Park, California, in 1947.

ranks of labour leadership during the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919, one of the largest worker uprisings in Canadian history. She would become the subject of my documentary, *The Notorious Mrs. Armstrong*, but not before I undertook a journey into the past that would take me all over North America and back more than eighty years.

At that time, circa 1919, Helen Armstrong was a clarion voice in the Winnipeg labour movement for the plight of working girls and women. Identifying herself as a women's labour organizer, she used every means to campaign against the wage inequality and unhealthy working conditions they faced as a minority presence in the industrial work force. Whether walking the picket line, making her case in the provincial legislature, or facing the police court magistrate, Helen Armstrong was an outspoken and vigorous advocate for all labouring women: laundresses, retail workers, stenographers, telephone operators, hotel waitresses; the list went on and on. In one letter to the deputy minister of labour, she went to bat for the candy-industry girls, citing case after case of poor wages, constant layoffs, and petty persecutions that made "the lives of many of our working girls ... so unbearable that in the end the street claims them as easy prey." She added that "we are making a fight and have been taken under the protection of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers Union." It was a typically pugilistic sentiment from a woman who loved to get into the ring.

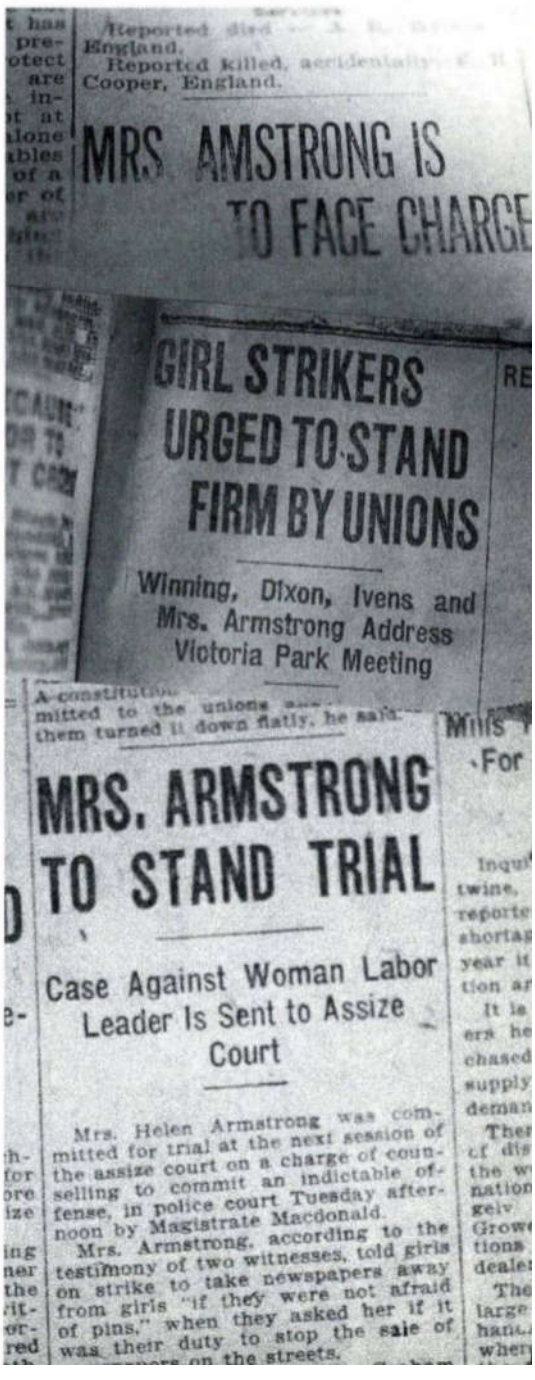
During the 1919 strike, Helen Armstrong's soapbox-style oratory and street-level agitation were often reported in both the labour press and the mainstream media. In May, the *Winnipeg Tribune* told its readers: "At 5 o'clock this morning Mrs. Helen Armstrong started a drive against a number of smaller concerns where women and girls had remained at work. ... At 9 o'clock Mrs. Armstrong said her efforts had been far more successful than she had hoped, and that a large number of new strikers had been added to the rolls." In June 1919, the story would get bigger: MRS. ARMSTRONG TO STAND TRIAL: CASE AGAINST WOMAN LABOR LEADER IS SENT TO ASSIZE COURT.

Even before the General Strike, Helen Armstrong's reputation for radical action was well established. In 1917, she rejuvenated the Women's Labor League and transformed it into an active vehicle for union organization, political advocacy, and the education of women workers on the subject of their own rights. "A very striking personality is at the head of the Women's Labor League," wrote an admiring Gertrude Richardson in her column for the *Leicester Pioneer*. "She is Helen Armstrong, a woman whose ideals are pure and broad."

Helen was also a woman whose opinions were made loud and clear, as expressed in her letter to the editor of the *Telegram* in 1917: "Girls have got to learn to fight as men have had to do for the right to live, and we women of the Labor League are spending all our spare time in trying to get girls to organize as the master class have done to protect their own interests." A year later, Helen Armstrong was still in the public eye, as a leading figure in the successful 1918 campaign for minimum-wage legislation for women in Manitoba, one of the first two provinces in Canada to enact it. By 1919, Helen Armstrong was already well equipped to deal with the unfolding labour strife, a seasoned campaigner for the rights of her particular constituency.

Until fairly recently, however, Helen Armstrong had devolved into little more than a footnote in the pages of Manitoba history. Throughout the months of research to follow, I would be frequently and forcibly reminded that this woman, so vivid a presence, so powerful a voice in her own day, had been rendered almost invisible in ours.

At the same time, I observed how much scholarship and popular opinion had been expended on an analysis of the male leadership of the strike and their subsequent role in provincial and federal politics. History, it seemed, took a powerful interest in the "Famous Ten," those ten men who were arrested for their role as seditious conspirators in the workers' uprising—in fact, Helen's own husband, George Armstrong, was one of this select group. There is still at least a passing familiarity with such names as R.B. Russell,



Reported killed, accidentally
England.
Reported killed, accidentally
Cooper, England.

MRS AMSTRONG IS
TO FACE CHARGE

GIRL STRIKERS
URGED TO STAND
FIRM BY UNIONS

Winning, Dixon, Ivens and
Mrs. Armstrong Address
Victoria Park Meeting

A constitution
mitted to the unions
them turned it down flatly, he said.

MRS. ARMSTRONG
TO STAND TRIAL

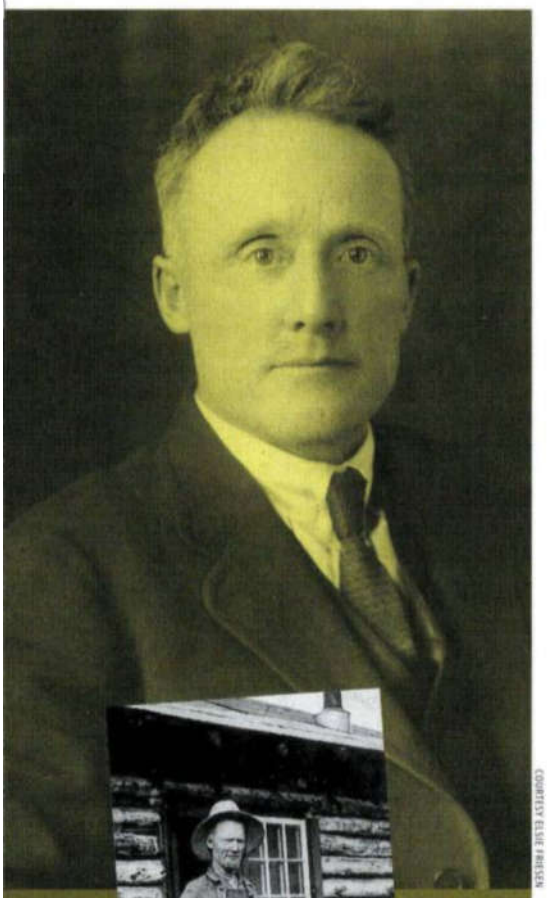
Case Against Woman Labor
Leader Is Sent to Assize
Court

Mrs. Helen Armstrong was committed for trial at the next session of the assize court on a charge of counselling to commit an indictable offense, in police court Tuesday afternoon by Magistrate Macdonald.

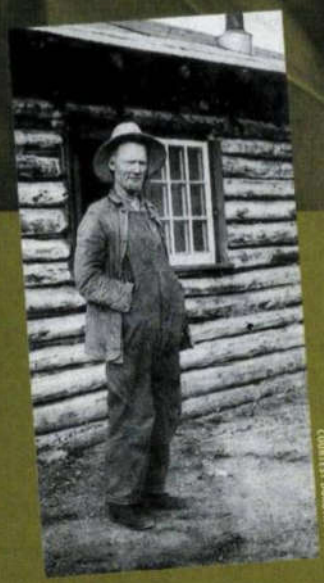
Mrs. Armstrong, according to the testimony of two witnesses, told girls on strike to take newspapers away from girls "if they were not afraid of pins," when they asked her if it was their duty to stop the sale of

George Armstrong (below), who was born on a farm in Ontario in 1870, met Helen in her father's Toronto tailor shop. Trained as a carpenter, he went wherever work was available, which took him in 1897 to Butte, Montana, where Helen travelled to marry him. At the turn of the twentieth century, the Armstrongs lived in New York, but George regarded New Yorkers as too parochial in their political outlook, and so in 1905 moved the family to Winnipeg, which was then a boomtown for the building trades as well as a hotbed of socialist activity. He quickly became involved in labour organizing and political activity, running (and losing) three times for a seat in the provincial legislature under a labour banner. He was arrested in the 1919 strike, the only Canadian-born of the "Famous Ten" who were charged for their role as seditious conspirators in the workers' uprising. He was sentenced to a year at a provincial prison farm (inset), and released in February 1921. However, in the 1920 provincial election, he won a labour seat in the Manitoba legislature. He took his seat immediately upon his release from prison, but only served one two-year term. With continued political success unlikely and construction work difficult to find, George and his family left Winnipeg for Chicago in 1924. He died in California in 1956.

Alfred Jury (far right), Helen's father – a Toronto tailor and well-know labour leader whose shop was a gathering place for political discussion – greatly influenced his daughter's allegiance to working people's causes. However, according to family members, they became estranged after Jury left his wife and returned to his native England to become an emigration agent in Liverpool for the Canadian government.



COURTESY ELSIE FRIESEN



COURTESY DOROTHY DYER

J.S. Woodsworth, William Ivens, and John Queen, who later served seven terms as mayor of Winnipeg.

However, Helen Armstrong has been the object of much less attention, despite the fact that she carried just as much responsibility within the administration of the Labor Temple as any of her male counterparts. As president of the Women's Labor League, she had become the only female delegate to the otherwise all-male Trades and Labor Council and her views were heard regularly and with respect in those gatherings, according to reports in *The Voice* and the *Western Labor News*. In those years, it was rare for a woman to be so prominent in trade-union affairs, which were just as much a male preserve as any conservative business gathering. Yet during the 1919 strike, regular deputations of women workers brought information from the field to Helen Armstrong, as though reporting to a commanding officer: "A couple of girls from each box, bag and candy factory, laundry, etc., where the staff is supposed to be on strike, report regularly to room 23 in the Labor Temple, the office of Mrs. Helen Armstrong," the *Winnipeg Tribune* reported in June 1919.

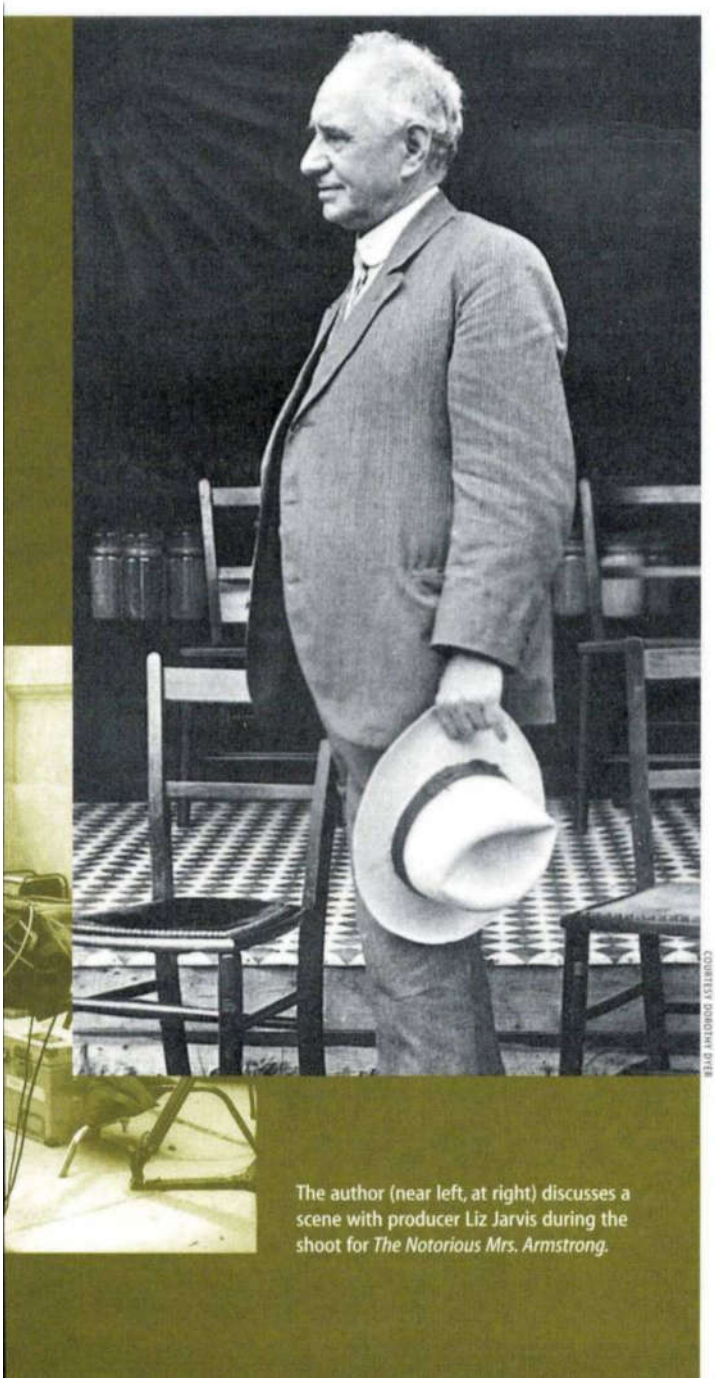
If imprisonment was the most convincing way to earn equal time in the history books, well, Helen also got herself tossed into the provincial jail, for inciting two women to harass scabbing newspaper sellers. She was arrested on at least two other occasions for her own disorderly public conduct. The fact that a housewife of respectable working-class origins was incarcerated at all suggests a great deal about her status as a malcontent in the eyes of the civic authorities, one of those unnatural "female bolsheviki" as a *Citizen* editorial put it. Why would anyone be surprised to discover that Helen's career as a radical labour activist was a long and storied chronicle?

The most accurate way to describe my interest in Helen Armstrong is both as a student of history and as a filmmaker. As a history undergraduate at the University of Manitoba, I was introduced to historians such as Robert Roberts and Eric Hobsbawm, whose vivid and authoritative writings in working-class history were all the more fascinating because they were chronicling human conditions that had once been dismissed as having minor historical significance.

It wasn't long before I became aware of the emerging scholarship on another long-neglected front: the realm of women's history, particularly working-class women's history. As a student of history, therefore, I believed there was a value in tracing the threads of Helen Armstrong's life. First, her crusade on behalf of working girls and

CHARLES SHILLIDAY

women might well provide a fresh perspective on the shattering events of the 1919 strike, as experienced by its only female leader. Second, an investigation of Helen's family roots and personal relationships might explain how a working-class mother of four became such a powerful lightning rod for the anger, frustration, and determination of female workers to speak out about their wretched conditions. Third, to express the turbulence of this period through Helen's point of view might communicate something meaningful – I wasn't yet sure what – to others of my generation, perhaps the sense of genuine hope and conviction that fired people up in 1919 and seems so elusive to us now. The more I thought about it, the stronger was my own conviction that Helen Armstrong deserved to be reanimated, so that she could speak her mind again.



COURTESY DOROTHY DYER

The author (near left, at right) discusses a scene with producer Liz Jarvis during the shoot for *The Notorious Mrs. Armstrong.*

As a filmmaker, however, I quickly realized that I had set myself a very difficult challenge. As powerful as my instinct was about the value of reconstructing Helen's story, the shortage of materials to support it as a film documentary was, at the outset, nothing short of daunting. I had very little information about her family's descendants, about her life before the 1919 strike, or her experiences afterward. Worst of all to a filmmaker, I had only three images of Helen herself.

I scoured every conceivable public-domain source for images of Helen. One was the now-famous portrait of the 1919 strike committee with more than fifty men and two women sitting against the wall of the Labor Temple. Helen is the woman on the left, although even this fact was apparently in dispute for a number of years. The second was a news photo taken of Helen during her campaign for election as city alderman in 1923. The third was a murky photograph from the pages of the *One Big Union Bulletin*, a casual image of the convicted strike leaders and their wives picnicking on the grounds of the prison farm east of Winnipeg. Helen and her husband George Armstrong are blurred almost beyond recognition. You can just make out that Helen has one hand draped protectively over George's shoulder – she is looking off to one side, a barely perceptible smile on her face.

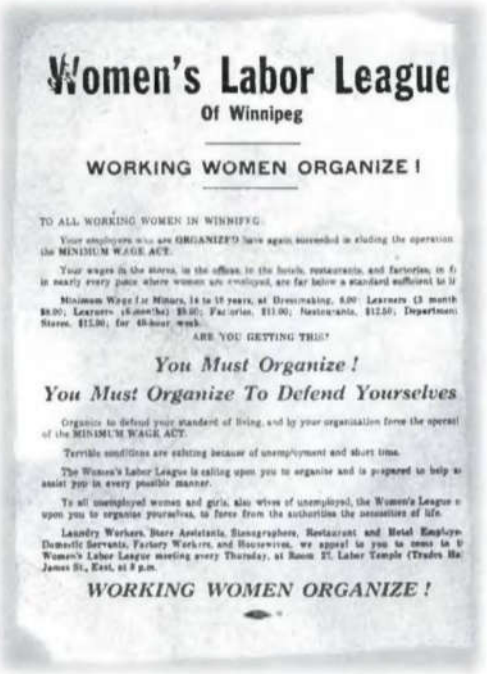
And that was it for the visual record of Helen Armstrong. Fortunately, newspaper reports of her various exploits were less difficult to track down. I found that Helen Armstrong was steeped in a tradition of political activism, both as the daughter of Toronto tailor Alfred Jury, a respected labour leader with liberal leanings, and as the wife of George Armstrong, a red-hot orator for the Socialist Party of Canada.

As a tailoress in her father's shop, Helen watched her father preside from his sewing bench over regular gatherings of labour intellectuals, socialists, trade unionists, even the odd businessman, all of whom spent many hours thrashing out the issues of the day. "It is a tradition among old-timers that everything proposed had to square with principles or Alf Jury would not let it pass," read his obituary notice in *The Voice* of September 1916. In her own public speeches to labour groups, Helen herself would later acknowledge the importance of her father as an inspiration for her own labour activism.

I pieced together more and more from the available evidence. I read in *The Voice* (Winnipeg's organ of labour news) about Helen's rejuvenation of the Women's Labor League in early 1917, leading the Woolworth's retail clerks

out on strike in May of the same year. A police court summons from 1917 (evidently a busy time) told me she had been arrested for ditributing pamphlets opposed to military conscription to Winnipeg women entering a Next-of-Kin Committee meeting. I discovered, too, that she regularly took food and clothing parcels up to Stony Mountain prison near Winnipeg, where young men were serving out their two years for evading conscription.

There were many other fragments, all fascinating, often startling. Transcripts of the One Big Union conference in early 1919 revealed Helen to be the only woman who stood up and spoke her piece at that historic gathering in Alberta; she challenged the labour men to help educate the women about union activities. Yet in her own speeches, I found her trying to persuade women to educate themselves so they could organize effectively. The *Western Labor News* of 1919 described her herculean efforts to organize the Labor Café, a soup kitchen that fed thousands of striking women and men. The *Winnipeg Citizen*, on the other hand, told me she was a female agitator who, by her own admission, had spent time in some kind of lunatic asylum. Of course, all the papers reported the news of her imprisonment for inciting women strikers to violent behaviour. Taken together, these sources implied two more important facts: that Helen Armstrong was prepared to act on her beliefs, and that when she did so, she didn't give a damn for anyone's opinion.



Women's Labor League

Of Winnipeg

WORKING WOMEN ORGANIZE !

TO ALL WORKING WOMEN IN WINNIPEG.

Your employers who are ORGANIZED have again succeeded in eluding the operation the MINIMUM WAGE ACT.

Your wages in the stores, in the offices, in the hotels, restaurants, and factories, in fi in nearly every place where women are employed, are far below a standard sufficient to li

Minimum Wage for Minors, 14 to 18 years, at Dressmaking, $.00: Learners (3 month $8.00; Learners (6 months) $9.00; Factories, $11.00; Restaurants, $12.50; Department Stores, $13.00; for 48-hour week.

ARE YOU GETTING THIS?

You Must Organize !

You Must Organize To Defend Yourselves

Organize to defend your standard of living, and by your organization force the operati of the MINIMUM WAGE ACT.

Terrible conditions are existing because of unemployment and short time.

The Women's Labor League is calling upon you to organize and is prepared to help a assist you in every possible manner.

To all unemployed women and girls, also wives of unemployed, the Women's League c upon you to organize yourselves, to force from the authorities the necessities of life.

Laundry Workers, Store Assistants, Stenographers, Restaurant and Hotel Employe Domestic Servants, Factory Workers, and Housewives, we appeal to you to come to t Women's Labor League meeting every Thursday, at Room 27, Labor Temple (Trades Ha James St., East, at 8 p.m.

WORKING WOMEN ORGANIZE !

COURTESY ROB WATERS

On the other hand, here's a sampling of what I didn't know: where she was born, where she spent her childhood, where she went to school, if she went to school, little about her father, nothing at all about her mother, where and when she and George were married, where they lived before coming to Winnipeg in 1905, where they lived in Winnipeg for the first ten years, where her daughters were educated, what kind of relationship she had with them and with her husband, what she thought about socialism, whether it was true that she had been in an asylum, what she thought about housework, what her views were on suffrage, what labour men thought of her, what happened to her while George was in prison for a year, what happened to the Armstrong family in the years following the strike, and most important, *who on earth was left that could remember her at all?*

The weight of what I didn't know pressed down like a stone. However, I had now been working for some time with a researcher of formidable talents, Carol Preston of Winnipeg, who offered an inspired suggestion that would eventually open up worlds of possibilities. She'd located the last known address of Helen's son, Frank Armstrong, who had died in Winnipeg in the early 1990s, and suggested I try calling the neighbours to find out what they knew about the sale of Frank's house. Maybe they'd met the relatives involved with the disposition of his estate. I remember thinking, it's a long shot, but why not?

I made the phone call to one Bill Burrage, who turned out not only to have lived next door at the time of Frank's death, but had purchased his house from the Armstrong family's estate. The executrix was Elsie Friesen, great-niece by marriage to Helen Armstrong. To my growing excitement, Bill told me she lived in Winnipeg.

A visit to Elsie proved to be a godsend – she had a number of Armstrong family photographs, a selection of Helen's letters and notes, and other documents, including the police summons for Helen's appearances in court and two complete sets of her handwritten speeches on such topics as suffrage and the importance of women's political education. There was also a set of clippings the Armstrongs had saved themselves, mostly about Helen's activities. Clearly, she had at least some sense of her own place in the annals of labour history.

From these documents, I learned that Helen first woke up to the particular problems faced by women while she and George Armstrong were living in the United States – the first I'd heard of *that*. She wrote that "my own early training was in the Radical Liberal school with the early labor leaders of Canada and I heard little of the sex fight – it was all to me a fight for wages and conditions and hours of labor. It was not until I married in the U.S. and made my home there that I became acquainted of the fight for Woman's Suffrage." The speech goes on to delineate the entire history of female suffrage through the nineteenth century in the United States. I was to find out later that she referred to the vote as "a club," a weapon that working-class women needed to make their voices heard. "Without a club, you will not be listened to," was a favourite call to arms.

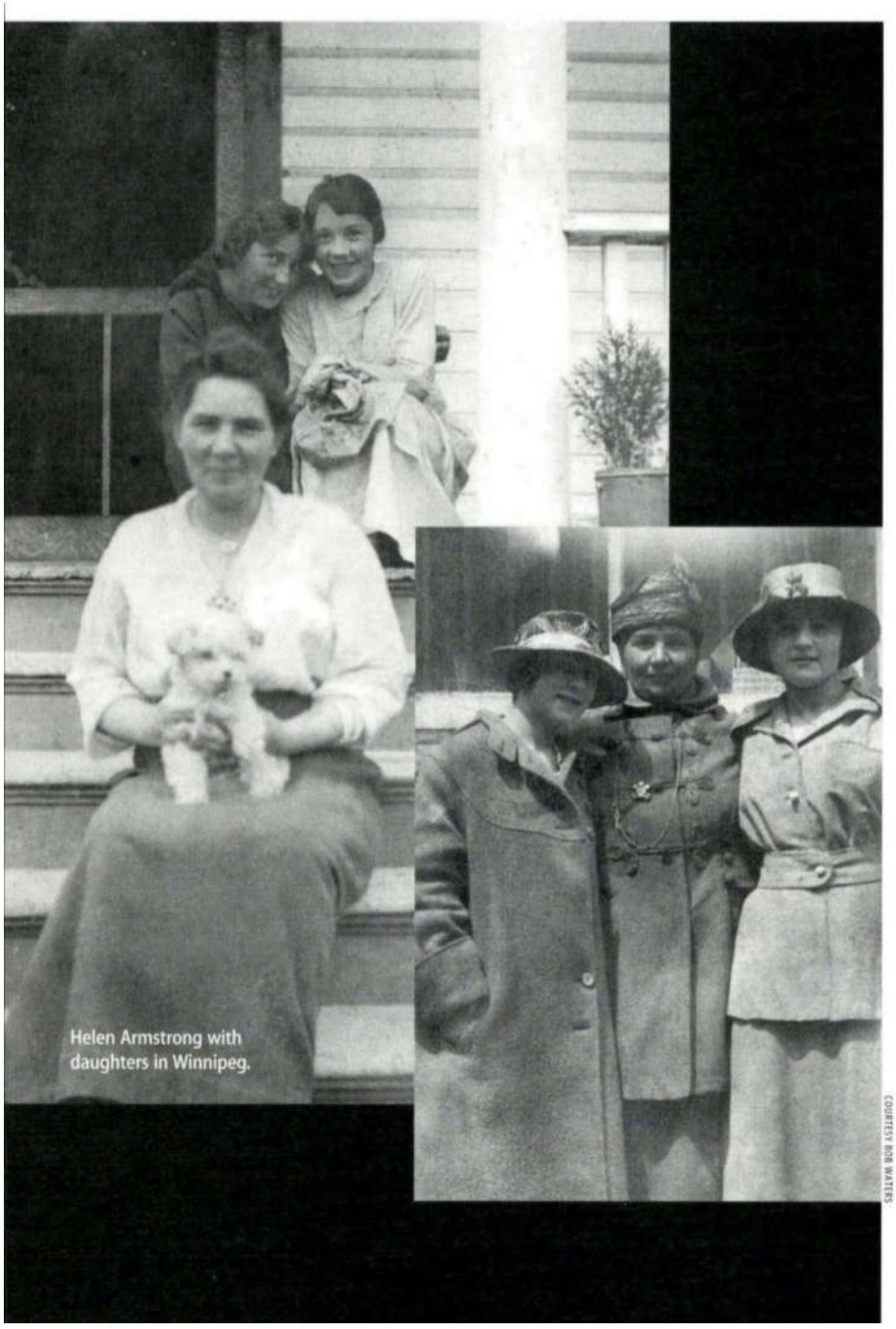
Elsie Friesen had something even more important than photographs and documents – she had phone numbers. She was in contact with an American branch of the Armstrong family, a distant cousin named Dottie Dyer. When I called

Ma was definitely not a socialist. She had even warned her granddaughter not to make the mistake of marrying a socialist, if she wanted her children to wear shoes.

Dottie, she told me she knew very little about her great-aunt Helen, but she thought she might have a family photo album belonging to the Armstrong clan in a box in the basement. And, oh yes, maybe I should speak to Helen Cassidy in Phoenix – she might remember a few things too.

Helen Cassidy, it turned out, was Helen Armstrong's granddaughter and namesake. I flew down as soon as I could to meet her, and realized within minutes that she was an indispensable living link to my subject. She had lived with her grandmother for a number of years and known her for many more. She could testify to those ephemeral qualities of Helen's personality that no news clipping or photograph could offer, and fill in many puzzling gaps in her history. The photo album from Dottie Dyer arrived while I was visiting Helen Cassidy in Phoenix. We went through it together, identifying numerous photos of Helen and her family, circa 1880 to 1947. There were pictures of her in every stage of her life: of her sisters, of her children, of her husband, of their friends – there was even a postcard of Karl Marx. Sitting there, in Helen Cassidy's kitchen, I realized I was more than halfway home to a documentary that could truly be grounded in visual, textual, and personal testimony to my subject and her world.

From Helen Cassidy, I learned about the woman herself. Ma Armstrong, as she knew her grandmother, was a compassionate mother figure to just about anyone who needed help. She informed me that Ma hated corsets and eventually gave up wearing one, and that she despised housework so much that to avoid it she would feign illness and take to her bed, declaring to her long-suffering family that "she wasn't long for this world." This made sense to me – I recollected that in one of Helen Armstrong's speeches, she departed from the history of suffrage to praise the new labour-saving machines that would one day free women from the drudgery of housework. It was from Helen Cassidy that I finally learned her grandmother had been married in Butte, Montana, a booming mining town where George Armstrong, a carpenter,



Helen Armstrong with daughters in Winnipeg.

COURTESY BOB WATERS

Helen Armstrong (middle, at left) with strikers during the 1917 Retail Clerks' Union strike. Clerks at the two Woolworth's stores on Portage Avenue were paid as little as six dollars for a fifty-hour, six-day work week, which was considered insufficient for a single woman with no dependants. Seeking an eight-dollar minimum wage and a half-day holiday, the workers struck the two stores, but Woolworth's refused to negotiate and the strike failed. The provincial government was pressured into considering a minimum wage for women, but settled for instituting a minimum wage board with labour and female representation, that reviewed rates on a piecemeal basis.

had found work in construction. She told me that the two of them absolutely adored one another, but that "you would never know it because they bickered so much over everything." Especially socialism. Ma was definitely not a socialist, I was told. She had even warned her granddaughter not to make the mistake of marrying a socialist, if she wanted her children to wear shoes.

Just as interesting was Helen Cassidy's assertion that her grandmother *had* been a patient at Brandon Mental Hospital, but not because she was a lunatic: she'd had a breakdown after all four of her children came down with scarlet fever at the same time. (The hospital record called it "reactive depression.") From Helen Cassidy, I also learned that the Armstrong family was a close-knit one. Helen's son and daughters took their mother's constant whirl of activity in stride, although the girls sometimes resented having to do all the household chores while she was out at one of her many meetings.

There was yet another surprise in store in this period of new discoveries: the sudden appearance of Helen Armstrong's grandson, Bob Waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas. While I was on my own trek into the Armstrong family's colourful past, Bob Waters was tracing his family roots in a journey that brought him from Arkansas to Winnipeg. One of his first stops was to the City of Winnipeg Archives, where archivist James Allum, upon learning his identity, hurried to contact me with the amazing news that Helen Armstrong's grandson was in town. When I met Bob Waters in his hotel room in Winnipeg, we traded bits and pieces of family history back and forth, filling in more spaces between fragments. He affirmed that his grandmother had indeed become a suffragist in the U.S., citing a well-rehearsed family story that she and a group of female activists had chained themselves to a fence around the White House.*

In Helen's own correspondence, I discovered her efforts on behalf of women's rights continued well into the thirties, as she worked to reform the Mothers Allowance Act, which provided support for widows and single mothers. She spent the rest of her time sewing clothes, organizing soup kitchens, and putting food on her own table for anyone who needed help during those terrible years. Helen Cassidy remembered how her grandfather George used to declare that "the bums put a mark on our fence, so the next bum who came along would know where to go for a free meal." Bob Waters, too, had fond memories of a warm, maternal grandmother who loved to put on a spread for family and friends.

These family recollections certainly contradicted the loud, aggressive, even hostile persona that was portrayed in reportage of the redoubtable Ma Armstrong. Arguably, this persona is supported by a photograph of Helen on the picket line outside Woolworth's in 1917. She stands, the picture of brash confidence, in the centre of a group of striking girls, buttoned up tightly in a winter overcoat with a sash draped across her chest and a very odd hat reminiscent of a bishop's mitre. If one looks closely, one can see that she's gripping something tightly in her right hand – a white club, of all things, that looks a lot like a cricket bat. This strange object, I am convinced, can only be the physical embodiment of that club she spoke of – the vote for women that for her was the liberator of disenfranchised working-class women. Portrait of a battleaxe? Perhaps. But as I know now, it's not the whole woman. She's something much more complex and, to me, infinitely fascinating: a woman who would dare anything if she thought it was the right thing to do for the underprivileged, the underclass, the underdog. Helen Cassidy remembers something her grandmother used to say: "You can run away from evil in other people, but you have to live with yourself." I think that just about sums it up.

At the end of my journey, Helen Armstrong ultimately emerges as a true leader, someone who gave a much-needed political voice to the working-class women of her day, and who worked tirelessly to better their conditions. Her unusual defiance of authority and her public notoriety kept her in view even in the early 1920s, when she made a run for city council (and was defeated, like most women who ran for office during this period). Yet, another question still remains. Why did Helen Armstrong dwell in the shadows thereafter for so many years? Perhaps, as a woman and as a member of the working class, she already had two strikes against her. That she was, arguably, on the wrong side of history in the year 1919 might have been strike three. After all, the General Strike itself was an infamous episode of civil resistance that resisted the scrutiny of historians until D.C. Masters undertook the first full-length analysis in 1950.

Today, arguments continue to surface about the 1919 strike and the correct way to interpret its events and their significance. But how can there be only one way to perceive anything? As a political idealist, as a left-handed artist, as a Winnipegger, and as a woman, it is clear to me that the sifting screen in my head will catch certain objects and ideas which will fall right through the holes in someone else's net. And vice versa. That's the closest I can really come to understanding why Helen Armstrong nearly disappeared off the radar of twentieth-century history – until recently, she wasn't considered worth tracking, like one of those tiny satellite specks we sometimes follow in the night sky, our eyes straining to hold it in focus. After more than eighty years, I like to think that Helen Armstrong is back in focus now.

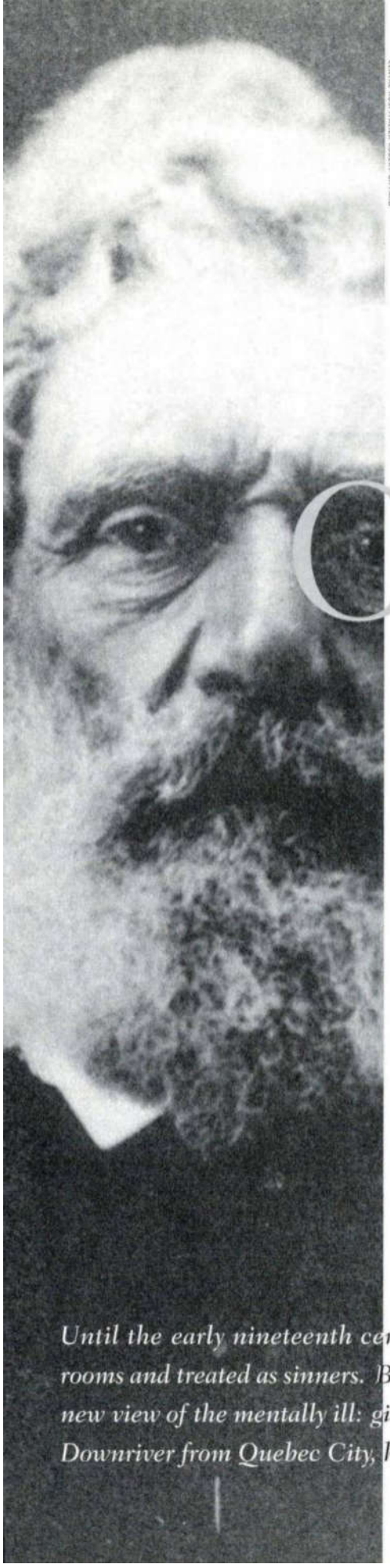
Paula Kelly is a writer and director living in Winnipeg. Her documentary, *The Notorious Mrs. Armstrong*, first aired on WTN in May 2001.

et cetera

Enlisting Women for the Cause: Women, Labour, and the Left in Canada, 1890–1920 **by Linda Kealey. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1998.**

Profiles in Dissent: The Shaping of Radical Thought in the Canadian West **by Harry Gutkin and Mildred Gutkin. NeWest Press, Edmonton, 1997.**

*Bob Waters knew well the socialist and humanist legacy left by his grandparents, because it resonated in his own father's union activity in the Chicago of the Roaring Twenties. According to Bob, business leaders brought in the Mob to bust the fledgling union of downtown building and construction trades. "They blew up my dad's car with grenades," he told me, "but the unions won. They actually outgunned the Mob!" Bob was insistent that his father Charles' resolve was a trait he learned from Ma and Pa Armstrong.



CENTRE HOSPITALIER ROBERT-GIFFARD

The Doctor and the Madmen

by Louisa Blair

Until the early nineteenth century, they were kept in barred rooms and treated as sinners. But James Douglas responded to a new view of the mentally ill: give them light, life, and learning. Downriver from Quebec City, he created Canada's first asylum.

One fine day in late winter, 1826, a young doctor and his wife arrived in Quebec City in a horse-drawn sleigh, galloped around the city a few times, liked the look of it, and decided to stay for the rest of their lives.

Dr. James Douglas was fleeing from the United States. His crime? Vandalizing fresh graves, digging up the corpses, and taking them home to dissect them. He was twenty-six years old.

At the time of his crime, Douglas was teaching surgery and anatomy at Auburn Medical College, in New York. To pass their surgical exams, his students had to do dissections, but, in a Catch-22, the law made it impossible to obtain enough corpses. It was the second time Douglas had been caught. The first time he'd dug up the body of a black slave owned by a judge, who let him off with a warning. This time Douglas made a dreadful mistake: thinking he was digging up a poor beggar, he instead robbed the grave of an eminent citizen. When someone recognized the dead man left carelessly in his office, Douglas and his wife didn't linger. They fled by sleigh that very night for Canada.

Soon after he arrived in Quebec, Douglas established a reputation as one of the most skilled physicians in Lower Canada. A pioneer of nineteenth-century medicine, he was an innovator in public health, vaccination, and medical education and regulation. But it was in the care for the mentally ill that he made his reputation. He opened Lower Canada's first asylum, and under his watch, for a brief period of time in the mid-nineteenth century, the treatment of the mentally ill was perhaps as humane, creative, dignified, personal, and healthy as it's ever been before or since.

When Douglas left Quebec forty years later, in an act of historical symmetry, he took two corpses with him: this time they were mummies, pilfered from Egyptian graves during his holidays abroad.

James Douglas grew up in Scotland, the son of a Methodist minister, and began his medical studies at age thirteen. By eighteen he had signed on as surgeon on a Norwegian whaler, and spent the year patching up fishermen ripped apart in pursuit of whales in Hudson Bay. He returned to finish his studies, and took off for India. A year later he found himself in Honduras among the Mosquito Indians, helping to found a disastrous new colony. The malaria, the fevers, the hostility of the natives, and the starvation were too much even for Douglas, and he fell dangerously ill. Half-conscious, he was thrust on a schooner bound for Boston. On his recovery, planning to return to Scotland via Montreal, he was forced by a landslide to stop in Utica, New York. There,

Previous page: Scottish-born and educated, James Douglas spent most of his medical career in Quebec City after he was forced to flee the United States for illegally conducting dissection experiments. Though he specialized in correcting strabismus and clubfoot, he established a reputation for leadership and management during the 1832 cholera epidemic. Under his direction, the new 300-bed Marine and Emigrant Hospital became renowned as a training school. In 1845, asked to take responsibility for the insane in Quebec, he established the Beauport Asylum, negotiating a monopoly over their institutional care. Douglas's vision of care prevailed for the next twenty years. In 1865, soon after the deaths of his colleagues and disheartened by what he perceived as government interference, Douglas liquidated his share in the institution. In his latter years, having lost most of his money in bad investments, he lived with his son James in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. He died in New York City in 1886, and is buried at Sillery, Quebec.

word got around that he was a surgeon. One day he was asked by a farmer to look at a vicious-looking pitchfork wound. Douglas fixed him up. In gratitude the farmer gave him fifty dollars and a horse. Douglas needed no more encouragement: he stayed, married, and began a teaching practice.

Soon after arriving in Quebec he started a little school of surgery and anatomy in the basement of his house. Four years later his wife died; he remarried shortly afterwards. No one has recorded what either wife thought of the corpses being dissected in the basement, but when his friend Joseph Painchaud offered him dissecting quarters in his house, on condition that he and his son could attend the lessons, Douglas agreed. Another young student of Douglas's, Edward Dagge Worthington, described having to prepare dissections for the following day's lecture in this "dismal and foul-smelling" basement room, around which "men's, women's and children's heads – *galore* – were ranged on shelves." His only company was "several partially-dissected subjects and numerous rats which kept up a lively racket coursing over and below the floor and within the walls."

Within a year of arriving in Quebec, Douglas had become one of its most notable medical educators. When Asiatic cholera reached Europe, he predicted that it would soon cross the Atlantic. Based on his experience in Honduras, he advised his medical colleagues to prepare for the worst. When the infectious disease finally arrived in Quebec in 1832, it killed one-eighth of the population, many within hours of contracting it. During this period, Quebec was receiving hundreds of shiploads of immigrants, many from countries where cholera was rife. Many people died at sea. The rest were received at the new quarantine station at Grosse-Île, but the numbers grew so overwhelming, ships sailed on to Quebec City unchecked. To care for the sick, tents were erected on the Plains of Abraham. Douglas and the handful of qualified doctors in town did their best, but didn't know how to stop the disease. It felt like wartime. The noise of cannons roared through the city, as cannon fire was thought to clean the air, and the smell of burning tar assaulted the nostrils, as people hoped that by spreading tar in the streets and setting light to it they could burn up the disease. Meanwhile, the rich, including Douglas, sent their families to the country, and often ended up spreading the disease further afield.

In Quebec at the time, some two hundred deranged people were being kept in prison basements or isolated lodges in general hospitals. Some of them were chained to the floor for years.

Douglas worked so hard during this and two subsequent epidemics that his health never fully recovered. Twice a week, however, he would leave this nightmare of desolation and go trout fishing in the Montmorency River, without which, he claimed, he would never have survived. The only good night's sleep he ever had was on a pile of cedar boughs during a moose-hunting expedition. The fruit of one of these expeditions, a gigantic stuffed moose, stood at the foot of the staircase of Douglas's house, and proved a star attraction for many of Quebec's most famous visitors, including Charles Dickens.

By now his reputation was thoroughly established, and in 1837 Douglas, along with two colleagues, established Quebec's College of Physicians and Surgeons, the first successful attempt to regulate the profession in the country. That same year he was appointed director of the new Marine and Emigrant Hospital, built to handle the sailors and immigrants from the 1,200 ships that arrived in Quebec every year.

There was plenty of opportunity for surgical practice at the new hospital, as sailors were still hoisting and stowing cargo by hand, and frequently had terrible accidents. Under his leader-

ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC / P1981, P1001/0-181

Joseph Painchaud was a Quebec doctor and surgeon who befriended James Douglas when the latter took up Canadian residence. After the Marine and Emigrant Hospital opened in 1834, he was taken on by Douglas and worked there until his death in 1871.

Honour Roll 2001

Canada's National History Society completed its third annual campaign for funds in 2001 to enhance its current programs and develop new ones. Response to the appeal was most gratifying, with contributions to December 31, 2001 totalling $438,000. The Society gratefully acknowledges all contributions received last year, and extends a special thanks to the following donors for their generosity.

Corporate / Foundation Donors

$100,000+

Hudson's Bay Company, Toronto ON

$50,000+

Historica Foundation of Canada, Toronto ON

$20,000+

Bell Canada, Ottawa ON

$10,000+

Jolliet Energy Resources Inc., Montreal QC

The McCain Foundation, Florenceville NB

$5,000–$9,999

George Weston Limited, Toronto ON

Investors Group, Winnipeg MB

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, Toronto ON

The Winnipeg Foundation, Winnipeg MB

$1,000–$4,999

Superior Envelopes, Winnipeg MB

$100+

Chubb Insurance Company of Canada, Toronto ON

Individual Donors

$10,000+

E. James Arnett, Q.C., Toronto ON

R.A.N. Bonnycastle, Calgary AB

Joseph E. Martin, Toronto ON

$5,000–$9,999

David M.B. Knight, Toronto ON

$1,000–$4,999

1 gift from an anonymous donor

Brian Grose, Oakville ON

Charles Hou, Vancouver BC

A. Rolph Huband, Oakville ON

Frederic Jackman, Toronto ON

Paul F. Little, Calgary AB

Brian & Patricia Morrison, Calgary AB

Patricia O'Brien, St. John's NF

L.O. Pollard, Winnipeg MB

$500–$999

2 gifts from anonymous donors

Margaret Carter, Winnipeg, MB

Frances H. Daunt, Peterborough ON

Paul Gemmel, Edmonton AB

John Goodwin, Toronto ON

Ernest Howard, Toronto ON

Bob Johnstone, Toronto ON

J.K. Knox, Winnipeg MB

Tina Loo, Vancouver BC

Gerald O'Brien, St. John's NF

Brock Winterton & family, Toronto ON

Staff of Canada's National History Society, Winnipeg MB

$250–$499

5 gifts from anonymous donors

Mr. & Mrs. St. Clair Balfour, Toronto ON

Karen & Bill Barnett, Toronto ON

Cynthia Baxter, Ottawa ON

Roland M. Black, Rothesay NB

Joanne Burgess, Montreal QC

Janice & Donald Carlisle, Toronto ON

Mrs. Mary M. Close, Markham ON

Dorothy L. Davidson, Ottawa ON

T.G. Deacon, Toronto ON

John B. Ferguson, Drayton Valley AB

Jane Foster, Osgoode ON

Donald M. Haines, Toronto ON

David W. Kerr, Toronto ON

Anthony Lovell, Toronto ON

R.M. MacIntosh, Toronto ON

W.A. McColl, Nanaimo BC

Michael A. Meighen, Toronto ON

Orde Morton, Toronto ON

William H. Muloin, Qualicum Beach BC

Paul L. Murray, Toronto ON

Marion O'Donnell, Whitby ON

J.B. Pearson, Coldwater ON

Ross F. Phillips, Calgary AB

D.S. Rudd, London ON

Nancy & George Taylor, St. Marys ON

David J. Westfall, St. Agatha ON

Brenda Whitlock, Milton ON

Mr. & Mrs. C.J. Winn, Westmount QC

$100–$249

66 gifts from anonymous donors

Nechako Investments Ltd., London ON

Noel C. Adams, Victoria BC

Harry & Marjorie Aime, Fort McMurray AB

George Anderson, Toronto ON

Michael Armstrong, Toronto ON

Mr. & Mrs. Frederick W. Avis, Scarborough ON

Mrs. J.H. Ernest Ballentine, Etobicoke ON

Mitchell & Linda Banks, Burlington ON

Donald E.N. Barclay, Newmarket ON

Dr. C.A. Barker, Guelph ON

Justice J.R. Barr, St. Catharines ON

G. William Battershill, Winnipeg MB

Dr. Helen A. Bean, Victoria BC

Richard N.J. Becker, Kindersley SK

Paul Beeston, Toronto ON

James Stewart Bell, Toronto ON

Elmer Benedict, Rimbey AB

Pierre Berton, Kleinburg ON

C.T. Belli Bivar, Chilliwack BC

Robert & Susanne Blake, Oakville ON

Michael Bliss, Toronto ON

Prof. Joost Blom, Burnaby BC

Julia Boberg, Edmonton AB

John C. Bonneau, Merrickville ON

Wm. E. Boreham, Victoria BC

Robert W. Boyle, Ph.D., Ottawa ON

Shirley Bradshaw, Winnipeg MB

Norman G. Brown, Duncan BC

Mr. & Mrs. W.R. Brownlee, Winnipeg MB

Wm. & Jean Butcher, Goodwood ON

Mary & Brendan Calder, Toronto ON

Mrs. H. Carleton, Simmie SK

Peter Wolfe Case, Stratford ON

Marina & Mauro Cecconi, Richmond BC

Guy B. Champagne, Bedford QC

Kelley Charlebois, Calgary AB

David & Valerie Christie, Toronto ON

H. Christie, Shelburne ON

Janet Clarke, Whitehorse YT

Arthur Grant Clarkson, Mississauga ON

G.T. Conaty, Calgary AB

G. Herb Coombes, Vancouver BC

Paul Courey, Tilbury ON

David Crane, Toronto ON

Purdy Crawford, Toronto ON

Nick Cybuchowski, Etobicoke ON

Mrs. Coral A. Davids-Fry, Edmonton AB

Gordon Delgaty, Ajax ON

Margaret & Douglas Derry, Caledon ON

Guy & Aileen Desbarats, Georgeville QC

D.A. Desjardins, Redwood City CA

N. John & Dorothy Di Leo, Penticton BC

Dr. G.L. Dickie, London ON

Mary Dixon, Winnipeg MB

Lynne Dollis, Prince George BC

Leon L. Dorais, Surrey BC

Heather-Belle Dowling, Sherwood Park AB

Margaret E. Dudgeon, Cambridge ON

J.G. Duff, Halifax NS

A.A. Duncanson, Toronto ON

René Durocher, Saint-Laurent QC

Dr. Murray D. Edwards, Sidney BC

John Ellis, North Delta BC

Charles Elson, Princeton ON

Ralph H. Estey, Baie-D'urfe QC

Gordon Fairweather, Q.C., Rothesay NB

A. George Fells, Toronto ON

Frank Fenn, Radium Hot Springs BC

Donald S. Fergusson, Hay River NT

Richard & Judith Field, Toronto ON

David T. Fields, Petawawa ON

Bernice Wood Flett, U.E., London ON

Gwynneth Y. Foulds, Vancouver BC

Myrtle Fraser, Belleville ON

Dr. Robert S. Fraser, Edmonton AB

R.W. Fraser, Toronto ON

Allan Galay, Manitouwadge ON

H.R. Gallie, Calgary AB

A.J. (Bert) Garratt, Abernethy SK

Evan Keith Garry, North Vancouver BC

Miss M. Geary, Edmonton AB

Campbell Gibbard, Edmonton AB

Constance C. Gibson, Victoria BC

Marcel Giroux, Sharbot Lake ON

Mrs. C. Warren Goldring, Willowdale ON

E.A. Gomme, Toronto ON

Dr. A.M. Goodwin, Toronto ON

Brian Goodwin, Elmira ON

Terence M. Gordon, Calgary AB

Frank & Mary Gosselin, Toronto ON

Mr. & Mrs. D.L. Gourley, Kenora ON

Neil Gover, Etobicoke, ON

Wm. M. Gray, Toronto ON

David Grindlay, Yellowknife NT

P.L. Guinevan, Salt Spring Island BC

Robert Gullins, Etobicoke ON

David R. Haigh, Q.C., Turner Valley AB

Norman R. Hain, Oakville ON

Rt. Rev. Jaroslaw Hajmanowycz, Montreal QC

Dr. John Hall, Castlegar BC

Scott M. Hand, Toronto ON

Miss E. Hartwell, Oakville ON

George & Ruth Haythorne, Ottawa ON

Doreen Heaps, Halifax NS

Mrs. Nancy J. Hennigar, Toronto ON

Art Herridge, Toronto ON

Dr. John R. Hewson, Burlington ON

Nora O. Higgin, Victoria BC

Elmer Hildebrand, Altona MB

Harris Hill, Etobicoke ON

Thomas Hill, Don Mills ON

John M. Hofer, Chateauguay QC

Mrs. J. Hooper, Richmond BC

Carl & Norma Howard, Don Mills ON

David Hudson, Burns Lake BC

Joseph Hudson, Lyn ON

Ken Hugo, Calgary AB

A.L. Humphries, Dundas ON

Lindsay Hunt, Toronto ON

Mrs. R.L. Hunter, Rothesay NB

Donald B. Jackson, Oliver BC

Sally Jackson, Oakville ON

Ian L. Jennings, Oakville ON

Shirley E. Johnson, Mississauga ON

Myra A. Johnston, Vancouver BC

K.A. Junke, Ottawa ON

Charles A. Kain, Mississauga ON

Michael F. Keenlyside, Richmond BC

Miss I.J. Kelleher, Abbotsford BC

Edgar W. Kellett, Qualicum Beach BC

Tim Kenny, Buckingham QC

The Kermack Family, Victoria BC

Fred O. Kime, Ilderton ON

In Memory of Patty Kirk

R. Gordon & Iola W. Knight, West Vancouver BC

W.G. Konantz, Winnipeg MB

Terry W. Kostiuk, Edmonton AB

John Krasnikov, Vancouver BC

Dr. Dorothea F. Kulis, Brockville ON

D.L. Lamoureux, Schreiber ON

Lorne & Pat Larson, Calgary AB

Ronald P. Leitch, Thornhill ON

Dorothy H. Locke, Highgate ON

Donna Lomas, Cranbrook BC

In Memory of Mr. Augustus (Gus) Long

David Lounsbury, Oxford House MB

Mrs. D. Lyall, Manotick ON

Douglas Lynass, Edmonton AB

S.R. Lyon, Winnipeg MB

H.C. MacBeth, Edmonton AB

D.A. Machum, Edmonton AB

Dr. C.J. Mackenzie, Vancouver BC

Rod MacLennan, Truro NS

Rosemary Malaher, Winnipeg MB

J. Pentti Mannisto, Ancaster ON

Marcel Martel, Toronto ON

Jon N.G. Martin, Toronto ON

A.V. Mason, Toronto ON

Ms. Elizabeth L. Mathews, Thornhill ON

W.H. Maunder, Victoria BC

Alice Mawhinney, Toronto ON

Hubert G. Mayes, Winnipeg MB

J.F. Mazerall, Ottawa ON

Bruce McCaffrey, London ON

Kim McCartney, Winnipeg MB

Alen M. McCombie, Willowdale ON

M. Donald McCrimmon, North Lancaster ON

Christopher McCulloch, Etobicoke ON

Allan McGill, Abbotsford BC

T.J. McGuire, Kingston ON

Joyce & Darcy McKeough, Chatham ON

Tom & Beryl McLeod, Victoria BC

William McMichael, Vancouver BC

Professor C.S. McWatters, Kingston ON

Herb Miller, Durham ON

Reverend Professor James Miller, Port Lambton ON

Dr. J.C.D. Milton, Deep River ON

Helen & Hugh Mogensen, Saanichton BC

Carl Mollins, Toronto ON

Mary & Bob Monilaws, Calgary AB

Violet M. King Morgan, Guelph ON

Laurence Motiuk, Nepean ON

Mac W. Moulton, Bassano AB

Francis C. Muldoon, Ottawa ON

F.C.L. Muller, Markham ON

Charlie Nagy, Westbank BC

Garnet Nix, North York ON
Dr. & Mrs. John A. Noakes, Calgary AB
Olga M. Nunn, North Vancouver BC
Joe O'Brien, Halifax NS
Odell G. Olson, Camrose AB
Esther S. Ondrack, Spruce Grove AB
Peter Pardee, Thetis Island BC
John Macintyre Paterson, Victoria BC
Hugh Pearson, Toronto ON
William T. Phelan, Pickering ON
Jack Pirie, Calgary AB
D.H. Pitts, Winnipeg MB
Doris Poirier-MacIver, Aurora ON
David M. Powell, Kerwood ON
Ian Pringle, Kingston ON
H. Keith Ralston, Vancouver BC
Wm. W. Rapsey, Willowdale ON
John Reen, Surrey BC
K.C. Reeves, Mississauga ON
Sheldon Regier, Medicine Hat AB
R. Murray Reid, Calgary AB
John M. Riddle, Vancouver BC
Howard B. Ripstein, C.A., Montreal QC
Ian Robertson, Langley BC
Wanza K. Robertson, Mississauga ON
The Hon. Duff Roblin, Winnipeg MB
J. Gary Rodger, Tiverton ON
Mrs. Jean Roen, Victoria BC
Helen Rojeska, Kingston ON
L. Rosenberg, Winterbourne ON
Stephen Rowan, Fort Simpson NT
John Rumble, Schomberg ON
Nevi Rusich, Windsor ON
R.H. Salter, Verdun QC
J.D. Scales, Swan River MB
John & Donna Schwartzburg, Ottawa ON
William E. Selby, Calgary AB
Ben Siemens, Spruce Grove AB
Betty May Sims, Edmonton AB
Alan A. Smith, Edmonton AB
Gordon Smith, Ottawa ON
Mrs. Marion Smith, Windsor ON
Peter B. Smith, Cobourg ON
Frank A.J. Spooner, Winnipeg MB
Kim Stanley, Brampton ON
Brian Stewart, Toronto ON
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Stone, Mission BC
Rev. Len Straker, Bobcaygeon ON
Hon. Barry L. Strayer, Ottawa ON
Bruce A. Sully, Goderich ON
Marie L. Swanson, Fort Smith NT
Rodney Swarek, White River ON
Thomas H.B. Symons, Peterborough ON
Heather Jay Tait, Kamloops BC
Allan & Shirley Taylor, North York ON
William Teschke, Vancouver BC
Clara Tharle, Vulcan AB
Brian J. Thompson, Scarborough ON
Dr. T. Kenneth Thorlakson, Winnipeg MB
M. Toupin, Toronto ON
Lindalee Tracey, Toronto ON
Bob Turnbull, Grand Bend ON
D.L. Turner, Brampton ON
John Tyler, Elliot Lake ON
Harold M. Upton, North York ON
G.H. Van Beynum, Vernon BC
Randy & Kathy Vogel, Mississauga ON
M. Patricia Walker, Windsor ON
Dave Waller, Ottawa ON
Ronald K. Watts, Labrador NF
David B. Weldon, Toronto ON
V.F. Wightman, Victoria BC
Audrey Wild, Salt Spring Island BC
Keith L. Williams, Pickering ON
Rob & Lynda Williams, Pemberton BC
Lois Williamson, Toronto ON
Rev. John Wilson, Ottawa ON
Christopher C. Wright, Kelowna BC
G.M. Wright, Middleton NS
Cliff Yaffe, Winnipeg MB
Wayne M. Zuzanski, North Vancouver BC

$50–$99

187 gifts from anonymous donors
Christian Aagaard, Cambridge ON
Alberta M. Adams, Hamilton ON
Lawrence Adams, Toronto ON
R.J. Adams, Rigaud QC
Murray George Airhart, Mississauga ON
Ailsa J. Airth, Ottawa ON
Donald W. Aitken, Eyebrow SK
Luella Albin, Caledonia ON
Martha Aldrich, Irishtown NB
Agnes Algar, Brockville ON
B.A. Allen, Calgary AB
Mrs. Martha Allen, Port Alice BC
H. Neil Almdal, Winnipeg MB
W.C. Ames, Ottawa ON
George Andersen, North Vancouver BC
Muriel Anderson, Langley BC
William H. Anderson, CD, Huntsville ON
J. Andrew, Penticton BC
Dr. Phillip Andrews, Sudbury ON
Viola (Princi) Arends, Mississauga ON
David Armstrong, Inglewood ON
R.W. Arnold, Oshawa ON
R.L. Arrison, Edmonton AB
George J. Arthur, Vancouver BC
Clinton & Maude Ashley, Ottawa ON
Douglas Ashton, Shelburne ON
Mrs. K.M. Asselstine, North Bay ON
William A. Astle, Thunder Bay ON
Louis Augustine, Beamsville ON
Ken & Ann Avery, Kitchener ON
Ms. D. Bacon, Edmonton AB
T.M. Bailey, Hamilton ON
Robert L.T. Baillie, Toronto ON
Miss Audrey W. Baird, Etobicoke ON
Ms. Tena Bajema, Blackfalds AB
John L. Baker, Mont-Tremblant QC
Mr. & Mrs. Albert E. Ballantyne, Toronto ON
James Bancroft, Ottawa ON
Ralph D. Banting, White Rock BC
Nick M. Baraniuk, Winnipeg MB
Randy Barber, Thornhill ON
Syd & Viviane Barber, Swift Current SK
Mrs. Don Barclay, Newmarket ON
J.A. Barnes, Edmonton AB
Jane Barnum, Nanaimo BC
Harry B. Barrett, Port Dover ON
Edison Barrientos, Richmond Hill ON
Michael Bartolf, Oxbow SK
George Baxter, Saskatoon SK
Mrs. J. Bazuk, Winnipeg MB
G. Patrick A. Beavers, Morrisburg ON
Philip Belanger, Edmundston NB
Mrs. M. Bellhouse, Winnipeg MB
S. Bellhouse & C. James, Winnipeg MB
Edward Belton, Palgrave ON
Arnold Bennett, Montreal QC
Edwin Bennett, Woodstock ON
Glenna M. Bennett, Acton ON
Robert Bennett, Vancouver BC
Henry Benson, Lethbridge AB
Phyllis Bentz, Sundre AB
Victor & Monique Benz, Fort Saskatchewan AB
Marcus Bergen, Niverville MB
S. Bergeron, Pierrefonds QC
L.J. Bergie, Hamilton ON
W.F. Bergsma, Whitby ON
Bryan Bertie, Toronto ON
Danny Besserer, Onaping ON
H.J. Bethune, Whitby ON
J.A. Beveridge, Saskatoon SK
Linda Bilyea, East York ON
Larry F. Birchall, Cochrane AB
Margaret Bisal, Victoria BC
Barbara J. Black, Ottawa ON
Dr. R.G. Blackadar, Nepean ON
W. Frank Blackwell, Winnipeg MB
Chas. & Lee Blancher, London ON
Gordon & Elizabeth Callender, Picton ON
Ms. Brenda Leigh Cameron, Spruce Grove AB
Allan Lorne Campbell, Thunder Bay ON
Peter Cappadocia, North Bay ON
Richard Card, St. Albert AB
Bert Carr, Upper Gagetown NB
Brian R. Carr, Scarborough ON
S. Ann Carruthers, Chatham ON
William A. Case, Grande Prairie AB
Christopher Chance, Ottawa ON
Michael Chandler, Iqaluit NT
David E. Chaplin, Ottawa ON
David Chapman, Acton ON
Marie Chapman, Saint John NB
Verna M. Chase, Centreville NS
Jimmy Chung, Pickering ON
Hugh J. Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake ON

Canada's National History Society also acknowledges the faithful and generous support it receives from the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation**. Since the Society was established in 1994, the Foundation has provided an annual grant to enable the Society to further its work in popularizing Canadian history.

Fred Blayney, U.E., Waterloo ON
William R. Blott, Dunnville ON
Dr. William Bobey, Edmonton AB
CWO Arthur H. Boon, MMM SBSTJ CD, Stratford ON
Philip & Rita Bourassa, Gloucester ON
Stephen Bowman & Elizabeth Koester, Toronto ON
Douglas J. Bowsher, Windsor ON
Peter T. Boyer, Toronto ON
Margaret J. Boylan, Collingwood ON
Gordon Brackstone, Nepean ON
Arnold C. Bradley, Edmonton AB
Anthony C. Branch, Ottawa ON
Ralph L. Brandner, Burnaby BC
Wayne & Susan Brazeau, Lloydminster AB
Amelia A. Bretzloff, Aylmer QC
G.V. Brickman, Winnipeg MB
Robert Briercliffe, Pinawa MB
Robert E. Britton, Victoria BC
Bill Brook, Edmonton AB
Dr. Simon A. Brooks, Bedford NS
Lou Broten, Edmonton AB
Marion E. Brown, Toronto ON
William H. Brown, Toronto ON
Mrs. O.M. Browne, Thornhill ON
J.J. Brummer, Etobicoke ON
Paul J. Brunelle, Dartmouth NS
Tom Brzezicki, Glenburnie ON
Barrie Burns, Kanata ON
Dr. Robert J. Burns, Ottawa ON
Rita A. Burtch, Gananoque ON
F. Busch, Sicamous BC
John Butcher, Ottawa ON
Louis J. Cahill, St. Catharines ON
Edward F. Cairns, Moose Jaw SK
Caroline Clark, Toronto ON
Victor L. Clarke, North York ON
John Clarry, Toronto ON
G. Clift, London ON
William Clifton, Stevensville ON
G.I. Coates, Sandy Hook MB
Audrey & John Coats, Calgary AB
Jean Murray Cole, Indian River ON
G.B. Coll, Belwood ON
Donald P. Collins, Saint John NB
G. Colquhoun, Winnipeg MB
Alice J. Colson, Bracebridge ON
K. Ross Conners, Cornwall ON
P.J. Constable, Edmonton AB
Alfredo Converso, Hull QC
David Conway, Ottawa ON
George Cook, Kelowna BC
Terry Cook, Ottawa ON
Roy Cooke, Victoria BC
Bonar G. Cooley, Teslin YT
Elizabeth Cooper, Oakville ON
H. Edward Cooper, Calgary AB
Mary Anne Cooper, Jacksons Point ON
Murray E. Corlett, Ottawa ON
Brian P. Cormier, Delta BC
Mrs. Ruby Cormier, Montreal QC
Marc Côte, Bainsville ON
Dr. James Coupland, Almonte ON
R.J. Courtoreille, Hay River NT
Gordon Coutts, Toronto ON
T. Lawrence Couture, Selkirk MB
William A. Covello, Thunder Bay ON
E. Pauline Cracklow, Campbell River BC
Dr. Ralph Crawford, Delta BC
Patrick G. Crean, Toronto ON
W. Donald Creighton, Salt Springs NS
Laura M. Cruickshank, St. Marys ON
Michael Cruickshank, Toronto ON
Jennifer Csiffary, Kemptville ON
Marion Cumming, Victoria BC
John J. Cummins, Georgetown ON
Lois Currie, Calgary AB
Dr. T.E. Currier, Peterborough ON
Mrs. Jean M. Cusson, Nanaimo BC
B. Cuthbertson, Halifax NS
Lt. Col G.L. D'Appolonia, CD Ret., Christina Lake BC
Michael Danylyszyn, Etobicoke ON
B.H. Davidson, M.D., Nepean ON
Joseph A. Davidson, Marmora ON
Dr. Eleanor Davies, London ON
J. Ronald Davies, Orillia ON
K.C. Dawson, Thunder Bay ON
H.B. De Groot, M.D., Carrying Place ON
Thomas Deakin, Dartmouth NS
William G. Dean, Perkinsfield ON
William A. Dempsey, Highland Creek ON
N.S. Denmark, Comox BC
V. Desnoyer, Leduc AB
Margaret Destournis, Montreal QC
Susan Devine, Winnipeg MB
Mrs. Shashi Dewan, Toronto ON
R.M. Dillon, Toronto ON
Wm. Dmytruk, Montreal QC
Catherine M. Dobrowski, Saskatoon SK
Battista Dompe, Leduc AB
Harold G. Dondenaz, Dorval QC
Donald Donegani, Winnipeg MB
Frank S. Doran, Hamilton ON
Ida Doubrough, Nobel ON
Mrs. Althea Douglas, Ottawa ON
Maureen A. Douglas, Vancouver BC
Sidney T. Down, Toronto ON
Marilyn Dowsley, Willowdale ON
D.H. Drennan, Perth ON
Thomas G. Drew-Brook, Swastika ON
René Drolet, Thetford Mines QC
Joan & Doug Drysdale, Egbert ON
Ms. Diane Dube, Toronto ON
June Duguid, Calgary AB
Brian R. Dunkerley, Calgary AB
Lindsay DuVal & Scott Sutherland, Winnipeg MB
Al Dykstra, Beamsville ON
John & Martha Edmond, Ottawa ON
John A. Edwards, Courtenay BC
Michael Egnatoff, Saskatoon SK
Bill Elliott, Hanover ON
George Emiry, Massey ON
Barbara K. Endres, Winnipeg MB
Vincent Eriksson, Camrose AB
H.M. Evans, Coquitlam BC
J.P. Evans, Hamilton ON
Velma Evans Memorial Fund, Trent River ON
Ruth Ewen, Lanigan SK
William M. Farley, Regina SK
G. Farquharson, Toronto ON
David M.L. Farr, Ottawa ON
Ron & Lynda Farrow, Scarborough ON
Ven. R.S. Faulks, Maple Ridge BC
Richard Fayle, Beardmore ON
Richard Fedorak, Edmonton AB
Ernestine Fenny, Winnipeg MB
Mrs. Donald G. Ferguson, Winnipeg MB
J.W.M. Ferguson, Sooke BC
Theresa A. Ferguson, Edmonton AB
Russel Fex, Sault Ste. Marie ON

John & Dianne Fielding, Kingston ON
Judith Fingard, Halifax NS
Alfred Fischer, Calgary AB
A.J.L. Fisher, Lac Des Arcs AB
Mrs. Mabel R. Fitz-Randolph, Musquash NB
Lawrence J. Fleece, North Bay ON
R.B. Fleming, Woodville ON
Ivy D. Foote, Powell River BC
Tom Ford, Winnipeg MB
John Kennedy Foster Jr., Meadville PA
Pierre Frechette, Eastman QC
A. MacInnis Freeman, Inverness NS
P.B. French, Brockville ON
Cal & Laura Frost, Bowen Island BC
Jack Fry, Long Sault ON
J.G. Fultz, Pleasantville NS
Bernard Gabert, Westbank BC
D.B. Gaddes, Victoria BC
In loving memory of Dr. James D. Galloway
Alvan Gamble, Ottawa ON
L. Col. H.M. Gandier, RET., Meaford ON
Margaret I. Garbig, Toronto ON
Mrs. E.M. Gardner, Victoria BC
Beatrice Royle Gaw, Sainte-Foy QC
Robert H. Gayner, Ottawa ON
David Geary, St. Catharines ON
Dr. G.H. Gerrits, Coldbrook NS
Dr. Osman P. Giallloreto, Ottawa ON
Betty & Mike Gibbins, Edmonton AB
Kathryn & Peter Giffen, Eden Mills ON
Winnifred Giguere, Mississauga ON
Mrs. Jean Gilbert, Brockville ON
Prof. P.G. Gilbert, Brighton ON
Ron & Stephanie Gilbert, Odessa ON
Peter A.K. Giles, Toronto ON
Blair Gilhen, Dartmouth NS
Carolyn Gill, Etobicoke ON
Emily Gilmour, Calgary AB
Oliver Glanfield, Fort Chipewyan AB
L.H. Glassco, Winnipeg MB
John H. Glavin, North Vancouver BC
I. Gliener, Edmonton AB
Norm Godfrey, Nanaimo BC
Mr. & Mrs. L.W. Gold, Ottawa ON
Philip Goldsmith & Company Architects, Toronto ON
Francis N. Gooch, Smiths Falls ON
Louise E. Goode, Langley BC
Hon. Edwin A. Goodman, PC, Toronto ON
Helen Gordon, Cambridge ON
E. Gorek, Summerland, BC
Carman Gowan, Creemore ON
Donald A. Gower, F.C.A., Edmonton AB
Amanda Graham, Whitehorse YT
George M. Grant, Warkworth ON
Shelagh Grant, Peterborough ON
W. Gibson Gray, Toronto ON
Maj. & Mr. W.G. Graydon, Kingston ON
Murray A. Green, Newmarket ON
Rod Green, Midhurst ON
Arthur E. Gregg, Penticton BC
J.N. Greggain, Lasalle QC
K.J. Griffiths, Sault Ste. Marie ON
Pamela M. Grigg, Canmore AB
Kenneth S. Grills, Calgary AB
Charles Guy, Brockville ON
John Guyon, B.A.C.D., Pointe-Claire QC
E.G. Hachborn, Toronto ON
Beverly Hagen, Admiral SK
Adam Halikowski, Swan River MB
David C. Halkett, New Westminster BC
Mrs. A.M. Hall, Toronto ON
M. Halperin, North York ON
Olive S. Hamilton, Edmonton AB
Clifton L. Haney, Mississauga ON
James E. Hanna, Ottawa ON
Charles Hannan, Kingston ON
Marion Hansen, Sidney BC
Ross Hansen, Surrey BC
Pat Hanson, Regina SK
Bud Harper, Regina SK
Leonard H. Harper, Richmond Hill ON
Dr. D.C. Harrison, Toronto ON
Mr. & Mrs. John Hartry, London ON
Denis Harvey, Ottawa ON
Bob Hatcher, Kingston ON
Doug Hatlelid, Vancouver BC
Ken & Ruth Hayes, Winnipeg MB
Mrs. D.M. Hayman, Ottawa ON
Ruth C. Hayward, Kanata ON
Mrs. E.H. Hearnden, Smiths Falls ON
H. Heesing, Edmonton AB
Bernice Heinzelman, Quesnel BC
P. Henderson, Burnaby BC
T.Y. & Judith Henderson, Saskatoon SK
Lynne Herr, Bowmanville ON
Yann Herry, Whitehorse YT
James Hersey, Hull QC
Mrs. Isobel L. Hess, North York ON
M. Hester, Oakville ON
Robert A. Hester, Scarborough ON
Kevin B. Higgins, London ON
Ken Higginson, Kitchener ON
F.C. Hill, North York ON
R.G.F. Hill, Scarborough ON
D. Hilland, Calgary AB
James K. Hiller, St. John's NF
Bill Hines, Scarborough ON
G. Hinge, Ottawa ON
Cam Hobson, M.D., Powell River BC
Bronwen Hodgins, Willowdale ON
Mary W. Hodson, Stratford ON
Mike Hogan, Calgary AB
Dr. Robt. W. Hogarth, Thunder Bay ON
George Holbrook, Halifax NS
Stephen Holmes, Oakville ON
Jeffrey R. Honey, North York ON
Dr. H.L. Hornbeck, Swan River MB
Mrs. Doris Horwood, Toronto ON
Tom H. Houghton, Whitby ON
W.A. Huber, Markham ON
Charles Huck, Tisdale SK
John Hughes, North York ON
Alvin & Margaret Humphreys, Brockville ON
Maureen Hunt, Huntsville ON
Charles K. Hurst, Ottawa ON
Terry Hyatt, Mine Centre ON
W.G. Idler, Port Coquitlam BC
J.M. Innis, Kingston ON
Colin D. Ireland, Trochu AB
Mary L. Isaacs, Toronto ON
Dr. C.H. Jackson, Guelph ON
Miss F.M. Jago, North York ON
W.L. Gordon James, Weston ON
Roy S. Jamieson, Toronto ON
Prof. R.A. Javitch, Montreal QC
Mr. & Mrs. R. Jenkins, Vancouver BC
Marilyn Job, Toronto ON
Arthur E. Johnson, Taylor BC
Dianne C. Johnson, Cobden ON
Ernest G. Johnson, Winnipeg MB
L.R. Johnson, Grande Cache AB
Madeline A. Johnson, Calgary AB
Margaret Johnson, Arborg MB
Rob Johnson, Alliston ON
Robert Johnson, Mississauga ON
Ted Johnson, Westmount QC
W.D. Johnson, Winnipeg MB
Richard & Wendy Johnston, Orillia ON
Dr. G. Jonat, Saskatoon SK
Bernice Longdo Jones, Mount Brydges ON
Harlo L. Jones, Winnipeg MB
Shelly L. Jordan, Nepean ON
Erik Jorgensen, Guelph ON
Dr. T.D. Joslin, Burlington ON
M.E. Jowsey, Copper Cliff ON
Shirley Jowsey, Saltcoats SK
G. Alex Jupp, Toronto ON
Erma Jury, Ottawa ON
June Kanitz, Bolton ON
Val Kaushanski, Toronto ON
Carol Kawanami, Leduc AB
Lorene Kayser, Ottawa ON
Céline & Allen Kear, Winnipeg MB
L.M. Keay, Don Mills ON
Alan & Faye Keevil, West Vancouver BC
Donald Kellner, Edmonton AB
John W. Ker, Fredericton NB
Dr. Ashton Kerr, St-Donat-Mont QC
George P. Kidd, Victoria BC
Carole Kierulf, Sutton QC
Peter M. Kilburn, Stanstead QC
Cleo A. Kilroe, Calgary AB
Dr. Ralph Kimmerly, Oshawa ON
James F. Kinder, Mississauga ON
John R. Kinley, Sherbrooke NS
M. & M. Kinnear, Winnipeg MB
Dr. Wm. Klassen, Regina SK
Martin Klingbeil, Edmonton AB
Dennis R. Knibb, Saint John NB
Ron Knight, Meaford ON
Jamie Kropf, Kitchener ON
Dr. Walter O. Kupsch, Saskatoon SK
Albert Kuss, Fort Qu'Appelle SK
Remi & Pat Lafreniere, Bromont QC
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Lahmer, ScarboroughON
Gordon & Doreen Lak, Uxbridge ON
Richard Lake & Elizabeth Wheatley, North Saanich BC
Earl J. Lalonde, Capreol ON
Marielle D. Lalonde, Ottawa ON
Mary Lamb, Fonthill ON
Timothy C. Lambert, Lake Charlotte NS
Frank Lapensee, Prescott ON
Dr. Yvon D. LaPierre, Ottawa ON
Paul Denys Laronde, White Rock BC
Jim Laughlin, Toronto ON
Robert Lavigne, Kitchener ON
S. Layne, Etobicoke ON
Mrs. R. Leaker, Mississauga ON
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald R. Leavitt, Ottawa ON
Paul Lecompte, Carleton Place ON
Dr. E.F. Ledgerwood, Squamish BC
P.E.M. Leith, DFC UE MSc BSA B Com., West Vancouver BC
Ralph M. Leonard, Brampton ON
Marion H. Lepkin, Winnipeg MB
Dennis E. Lewin, Edmonton AB
Jean Mair Lewis, Ottawa ON
Steven Liggett, London ON
C.H.A. Little, Fredericton NB
Dr. H.A. Locke, New Glasgow NS
Dwight Logan, Grande Prairie AB
C. Lombard, Toronto ON
C.B. Lomow, Edmonton AB
S.A. Longstaff, Toronto ON
Eric W. Lord, Mississauga ON
Dr. W.C. Lorimer, Winnipeg MB
R.I. Lornie, Burnaby BC
Mrs. L.L. Love, Surrey BC
Peter Lubka, CMA CFP, Kitchener ON
Linda Luszczak, Thunder Bay ON
Peter Lynch, Kingston ON
Catherine Macaulay, Winnipeg MB
Mrs. John P. MacBeth, Toronto ON
Tom Maccagno, Lac La Biche AB
James A. MacDonald, West Vancouver BC
John H. MacDonald, Listowel ON
Mrs. M.A. MacDonald, Rothesay NB
D. George MacIntosh, Simcoe ON
Ann MacKay, Toronto ON
Colin A. Mackay, Montreal QC
D. Kenneth Mackellar, Glencoe ON
Dr. R.I. MacKenzie, Medicine Hat AB
G. Doug Mackie, Okotoks AB
Ken Maclaren, Ottawa ON
Susan MacLeod, Richmond BC
John MacPherson, Fort Erie ON
Charles E. Magee, Chemainus BC
R.R. Mahaffey, Calgary AB
Mr. & Mrs. Len Maier, Calgary AB
W. John Maize, Toronto ON
Don & Joanne Manley, Victoria BC
Adele Manness-Smith, Winnipeg MB
Murray A. Marko, Deep River ON
William J. Marquardt, Burnaby BC
John Marshall, Orangeville ON
D.J. Martin, Kingston ON
Jack K.R. Martin, Wakefield QC
Ole D. Martinson, Nanaimo BC
David Matchett, Toronto ON
John E. Matthews, Kaslo BC
Mrs. Muriel Matthews, Orillia ON
Peter Maule, Barrie ON
Dr. Rodney May, Edmonton AB
Ms. Jan Mazzulla, Oshawa ON
John H. McCallum, Edmonton AB
George McCammon, Saint-Lambert QC
W. Harold McCamus, Etobicoke ON
W.C. McClure, Etobicoke ON
Burton McConnell, Lennoxville QC
R.H. McCrimmon, Victoria BC
Mort McCullough, Roxboro QC
John A. McDonald, Mitchell ON
Leonard E. Mcdonald, Enderby BC
J.M. McGarey, Lindsay ON
Barbara M. McIntyre, Victoria BC
John G.W. McIntyre, Etobicoke ON
Clifford McKee, Scarborough ON
Leona McKenty, Pierrefonds QC
Donald S. McKibbin, Don Mills ON
E.A. McKillop, London ON
Denis McKnight, Leroy SK
Bill McLennan, Edmonton AB
Mariane Mcleod, Toronto ON
Craig McNaughton, Toronto ON
Mrs. J.D. McPhail, Salt Spring Island BC
In Memory of Christine McRae
W.A. McRobbie, Vancouver BC
Donald & Irma McSporran, Paisley ON
W. Douglas McVie, Mississauga ON
James McWilliams, Surrey BC
Philip Meany, Toronto ON
J.L. Mellor, Don Mills ON
Gerald Mendel, Ottawa ON
W.O.S. Meredith, Saskatoon SK
L.C. Meyer, Sooke BC
D.J. Miller, Hamilton ON
David Croydon Miller, Nelson BC
George M. Milne, Calgary AB
Walter D. Mingie, Nepean ON
Tom & Georgina Minnes, Hamilton ON
Robert Missen, Simcoe ON
George D. Mitchell, Ottawa ON
Tad Mitsui, Lethbridge AB
Ronald B. Moakler, Beaver Bank NS
G.L. Mollenhauer, Thornhill ON
G.R. Monckton, London ON
Jacques Monet, S.J., Toronto ON
Roger D. Moore, Etobicoke ON
Ronald G. Moorman, Belleville ON
Bernadette Morencie, McGregor ON
George & Vivian Morgan, Ottawa ON
Mrs. M.C. Morgan, Toronto ON
Mrs. M.F. Morgan, Mississauga ON
Jean Morrison, Thunder Bay ON
Patricia Mosel, Lynden ON
Bill Mosley, Minden ON
Shirley & Bill Mosley, Parry Sound ON
J. Motherwell, Victoria BC
Lenore Motherwell, Ottawa ON
Joan Mottl, London ON
Alex & Gail Motzok, Toronto ON
Fernand Mousseau, Ottawa ON
Claire Mowat, Port Hope ON
David Stanley Moyer, Beamsville ON
Dr. & Mrs. D.M. Muir, Shelburne NS
John C. Murdock, Waltham QC
Corinne Murray, Oakville ON
F.E. Murray, Edmonton AB
Mrs. M. Murray, Brandon MB
Mel Myers, Winnipeg MB
Dr. E. Nenniger, Oakville ON
John & Marjorie Newton, Camlachie ON
Ronald E. Newton, Oakville ON
John P. Nickel, Battleford SK
E.F. Nicolls, Victoria BC
Arthur & Eunice Norwood, Etobicoke ON
Sheila Notheisz, Kitimat BC
Edward Oakes, Bobcaygeon ON
J.M. Obrien, Toronto ON
Gordon J. Odell, Guelph ON
Carol Olinski, Kitchener ON
Margaret Oliver, Calgary AB
Henry O. Olsen, Hanover ON
Bonnie Osborne, Iqaluit NT
John W. Pain, Summerstown ON
J.W. Paisley, Sarnia ON
Catherine Palmer, Fox Creek AB
Ralph & Gail Palmer, Whitehorse YT
T.W. Palmer, Victoria BC
Jim & Constance Panchuck, Toronto ON
Wilson & Wilma Parasiuk, Burnaby BC
Frederick Parcher, Kingston ON
Sterling & Gwen Parker, Rock Forest QC
Mrs. E. Parliament, Kitchener ON
W.J. Parliament, New Hamburg ON
Rosemary Partridge, Toronto ON
Cres Pascucci, Gloucester ON

Philip Paskewitz, Winnipeg MB
Victor Passmore, Laval QC
Margaret Ann Pattison, Toronto ON
Aileen Pelzer, Calgary AB
Wayne Pepper, Regina SK
Jean-Marc Perron, Laval QC
C.R. Peterson, Weston ON
Les Petford, Emerald Park SK
Jeanne Petras, Innisfil ON
Jean L. Pettifor, Calgary AB
Margaret Peyton, Hudson QC
George L. Phillips, Dorval QC
Mrs. S. Phipps, Ailsa Craig ON
J. Paul Pilon, Edmonton AB
Mr. & Mrs. Elma Pontius, Trail BC
Duncan Poole, Pickering ON
Ms. Linda Porter, Peterborough ON
Dorothy S. Power, Brockville ON
Betty Price, Toronto ON
Dr. John D.E. Price, Victoria BC
W. Macdonald Price, Saint-Laurent QC
J.N. Pritchard, Ottawa ON
Dr. & Mrs. F.J.E. Purdie, Brandon MB
John E. Purkis, Toronto ON
David H. Quance, Toronto ON
A.J. Quattrocchi, Perth ON
Daniel Quinn, Foxboro ON
Chris & Pat Raible, Creemore ON
Joan K. Ramsay, Aurora ON
Ann & Bob Ramsbottom, Chilliwack BC
Norah Ramsey, Dorval QC
John H.W. Rathwell, Calgary AB
Alan Rayburn, Nepean ON
Mary A. Read, North Vancouver BC
Lorraine Reavell, Campbellford ON
Wayne H. Redekop, Fort Erie ON
Ruth M. Redmond, Kingston ON
Mrs. D.S. Rees, West Vancouver BC
The Reesor Family, Dartmouth NS
Mrs. Nellie Reiss, Vancouver BC
Stewart Renfrew, Kingston ON
E. L. Rennebohm, Edmonton AB
Mrs. J. Revak, Calgary AB
C.E. & L.W. Reynolds, Penetanguishene ON
A.D. Rich, Thompson MB
E. Richardson, Montreal QC
Willis Richford, Norquay SK
A.W. Robb, Weston ON
John E. Roberts, Victoria BC
Ray & Sheila Roberts, Trenton ON
R. Robey, Vernon BC
Shelly Robichaud, Edmonton AB
Burton A. Robinson, Winnipeg MB
Geoffrey G. Robinson, Haliburton ON
Lloyd Robinson, Regina SK
Christine D. Robson, Windsor ON
J.G. Robson, Oakville ON
Mildred L. Robson, Winnipeg MB
W. Henry Rogers, Ottawa ON
William Rollins, Calgary AB
Mrs. Anne Roper, Victoria BC
Peter & Carol Rothbart, Toronto ON
John A. Russell, Abbotsford BC
Dave Rutherford, Abbotsford BC
Charles G. Ruttan, D.D.S., London ON
Armand A. Saintonge, Moncton NB
F.B. Samson, Winnipeg MB
Dorothy J. Samuels, North York ON
Wm. Gordon Sanborn, Ladysmith BC
Terry Sanderson, East York ON
Wm. J. Sanderson, Edmonton AB
B. Sands, Calgary AB
Antonello Santurbano, Ottawa ON
Robert & Kathleen Saunders, Toronto ON
Ed Scarlett, Surrey BC
John & Patricia Schlosser, Edmonton AB
H.H. Schwartz, Calgary AB
Hélène B. Schweitzer, Saint-Lambert QC
Clifton H. Scott, Orillia ON
Dr. D.J. Scott, Orangeville ON
R.E. Scott, Winnipeg MB
Murrey Scutt, Fairlight SK
F. Senécal-Tremblay, Beaconsfield QC
David St. Alban Sewell, Kingston ON
T.G. Sheard, Toronto ON
Donald A. Shearer, Roblin MB
Susan & Michael Shenstone, Ottawa ON
Dorothy Sherk, Waterloo ON
Garry Sherriff-Scott, CD, Orleans ON
Douglas C. Shields, Tantallon NS
Oak Shillington, Westport ON
Vivian A. Shoalts, Wainfleet ON
Sylvia Shortliffe, Ottawa ON
Elva Sigen, Scarborough ON
John & Marilyn Simmons, Calgary AB
Leanne Simonson, Grande Cache AB
J.D. Simpson, Guelph ON
Lloyd Simpson, Cardston AB
Wolfgang Skublak, Markham ON
A. Fraser Smith, Oakville ON
B. Craig Smith, Parry Sound ON
Douglas G. Smith, Brampton ON
Frances K. Smith, Kingston ON
Dr. J. Malcolm Smith, London ON
Neil Smith, Toronto ON
Tom W. Smith, Calgary AB
Rose V. (Smolinska) Smorong, Windsor ON
Lewis Sparks, Edmonton AB
Miss Ruth Sparks, Wynyard SK
Joseph Spencer, Toronto ON
Marc Spencer & Beverly Sitter, Calgary AB
R.A. Spencer, North Vancouver BC
Mrs. Marjorie Spooner, Regina SK
Mrs. C.P. Stacey, Toronto ON
David C.H. Stanley, Toronto ON
James N. Stanley, Toronto ON
Edith Stearns, Edmonton AB
Rev. Oliver & Joyce Stevens, Beamsville ON
Mrs. R.W. Stevenson, Westmount QC
Douglas Stewart, Regina SK
F. John Stewart, Victoria BC
H.B. Stewart, London ON
Heather Stewart, Winnipeg MB
Norman F. Stewart, Charlottetown PE
Miss Robin A. Stewart, Markham ON
Patrick McG. Stoker, Westmount QC
Roy A. Stothers, Merrickville ON
Leonard Stovold, Vancouver BC
Lorne Strachan, Concord ON
Dr. E.W. Stringham, Surrey BC
Wilf Strohmaier, Chilliwack BC
Wm. Strojich, Calgary AB
Robert B. Stronach, Westmount QC
John A. Sunde, Guelph ON
Don Swain, Edmonton AB
Frank Stewart Symons, Perth ON
Mr. A. & Mrs. E. Szalkai, Richmond BC
Gerald C. Taverner, Delta BC
Senator Nick Taylor, Chestermere AB
In Memory of John Gordon Terpenning
A.A. Thain, Meaford ON
Clara Thomas, Toronto ON
M.A. Thomas, Vancouver BC
Frederick J. Thompson, Sault Ste. Marie ON
Dr. Donald W. Thompson, Calgary AB
John D. Thompson, Prince Albert SK
Neville Thompson, London ON
Timothy M. Thompson, Toronto ON
Dr. Colin A. Thomson, Lethbridge AB
R.E. Thomson, Kamloops BC
Jacqueline Tilford, Toronto ON
Betty & Eric Tipping, Scarborough ON
Darrell Joan Tomkins, Edmonton AB
Gilles Trahan, Saint-Laurent QC
L. Treilhard, Winnipeg MB
Allan G. Trothen, St. Thomas ON
Murray D. Tuck, J.P., Grande Pointe ON
K.L. Turner, London ON
Philip C. Turner, Mississauga ON
Nick Upitis, West Hill ON
J. Douglas Upper, Dunnville ON
Dennis Vanderlugt, Markham ON
J. A. VanZyll de Jong, St. John's NF
Fred & Sharolyn Vettese, North York ON
Dr. V.R. Vickery, Kentville NS
John G. Vine, London ON
John Wadland, Peterborough ON
Paul D. Waghorn, Port Hope ON
Garry Wakely, Fort MacLeod AB
J. Ross Waldron, Etobicoke ON
Ross M. Waldron, Sherwood Park AB
T. Pendrell Walker, Winnipeg MB
R.R. Wallace, Toronto ON
Duane F. Waltenbery, Burlington ON
Reg Walton, Ottawa ON
Gordon Ward-Carney, Vancouver BC
Gordon D. Watson, Ottawa ON
M. Watson, Kaslo BC
Doris M. Watt, Edmonton AB
Charles Waywell, Victoria BC
David A. Webber, Charlottetown PE
M.H.F. Webber, Ottawa ON
S. Weedon, Toronto ON
James Donald Weir, Calgary AB
Joan & Orm Weir, Kamloops BC
Mrs. Donna Werden, Bothwell ON
Jo & Jay Weston, Ottawa ON
Ralfe Whistler, Vancouver BC
J. Ross Whitcomb, Ayers Cliff, QC
John O.G. White, Thunder Bay ON
Kevin P. White, London ON
Thomas G. Whitehead, Kingston ON
Maurice P. Wilkinson, Parry Sound ON
Prof. P. Wilkinson, Windsor ON
David N. Willcock, Winnipeg MB
Andrea Williams, Edmonton AB
Doreen E. Williams, North Vancouver BC
Ron Williams, Heisler AB
A.E. Wilson, Island Lake MB
Andrew H. Wilson, Nepean ON
Angus M. Wilson, Cumberland ON
Bob Wilson, Ridgetown ON
Jack & June Winik, Emo ON
Mrs. Harriet Winspear, Edmonton AB
G.E. Wolff, West Hill ON
Rose Wolstenholme, Calgary AB
Mrs. Jane L. Wood, Scarborough ON
Mary Louise Work, Toronto ON
Arthur W. Worth, Westmount QC
Vernon Wright, St. Catharines ON
Thomas Wylie, Ignace ON
Hilda Frances Young, Petawawa ON

$1–$49
1,450 gifts

We also thank the 1,450 donors whose names do not appear in the foregoing lists.

Every effort has been made to ensure that this is an accurate list of gifts of $50 or more as of December 31, 2001. If you notice any error, please contact Canada's National History Society at one of the numbers listed below.

Canada's National History Society
#478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0T6

Telephone: (204) 988-9300 or 1-800-816-6777
Fax: (204) 988-9309
E-mail: beaver@historysociety.ca

Yes! I'd like to add my name to the supporters who are helping to build Canada's National History Society!

Here's my contribution of:
☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $250 ☐ $500 ☐ Other $ _____

☐ My cheque is enclosed.

☐ Please charge this contribution to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex

Card Number _____ Expiry Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____ Postal Code _____

Phone Number ( ) _____

E-mail _____

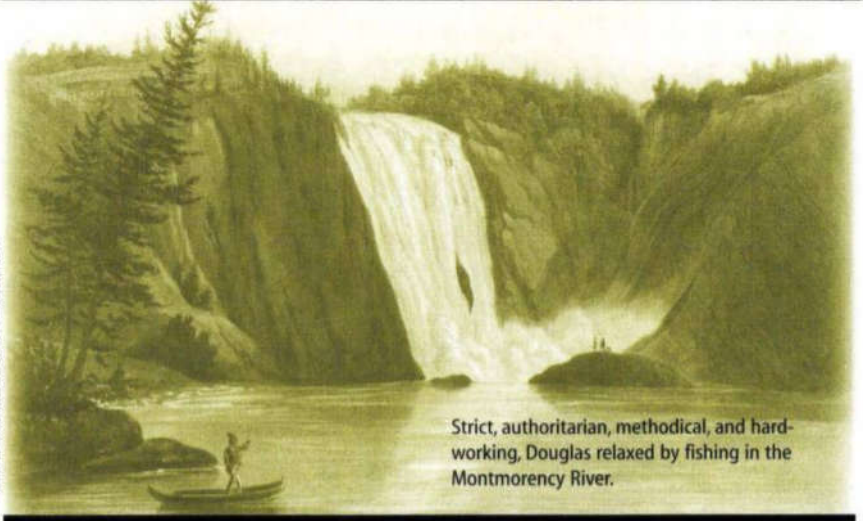
Here's how I'd like my name to be spelled in the next annual Honour Roll: (please print carefully)

_____

or

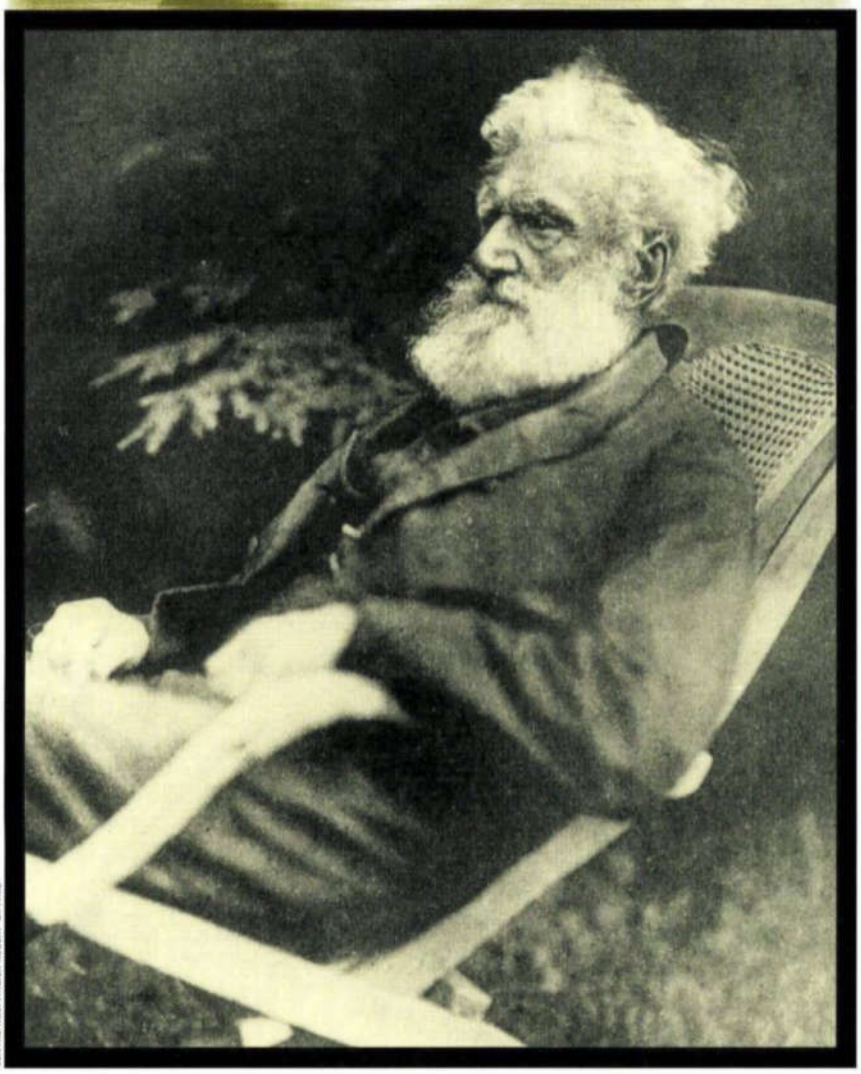
☐ I'd prefer to remain anonymous.

Your tax receipt will be issued promptly. On behalf of Canada's National History Society, please accept my thanks! —*Joseph E. Martin, Chairman*



ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU QUÉBEC / P600, S5, P1C44

Strict, authoritarian, methodical, and hard-working, Douglas relaxed by fishing in the Montmorency River.



CENTRE HOSPITALIER ROBERT-GIFFARD

ship the Marine and Emigrant Hospital became the best school for surgery in the continent, and students fought to study under Douglas.

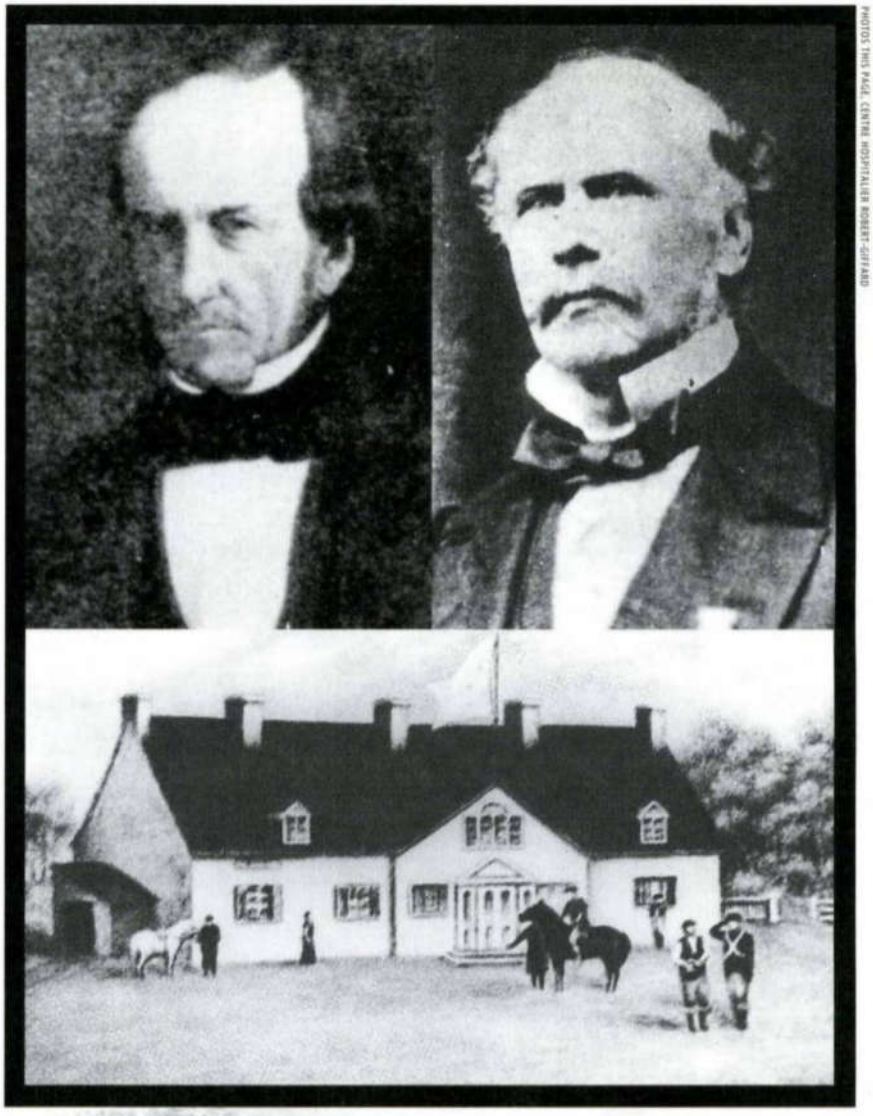
This was before the era of anesthesia, when the best surgeon was the one with the swiftest hand, the sharpest knife, and the coolest nerve. One minute was considered ample time for an amputation, and the surgeon's skill was judged largely by his speed and the amount of blood on his frock coat. Douglas, said Worthington, "was the most brilliant operator I ever saw."

Douglas was not only one of Canada's finest surgeons, he was also one its first psychiatrists, although the word hadn't yet been invented (*alienist* was the prevalent term). In the nineteenth century, there was a gathering international movement to extract the mentally ill from the prisons and hospitals in which they were languishing and put them in special asylums where they could both work and enjoy a certain freedom. In Quebec at the time, some two hundred deranged people – most considered a danger to themselves or others – were being kept in prison basements or isolated lodges in general hospitals. Some of them were chained to the floor for years.

William Hackett, the government's medical officer at Quebec's General Hospital, had been urging reform as early as 1816. Aware of progress made in England and France, he urged "the absolute necessity of air and exercise, with a certain scope of space, gardens etc. adapted to recreation and work, surrounded by walls high enough that they cannot be scaled." Eight years later, the Richardson Commission in Quebec reported the atrocious conditions of the insane and likewise urged reform along the lines of asylums opened in England and Scotland. By the 1840s, in the United States, social reformer Dorothea Dix was crusading against the appalling conditions under which the insane were kept and successfully lobbying governments for improvements in institutional care. In 1843, she visited Governor General Charles T. Metcalfe. Two years later Metcalfe's government decided to open an asylum in Quebec City based on the new international reforms. Douglas was asked to run it.

James Douglas specialized in clubfeet and squints. He had no experience in mental health, and freely admitted to never having seen the prison or hospital outbuildings where the insane were locked up. However, before coming to Quebec, he had taught at the medical school in Auburn, New York, the town's prison providing him with a ready supply of corpses for dissection. There, radical prison reform had been taking place, which may have had an impact on Douglas's thinking: Rather than shut prisoners up in perpetuity, which was expensive and led to insanity, prisoners were being allowed recreation and

With fellow doctors Joseph Morrin (upper left) and Charles-Jacques Frémont (upper right), James Douglas bought Robert Giffard de Moncel's manor house at Beauport (middle), downriver from Quebec City, and converted it into an insane asylum. In 1845 he had transferred to it eight-one mentally ill men and woman languishing in prisons and hospitals in Montreal, Trois-Rivières, and Quebec.



PHOTOS THIS PAGE: ROBERT-GIFFARD HOUSE/PARENT, CARO

work, which let them earn their keep and stay healthy.

Douglas accepted Metcalfe's commission, and in turned asked Joseph Morrin and Charles-Jacques Frémont, who had no more experience than he did, to join him. He threw himself into the project with his customary stamina. He leased an eighty-hectare property that, handily, lay just next to the summer house where he went fly-fishing, and opened the Beauport Asylum. And for the next twenty years, wrote his son James Douglas Jr., "my father was devoted heart and soul to this branch of medical science."

Rather than blaming demonic possession and parental neglect, Douglas and his colleagues attributed insanity to alcoholism, city life, sin, and heredity – in modern terms, a combination of environment and genetics, with some elements of personal morality. For the first time, the notion surfaced that the insane were ill, and therefore curable.

"How many of the 2,802 lunatics, at present within the borders of Canada," wrote an author in the *Medical Chronicle* in 1855, "if properly treated, would be rejoicing in the possession of an unclouded reason, who are now furious maniacs, stolid melancholics, or drivelling idiots?"

Historians of mental health care in Quebec have argued for decades about the motives of the pioneers of the province's asylum movement. Was it to warehouse the sudden surplus of destitute Irish immigrants? Was it part of the Medicalization of Everything movement? Were the British reexerting social control after the failure of the

In April 1850, 172 inmates were transferred from the too-small manor house at Beauport to a new institution designed for 250 nearby. Owned by Douglas and two fellow doctors, Beauport Asylum (lower left) was funded through fees the Quebec government paid for each patient in the hospital.

Patriote Rebellion? Was it the capitalists exploiting the destitute poor as a means of production? Was it institutional crisis-management to deal with the fallout from increasing urbanization? Or was it simply that people began to notice that the insane were people too? Twenty years after it opened, the hospital was already overcrowded, with 550 people living in cramped and badly ventilated quarters. In 1884, Daniel Hack Tuke, author of *Insane in Canada*, reported that it was a disgrace. But between 1845 and 1860, when James Douglas was director, the treatment of the mentally ill in the Beauport Asylum was a model for its time.

When the first eighty-two patients arrived in 1845, hopes were high for immediate improvement in their mental and physical condition, though they were in such bad health, Frémont wrote, that "indeed, the question was not whether they would recover their reason, but how long they would live."

The doctors' first report to the legislature described the arrival at their new country home of the first patients, some of whom had been confined for as long as twenty-eight years:

Most of them had never been allowed to leave the separate small cells in which they had been confined; and, excepting on an occasional visit from the Grand Jury, they had rarely seen any person but those who ministered to their urgent wants. Of these patients almost all were filthy in their habits; many were considered destructive; and the remainder had become imbecile or idiotic.

They were removed in open carriages and cabs. They offered no resistance; on the contrary, they were delighted with the ride; and the view of the city and the river, trees and passers-by, appeared to excite in them the most pleasurable sensations. They were placed together at table to breakfast, and it was most interesting to witness the propriety of their conduct, to watch their actions, to listen to their conversation with each other, and to remark the amazement with which they regarded every thing around them. All traces of ferocity, turbulence and noise had suddenly vanished; they found themselves again in the world, and treated like rational beings; and they endeavoured to behave as such. One, a man of education and talent, whose mind was in fragments, but whose recollection of a confinement of twenty-eight years was most vivid, wandered from window to window. He saw Quebec and knew it to be a city, he knew ships and boats on the river and bay, but could not comprehend steamers.

More patients arrived. Some came by boat from the prison in Montreal. The seven who came from the Hôpital Général in Trois-Rivières arrived in chains and bit anyone who approached them, but once freed became peaceful and docile.

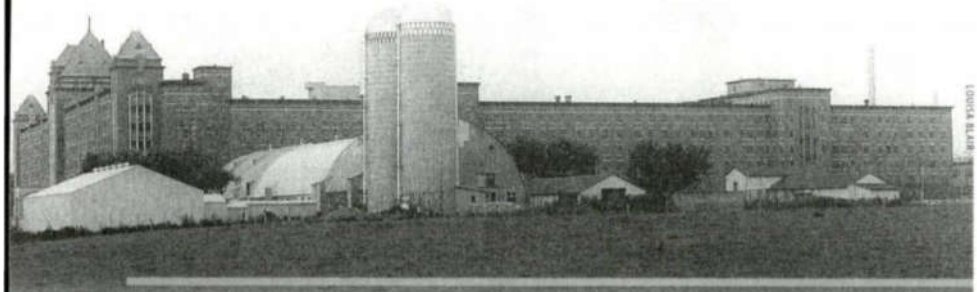
This propitious start reaffirmed Douglas in his belief that rather than restraint patients needed work, fresh air, good food, religion, and amusement. In this, he was partly informed by his faith, Methodism, which advocated the dignity of work, temperance, and a healthy and disciplined life. He disapproved of medication, a direct inheritance from Methodist founder John Wesley, who wrote against the poor "wasting their fortunes" on expensive and dangerous medicines and ignorant and dishonest physicians. Early treatment, which consisted largely of redirecting the thoughts of the insane "from their diseased channels" through work and leisure, could, he believed, prevent the mentally ill from falling into imbecility.

As a good Methodist, Douglas disapproved of dancing, except when it came to his asylum. Every Thursday there was a ball, which he and all staff attended. He provided theatre, magic lantern shows, and picnics, for which several cast-iron cooking ranges would be hauled out into the countryside and set up under a large tree. When they weren't picnicking or dancing, patients worked at broommaking, farming, carpentry and weaving. Some got so well that they went home.

Throughout his life, Douglas showed [a] tendency to be harsh and unyielding with the strong-minded, but infinitely gentle with the weak.

Douglas believed heredity to be one cause of mental illness, particularly in rural areas where city pressures were few. Among the burgeoning urban populations, however, causes could be found in alcohol, homelessness, poverty, religious dissidence, and the "secret vice" (masturbation), which "weakens the spirit." Douglas attacked these causes with his usual verve. He publicly deplored the condition of the homeless. He closed down a bar near the asylum. He gave a conference on alcohol and madness, warned against unions between close relatives, and called for a tempering of religious ecstasy and for moral education to allay the "secret vice."

Above all, Douglas believed in an "unvarying system of conciliation and kindness." Moreover, anyone who treated the patients with "violence, abusive language, or threats" was to be dismissed immediately. Throughout his life, Douglas showed this tendency to be harsh and unyielding with the strong-minded, but infinitely gentle with the weak. He may have simply expected more of colleagues and people of privilege than he did of the mad. Or he may have held a Christian



LOUISA BLAIR

The Asylum Today

James Douglas's hospital, the Beauport Asylum, still exists, but now looks more like one of the prisons from which Douglas liberated his first patients. After much rebuilding and expansion, it is a terrifyingly immense fortress on a hillside, with bars on most of its 7,000 windows. After the Sisters of Charity took it over in 1893, it became so huge that the province made it into a separate municipality and appointed the mother superior, Sister Marie-du-Sacré-Cœur, as the mayor. The mother-mayor had a special charism for municipal works: it was her idea to provide the hospital with its own reservoir and power station. This municipal arrangement was only changed in 1976. By the 1960s the hospital had over five thousand permanent residents, and its catchment area was half of the province. Since then, with the deinstitutionalization movement, it has shed four thousand of its inmates, some of whom, ironically, ended up homeless or even in prison. But a remnant of Douglas's vision persists in Beauport: some patients still work in the hospital's farm, cheese factory, market garden, and carpentry workshop. —L.B.

conviction that the mad, as the poorest of the poor, were God's most cherished creatures. What is certain is that the people at the Beauport Asylum worked a kind of magic on him. They allowed the tenderness in him to emerge through his fierce moral persona and the rigid personal routines he imposed on himself and others. His son wrote, "While overbearing, there lay in his nature a depth of tenderness which never came to the surface more attractively than in the presence of pain."

However, the hope and idealism of the early days of the Beauport Asylum slowly shattered. The patients may have been living a happier life, but Douglas's preventive, public-health approach was not curing them. The taxonomy of mental illness was enthusiastic but primitive, and only resulted in patients being divided into the curable and the incurable. Much noise was made about those patients who were able to go home, but by the time the asylum submitted its first report, in 1848, three-quarters of the inmates were described as incurable.

By 1850, with Douglas neglecting his other duties in favour of the asylum, the Marine and Emigrant Hospital was steeped in scandal. The superintendent was found to be stealing food from patients to feed pigs that he kept out back. Two doctors were accused of having sex with the head nurse in the Protestant chapel. A third doctor was accused of running a brothel. An 1851 Royal Commission found the wards dark and stuffy, the kitchen floors awash in mud and water, and judged that while James Douglas was an excellent surgeon, he was also, at least with those sound of mind, a tyrannical bully.

Douglas resigned from the Marine Hospital (which later became an asylum for young girls) to concentrate on his patients at Beauport and on his many nonmedical pursuits, including the study of Italian. Even his leisure, however, was not pursued in a leisurely fashion: the teacher was to be in his study by 5 A.M., and his family was expected to join him for breakfast an hour later.

The Italian lessons were part of a larger plan. Douglas had never recovered from the respiratory problems dating from his cholera days, and he prescribed himself nine winters in a row in Italy and Egypt. Taking along his wife and children and often a few cousins for good measure, he rented an enormous, 300-metre-long sailboat to go down the Nile, along with a guard, a pilot, twelve oarsmen, a cook, an interpreter, and a manservant. He and his son took photographs and developed them as they went along, using the pitch dark of a temple or pyramid as their darkroom.

He became renowned in Egypt, too, as a good doctor. On one visit, he cured an Arab slave-trader of pneumonia, whereupon the grateful patient offered to send him a hippopotamus to Quebec in payment. "It was not the first time," wrote his son, "that my father refused a fee."

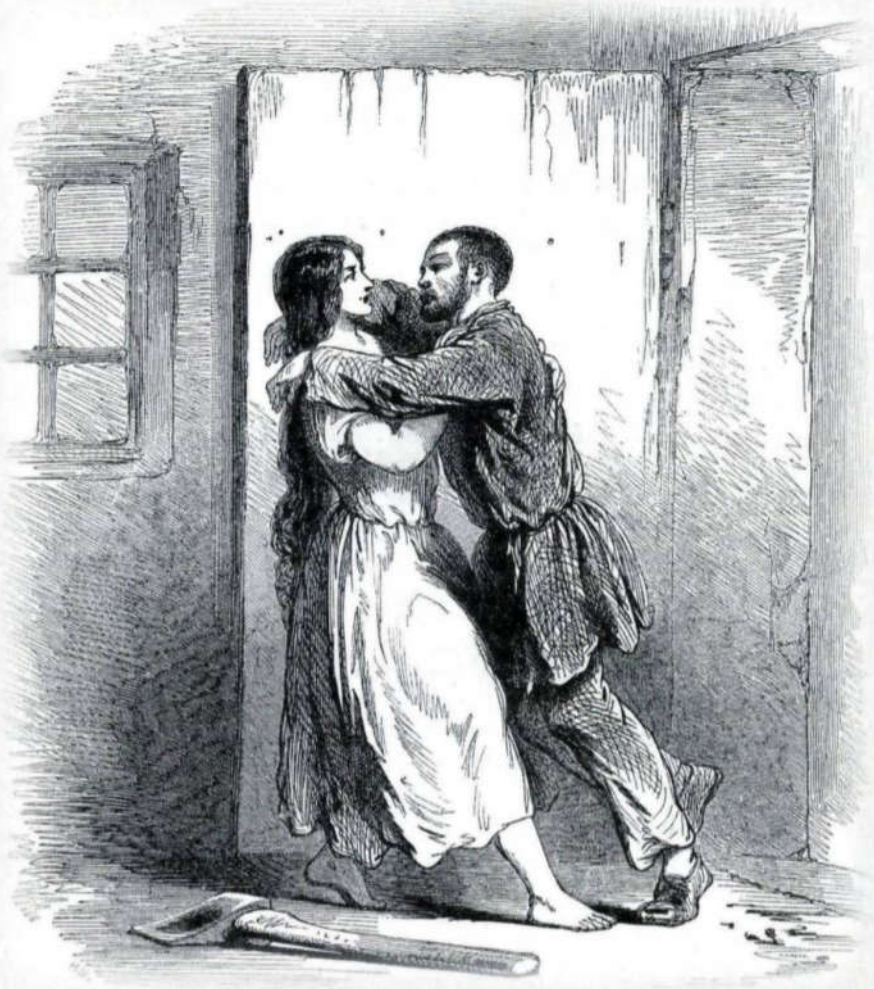
Douglas never quite got over his fascination with dead bodies. He brought two mummies back from Egypt, which caused a small stir in Quebec City, and he carted them about everywhere he went. Late in life, after losing most of his money in rash investments, he went to live with his son in the United States and set the mummies on the veranda of the house, claiming that they put off potential burglars. Always a great raconteur, Douglas spent his last days telling his grandchildren stories, filling any gaps in his memory with his fertile imagination. He died in 1886.

Louisa Blair is a freelance writer and translator who lives in Quebec City.

et cetera

Committed to the State Asylum: Insanity and Society in Nineteenth-Century Quebec and Ontario **by James E. Moran. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2000.**

Ruined Maids and Fallen Women



Back in the days when men were men and women were property, a court might try a cad. Particularly if dad was mad.

Seduction and the Law

by Douglas J. Johnston

A Winnipeg woman – mid-thirties, attractive, a professional – fell victim recently to a Casanova, twenty-first-century style. Their six-week "relationship" consisted of him sexually exploiting her. She was his sexual conquest. Once he attained victory, he was gone.

It wasn't rape. He used no physical force. He simply laid siege to her psychologically until she slept with him. Then he decamped, never to be heard from again. "I should have known he was no good," she said. "One time he described himself, at least half seriously, as 'the Hercules of love.'"

He left her hurting. The stress and trauma that flowed from her being the victim of a sexual escapade manifested itself in physical symptoms – loss of appetite, loss of sleep, and inability to perform, or some days even go to, her job.

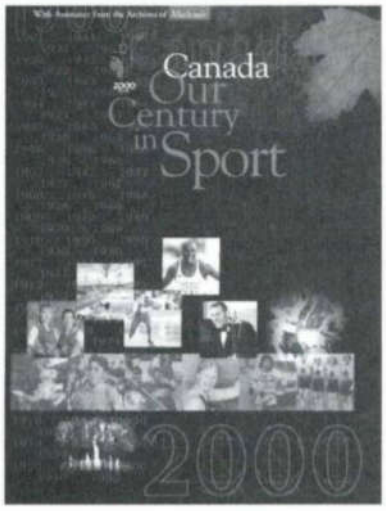
"It goes beyond me," she told the lawyer she consulted. "What also grinds is his attitude to women. I hate the thought that to him I was just the latest in a long line of tasty cupcakes. I'd like to get him for that."

But she can't – at least not legally.

Until less than twenty years ago she (in some provinces), or her father, or even her employer, could have sued the likes of him. Appropriately, this type of lawsuit was called a seduction action. It enabled a woman to sue for a sum of money to compensate her for general pain and suffering (which included her humiliation or distress), loss of income due to inability to do her job, and, if the seduction resulted in childbirth, expenses related to pregnancy and birth.

Seduction suits originated in English common law. In nineteenth-century England, a young woman's father or master could sue for monetary damages for the debauching of an unmarried daughter or female servant. The woman herself had no legal status and no say in the matter. She could neither sue nor prohibit her father or employer from suing.

Canada inherited seduction claims via its piecemeal adoption of the English legal system. Receipt of English law



Canada Our Century in Sport 1900–2000

"... a testament to generations of Canadian athletes and their heroic victories, crushing defeats, and inspiring performances."
(*Winnipeg Free Press*)
608 pages
1-55041-636-7/$60.00 hardcover

Fitzhenry & Whiteside
Tel: 1-800-387-9776/Fax: 1-800-260-9777
Website: www.fitzhenry.ca

Wanted
ANTIQUE NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ART & ARTIFACTS

We have been appraising and buying Native American Indian Art for over 20 years. We are currenrly buying
old carved items
(masks, bowls, rattles, totem poles, etc.),
beadwork made before 1920
(moccasins, bags, clothing, etc.),
clubs, tomahawks, Indian blankets, baskets, pottery.
Many other types of objects purchased.

We pay the highest prices with immediate cash payment.

Please send photographs or contact:

Donald Ellis Gallery

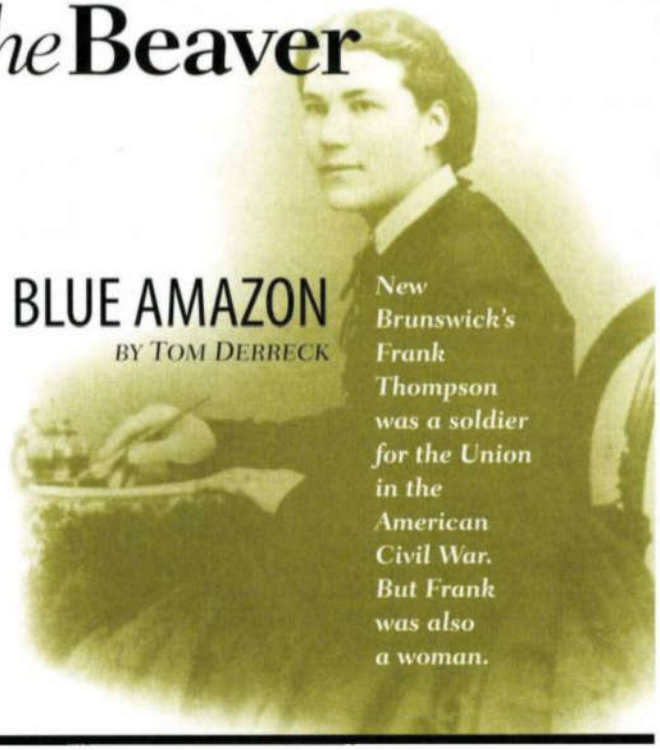
RR#3, Dundas, Ontario L9H 5E3
Telephone: 905-648-1837
Fax: 905-648-8711
Email: ellisgal@interlynx.net

COMING IN AUGUST | SEPTEMBER

The **Beaver**

The Golden Age of the General Store
Shopping in Canada before the big box, the strip mall, and the motor car.
BY R.B. FLEMING

Students and Spies
Cold War campus capers and the RCMP.
BY STEVE HEWITT


BLUE AMAZON
BY TOM DERRECK
New Brunswick's Frank Thompson was a soldier for the Union in the American Civil War. But Frank was also a woman.

in the provinces and territories varied. Sometimes English law was adopted when a colonial legislature was established, sometimes when a territory was admitted to the Dominion (as was the case with Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory), and sometimes when a province was created. Nonetheless, by the late nineteenth century, Canadian courts uniformly applied English law, including seduction suits.

Quebec was the exception. After Quebec's fall to the British, it, too, was governed by English law for an eleven-year span, by virtue of the Royal Proclamation of 1763. However, French civil law was reinstated with the Quebec Act of 1774.

A father's or employer's claim had its basis in nineteenth-century notions of proprietary rights. An unmarried daughter or maidservant was akin to property, which could be impaired or diminished by seduction. Whether the daughter or servant voluntarily, or even enthusiastically, participated in an "act of carnal intercourse" was irrelevant. Particularly where the plaintiff – the person who sues – was the father, regardless of the circumstances, a seduced daughter constituted an affront to paternal dignity and an injury to paternal rights.

The suing father had to prove he suffered harm from the sexual liaison, usually by way of loss of services. This wasn't hard to do. Courts bent over backwards to find loss – so much so that many commentators described the requirement of proving damages as a legal fiction.

Pregnancy wasn't necessary. Any modest psychological distress to the girl or woman, such as worry or regret, was good enough. Nor did the loss of daughterly services have to be substantial. As one judge put it, "Making tea has been held to be an act of service."

Seduction suits proceeded from a legal presumption – rebuttable by contrary evidence – that a woman wouldn't let herself be seduced, or ever be the seducer.

Nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Canadian judges favoured a view of women as naive innocents liable to founder on the shores of

The sexual revolution of the 1960s, followed by several decades in which unmarried cohabitation became commonplace, made seduction laws look anachronistic.

male lust. Any attempt to depict a young woman as a latter-day Delilah ran smack dab into an ethos that deemed women inherently modest and naturally programmed to resist the male's crude sexual overtures. A passionless female sexuality was the avowed, though not altogether true, ideology of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, and for several decades beyond—an ideology propounded in ministerial and medical advice and reflected in Canadian courts of law. "Lie still and think of the Empire," Queen Victoria's supposed (and likely apocryphal) wedding-night advice to her daughter, nicely caught the prevailing attitude.

Defendants who tried to portray a woman as wily, conniving, or "loose" had to adduce overwhelming evidence she was a femme fatale. Woe betode he who alleged a lady was mad, bad, and dangerous to know, and couldn't prove it. Judges inclined to inflated awards of court costs against men who couldn't substantiate their allegations.

Judge-made rules of evidence, often inconsistently applied, further hamstrung male defendants. While a man could reduce the damages he had to pay by proving the woman to be of generally bad reputation, technically he couldn't present evidence of specific incidents of promiscuity as a defence to the claim itself. The absurd result was that a man who "connected with"—the oft-used delicate judicial metaphor for sexual intercourse—the local Fifi La Tour could discount his damages, but couldn't escape liability.

Canada initially adopted English law governing seduction holus-bolus. But gradually some jurisdictions passed legislation that altered or codified the common law. While British Columbia and the four Atlantic provinces continued to be governed by common law throughout the twentieth century, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the Northwest Territories enacted statutes—not surprisingly, entitled The Seduction Act of Ontario, of Manitoba, etc.—in the late nineteenth or early twentieth century.

Saskatchewan and Alberta proved Canada's progressive jurisdictions: those provinces allowed women to sue in their own right. But while legislative riffs on the common law often heralded female legal and sexual autonomy, they also enshrined defences to seduction claims.

A nineteen-year-old Edmonton hotel waitress's 1915 suit against a hotel patron for inducing her "to part with her virtue for the first time" created the legal precedent. Because legislation extended the right to sue to an unmarried woman, it was open to an alleged seducer to raise the defences that, in the words of Mr. Justice Scott of the Supreme Court of Alberta, "if she be the tempter or even if she deliberately consents from lasciviousness or even from the strength of mere natural passion" she couldn't win her suit.

The waitress, a Miss Gibson, claimed "she yielded to the defendant by reason of his promise of marriage." Considering the day and age, her conduct wasn't above suspicion.

Miss Gibson was found by the court to have regularly gone "to moving picture shows and other entertainments with young men, some of whom appear to have been of doubtful reputation." She admitted customarily receiving the defendant alone in her hotel room at night. She also admitted that "in accordance with her usual custom after her work was done, she discarded her skirt and put on a kimona [*sic*]," which she wore in his presence.

Although the court found "her acts would in some social circles be considered improper," it refused to infer "she received him with expectation that he would have sexual intercourse with her," and upheld the trial judge's damages award.

Nonetheless, the case was seminal for recognizing as a defence that a woman could be complicit with, or even the predator in, her seduction. It was also a stunningly candid and progressive assessment of female sexuality. The court, for the first time in Canada, openly acknowledged that women might display sexual appetite or indulge in sexual stratagems.

Over time, seduction suits became infamous for their abuse of the judicial system. By the mid-twentieth century they were a fertile field for blackmail and extortion. Manufactured seduction claims in which the threat of publicity was used to extract an out-of-court settlement were common. Vindictiveness also reared its head in too many cases before the courts. Law-reform-commission reports questioned the motives behind many seduction suits. Some women, went the argument, used the courts not so much to claim damages as to inflict a public and emotionally messy revenge on the man.

Underlining these arguments was the sea change in sexual mores. The sexual revolution of the 1960s, followed by several decades in which unmarried cohabitation became commonplace, made seduction laws look anachronistic. A legal action that smacked of ruined maids and fallen women didn't have many backers in academic or legislative circles. Most thought seduction a fitting subject for bodice-ripper-genre fiction, not litigation.

By the end of the 1980s every province except Saskatchewan had enacted legislation barring seduction lawsuits. And even in that province the right to sue, restricted to an unmarried woman, had been narrowly interpreted to mean a woman who'd never been married. (A divorcée, therefore, at least in Saskatchewan, could never be seduced. The statute said so.) In 1990 Saskatchewan repealed its seduction act and joined the rest of the country in prohibiting seduction suits.

Not everyone welcomed wholesale abolition of seduction actions. American law professor and author William L. Prosser, writing of a historically parallel movement to ban seduction actions in the United States, believed taking away a woman's right to sue denies "relief in many cases of serious and genuine wrong."

The legislative rush to outlaw seduction claims wasn't well thought out, according to Prosser. "It may be," he wrote of the many statutes barring seduction litigation, "that they do away with spurious lawsuits at too great a price."

The seduced and abandoned Winnipeg woman would likely agree.

Douglas J. Johnston is a Winnipeg lawyer and writer.

The King & the Queen of Romania

Joseph Whiteside Boyle, shown here in Canadian Army uniform with the decorations of Romania, England, France, and Russia, lived by his wits as a sailor, prizefighter, and boxing promoter until he joined the Klondike gold rush in 1897. There, while his compatriots panned for gold, Boyle dredged for it with hydraulic machinery after obtaining favourable land concessions from Ottawa. By 1916, when he left the Yukon, he was one of the wealthiest and most powerful figures in the North. Too old for active service in World War I, he served the Allied cause in Russia, reorganizing the Russian rail system, and in Romania, where he quashed revolutionary uprisings, rescued prisoners, and organized postwar relief. Boyle's efforts made him a national hero in Romania and he became the confidant of Queen Marie, to whom he was devoted in his final years. Twice married, with four children, he became involved after the war in protracted negotiations with the Bolsheviks for oil concessions in Russia. He died in London in 1923.

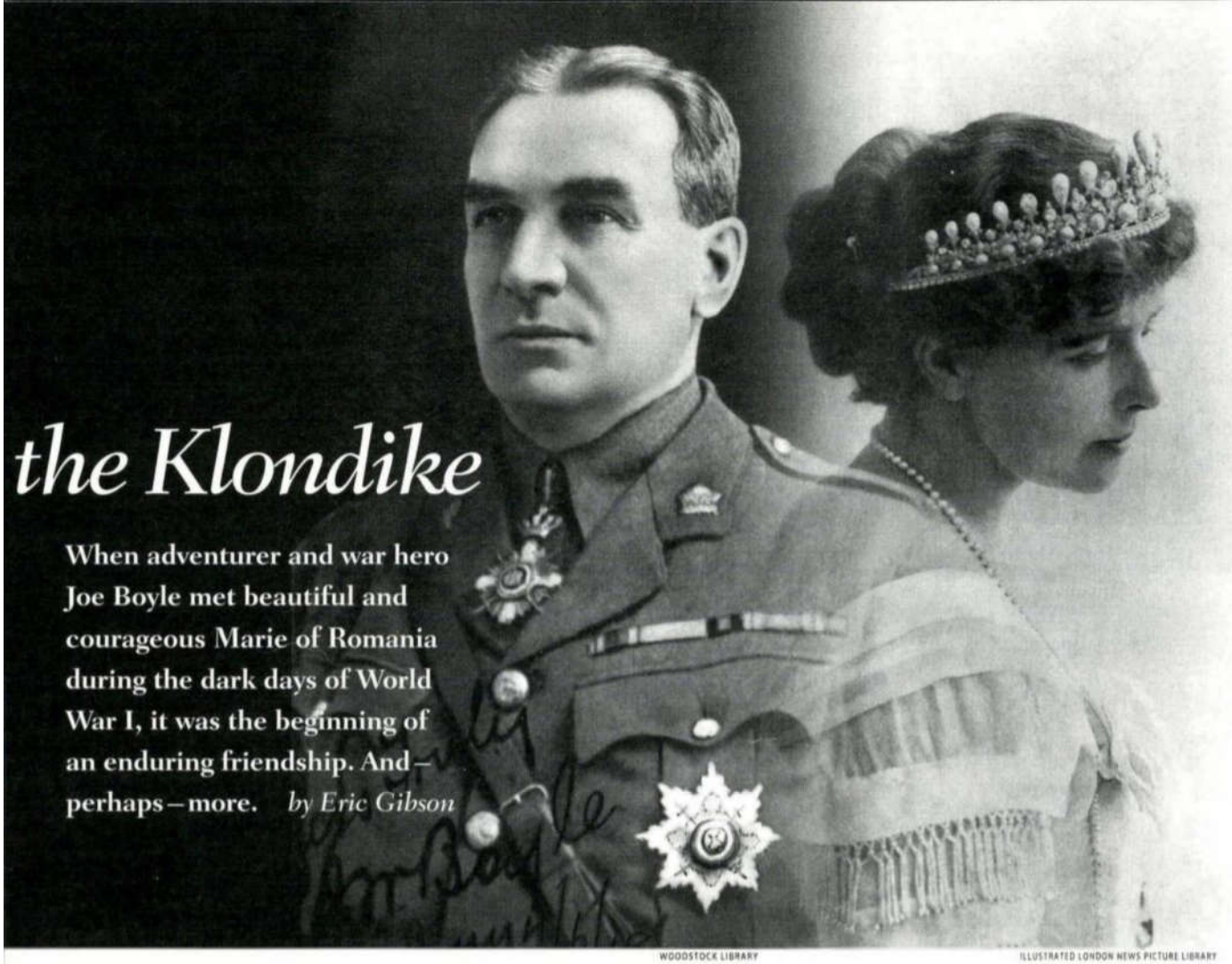
Marie Alexandra Victoria, Queen of Romania after 1914, was raised partly in Malta where her father, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, was in command of Britain's Mediterranean fleet, and partly in Coburg, where her family moved in 1889, when her father succeeded his uncle as Duke of Saxe-Coburg & Gotha. She was intended to marry her cousin, Prince George of Wales, later King George V, but in 1893, at age seventeen, chose instead to wed Crown Prince Ferdinand of Romania. They had six children. Loyal to Great Britain, Marie worked behind the scenes to strengthen Romania's pro-Allied faction during World War I. After Romania joined the Allied cause in 1916, she became active as a Red Cross nurse and in maintaining morale among government members who were forced to flee Bucharest after German occupation. The French ambassador at Bucharest described her with admiration as "the only man in the country." In 1919, she was successful in advancing Romania's territorial claims at the Versailles Peace Conference. After her son Carol II ascended the throne in 1930, Marie withdrew from Romanian affairs and devoted her time to travelling and writing her memoirs as well as some fifteen works of fiction, romance, and fairytale. She died in Romania in 1938.

It was late afternoon of Tuesday, October 26, 1926, when nine-year-old Bart Doupe watched a special train come to a standstill about a kilometre east of Port Credit railway station. It stood there for several minutes and eventually an official climbed down, called the boy over, and asked him if he would carry a message from the Queen of Romania, who was onboard the train, to the telegraph office in the nearby railway station. The boy was more than willing to oblige.

What was the Queen of Romania doing on a train passing through Port Credit, Ontario? She was en route to Toronto in memory of a romantic attachment to a colourful and heroic Canadian who served her country in wartime. His name was Joseph Whiteside Boyle.

Queen Marie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was born in Kent, England, in 1875 to Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and his wife, Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, daughter of Czar Alexander II of Russia. In 1893, when Marie married Crown Prince Ferdinand of Romania, she was considered the most beautiful princess of Europe. She became Queen of the Romanians in 1914, though the coronation ceremony did not take place until after the war. In World War I, Queen Marie worked hard in her country's interests. As head of the Romanian Red Cross, she was more than a figurehead; she set up a hospital in one of the royal palaces and spent hours in the wards nursing sick and wounded Romanian soldiers, many of them victims of cholera and typhus epidemics. After the war she represented Romania at the Versailles Peace Conference to help recover much of her country's traditional homeland. Queen Marie had six children; her eldest son Carol became king in 1930, three years after the death of King Ferdinand and the brief regency of his own son, Michael. Marie died in 1938.

Joseph Whiteside Boyle was born in Toronto in 1867, Confederation year, but moved to Woodstock, Ontario, at the age of five where he was raised. He led many lives—variously a sailor, a sports promoter, an entrepreneur, a diplomat, a soldier, and a spy. He made a fortune in the goldfields of the Yukon, but only after singing for his supper on the streets of Dawson. During his lifetime he crossed paths with a remarkable range of characters, including Edward, Prince of Wales, Diamond Jim Brady, and Robert Service. He once shared a campsite with author Jack London. He did business with the Guggenheims and the Rothschilds, with Herbert Hoover and Sir Clifford Sifton. He knew Sir Robert Borden, Lenin, and King George V. But his friendship with Queen Marie of Romania was the last, and perhaps the first,



the Klondike

When adventurer and war hero Joe Boyle met beautiful and courageous Marie of Romania during the dark days of World War I, it was the beginning of an enduring friendship. And – perhaps – more. *by Eric Gibson*

WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS PICTURE LIBRARY

great love of his life. Although decorated by four European countries for outstanding services during the war, Joe Boyle became all but forgotten in his own country.

Joe was not a brilliant scholar – he once told his father he was second in his class. Only when pressed did he admit that there were only two in his class at the local one-room schoolhouse. Joe's father Charles, a breeder and trainer of horses – one of which won the Queen's Plate in 1883 – spent much of his time in New York. As soon as he finished school, Joe went to live there with his father.

When he was seventeen, Boyle left his family an eight-word note: "I've gone to sea. Don't worry about me." Boyle had signed on as a deckhand on the barque *Wallace*, bound for India via St. Helena and Cape Town. His rich baritone voice and ability to play the banjo made him popular with his shipmates. He saved any tips they gave him – the first step in accumulating his fortune.

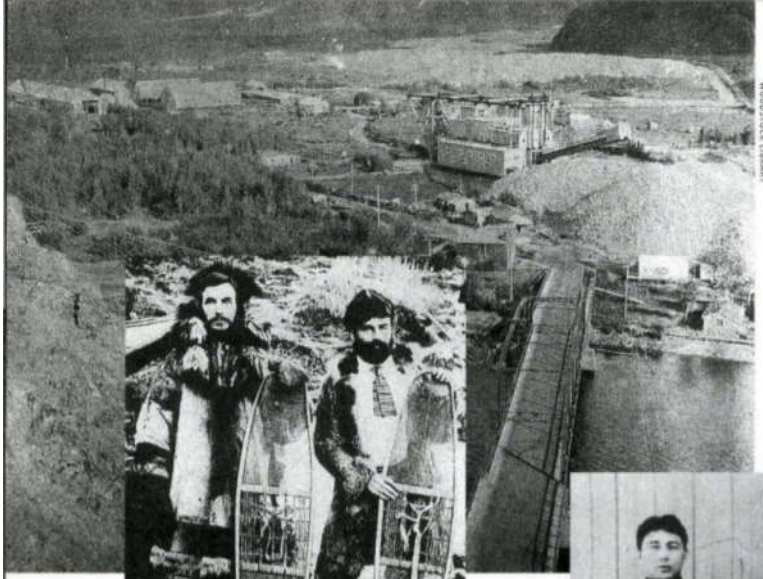
On the Indian Ocean the ship ran into a severe storm. It lost its mainmast, the hold started to flood, and the pumps had to be manned for several days. When the crew despaired and wanted to give up, Joe rallied them and took command of the pumping operations. Some months later, while anchored off Calcutta, one of the sailors fell overboard during some skylarking. When a shark approached, Joe grabbed a sheath knife and dived in. He fended off the shark until a boat came to the rescue.

In 1887, after being away for less than three years, Joe reappeared in New York aboard the schooner *Susan*. Now twenty years old, he was ship's first mate and part owner. Within a week he had met and married Mildred Raynor and quit the sailor's life. The marriage would only last nine years. Always impulsive, Joe could not settle to a routine life.

Joe next took up boxing promotion, which he had learned shipboard, while writing boxing and racing columns for the newspaper *New York World*. Unsuccessful arranging a match between world heavyweight champion John L. Sullivan and thirty-year-old Australian contender Frank Slavin – one of Joe's few failures – he sailed to London. There, before the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) at the National Sporting Club, Slavin fought Peter Jackson, another unsuccessful contender for the heavyweight crown. The prince so enjoyed the match that he requested a private exhibition.

On his return to the U.S., Joe noted the potential of his brother Dave's new colt, Destruction, which had never been raced. He trained the horse in secret and raised a $7,000 wager for its first race. Destruction won at 8-to-1 odds. The return was $56,000 (worth over $900,000 today).

In 1896, Joe and his wife separated (he would marry for



WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

The Boyle No. 3 dredge (left) on the Klondike River. Commercial machinery on this scale, Boyle realized, was a much more efficient, effective, and profitable way of mining for gold than panning for it.

WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

Joe Boyle (above, left) with business partner "Swiftwater Bill" Gates, taken en route to Dawson City.

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME ARCHIVES

The Dawson City Nuggets (right), which Boyle managed and took to the 1905 Stanley Cup playoffs in Ottawa.

a second time in 1909). The next year he and Slavin, whose recent boxing performances had been disappointing, joined the Klondike gold rush. When the funds that they had taken with them ran out, Joe played a banjo he'd found abandoned in Skagway and sang on the streets of Dawson to earn enough to survive. The pair worked as labourers on a claim, but Joe, restless and frustrated, realized that working a single claim was an unlikely route to riches. He envisioned a way of mining large areas hydraulically. He left for Ottawa, obtained the sole rights to hydraulic mining in the Klondike, and ordered the equipment to do it. Over the next few years Joe made a vast fortune.

At the turn of the last century, any team that fancied itself a Stanley Cup winner could challenge the current cup holders. In Dawson, Boyle, as manager of the Dawson City Nuggets, took up the challenge. In 1905 the team travelled twenty-nine days by dogsled, bicycle, boat, and train through blizzards and missed connections to play against the Ottawa Silver Seven. Arriving exhausted only hours before the first game of the series, the Nuggets were beaten conclusively.

When war broke out in 1914, Joe sought to serve his country as a soldier, but at forty-six he was too old to enlist. Instead, he raised a fifty-man machine-gun company, which he outfitted at his own expense, and in 1916 was made an honorary lieutenant-colonel in the Canadian Militia. Seeking war work suited to his new rank, he went to London to petition the British War Office. Recognizing his technical and administrative abilities, the War Office sent him to Russia to sort out the ailing railway system to let food and supplies get through to Moscow and other cities. Always impatient with bureaucratic timidity, Joe far exceeded his mandate by not only organizing the supply of food, but the flow of war materials to the troops in the forward areas as well.

In Russia, after the 1917 October Revolution, Bolsheviks threatened to seize Romania's national treasure – including archives, gold reserves, paper currency, and the crown jewels – which had been moved to Moscow for safekeeping when Bucharest was threatened by the Central Powers' armies in 1916. At the urging of the Romanian consul general, Joe commandeered a train, loaded it with most of Romania's treasure, and arranged for a large shipment of relief supplies to follow him to Romania. On the six-day journey from Moscow to Jassy, the wartime capital of Romania, they were ambushed by the revolutionaries and forced to charge through barricades laid across the tracks and revise their route several times. When the train arrived in Jassy on Christmas Day, 1917, a great celebration broke out. King Ferdinand awarded Joe the Grand Cross of the Crown of Romania.

WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

Boyle (above, at centre, in regimental dress) with Romanians held prisoner by Bolsheviks at Theodosia in the Crimea, March 1918. Boyle had travelled to Odessa to rescue seventy Romanians, including members of the Romanian parliament as well Marie's Russian cousin, the Grand Duchess Marie and her husband, only to find the prisoners about to be taken away by ship. As the vessel was pulling away, he leapt aboard. The ship shuttled from one Black Sea port to another in the Crimea, before Joe convinced the Russian crew to release the prisoners at a Romanian-controlled harbour.

Queen Marie (below, at left), Joe Boyle, and Princess Ileana, the second-youngest of Marie and Ferdinand's six children, at Bicaz, Romania, in the summer of 1918. Here, at the royal family's summer residence on the Black Sea, Boyle recovered from his first stroke.

WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

The Romanian people, hungry for a hero, called him The Saviour of Romania.

Twenty years later, the Queen remembered, "When Joe Boyle first entered my room as a stranger … it was as though a rock had miraculously appeared before me, a rock upon which I could lean." And lean on him she did, asking him to undertake several dangerous and difficult missions. Joe solved the supply problems that plagued the Romanian army, the Red Cross, and the civilian population. He quashed a series of potential revolutionary uprisings within the army, meanwhile feeding the Allies with intelligence about the Germans and the Bolsheviks. He rescued some of Marie's family from capture by the revolutionaries. An admiring Queen rewarded him this time with the Grand Cross of the Star of Romania.

His biggest coup, though, was the rescue of seventy Romanian hostages, including members of the Romanian parliament, from a Bolshevik prison in Odessa. Arriving to find the prisoners about to be shipped to an unknown destination and failing to convince authorities to release them, Joe leapt onto the vessel just as it was pulling away from the quay. After two weeks of shuttling from one Black Sea port to another, Joe eventually convinced the Russian crew to land its frightened cargo at a Romanian-controlled harbour. "It was a tremendous feat, an astonishing act of bravery and ruthless willpower," Queen Marie recorded, after she decorated him with the insignia of her own Order of Maria Regina. The Romanian people, hungry for a hero, called him The Saviour of Romania. There were strong rumours too that the Queen and the handsome Canadian officer had become lovers, although neither party ever admitted it was so.

In June 1918, on a secret mission for the Queen in Bessarabia, on Romania's eastern border, Boyle suffered a stroke. Marie, distraught when she heard the news, later wrote, "I felt my heart die within me. Boyle! my great, strong, invincible friend! Has God forsaken men? Why just he! Just he!" Ordering that everything possible be done for Joe, she had him brought back to the Royal Family's summer residence on the Black Sea as soon as he could be moved. By the end of July, Joe was resting in a comfortable cottage close to the royal hunting lodge. Here the Queen and her daughter, Princess Illeana, devoted themselves to nursing him back to health. Every morning the Queen breakfasted with Boyle, discussed the news with him, and, as his health improved, took him for drives and picnics in the countryside. By summer's end his strength was returning and the relationship had, as Leonard Taylor wrote in *The Sourdough and the Queen*, "deepened into a profoundly romantic love." Soon after the war ended in November, Joe set off for London to champion Romania's postwar interests.

Before he left, Joe was created Duke of Jassy by King Ferdinand. Most Romanians believed the honour was a final gesture of their country's gratitude, but others were convinced the Queen was behind it.

Once back in London, Joe sought restitution of lost Romanian lands as well as aid for the war-ravaged Romanian people. Negotiations took him to the Versailles Peace Conference, but his lack of rank (a lieutenant colonel among heads of state), his poor health, and intrigue within the Romanian delegation prevented him from carrying out these aims. Instead, he persuaded Queen Marie to attend the conference to plead Romania's case. With her charm and powers of persuasion, the Queen was a resounding success in persuading the Allies to recognize Romania's new frontiers and to supply aid.

Joe was now free to pursue what was to be the last great adventure of his life.

So involved was he in European affairs during the war that his Klondike holdings had gone into receivership. Aware of Romania's and Russia's significant oil deposits, he attempted to recoup his losses by entering the oil business, setting out to obtain oil rights for the Royal Dutch Shell oil company. Boyle made only limited progress in the difficult negotiations with the Soviets before his health deteriorated. After spending some time in a nursing home, he went to recuperate at the home of a friend in London, England. There he died in April 1923 at the age of fifty-five.

Marie, distraught at the news of Boyle's death,wrote:

> *There was a special understanding between us. Something real, deep, strong ... which made it seem that fate had meant us to come together. We had clasped hands at the hour of deepest distress and humiliation and nothing could part us in understanding. No one knew his heart better than I. For me he is not dead. He was so big, he belonged absolutely to nature. For me he is in the trees, in the sky, in the sea, in the sun and in the wind that sweeps round my house. He is in the freshness of the early morning and the silence of the night – and the stars seem to watch me with his eyes and the clouds seem to bring me messages from that great heart which was mine.*

At the first opportunity Marie held a vigil in the London room in which Boyle had died, and visited his grave, which she thought was plain and unimpressive. She arranged for a more suitable monument and perpetual care of the grave. In due course a two-metre stone slab appeared on the grave. It bore a reproduction of the Order of Maria Regina, some biographical notes, and a couple of lines from one of Joe's favourite poems, Robert Service's *The Law of the Yukon*.

> *Lt-Col. Joseph Whiteside Boyle, CBE DSO*
> *November 6, 1867 – April 14, 1923*
> *Man with the heart of a Viking*
> *and the simple faith of a child.*

Later, an ancient Romanian stone cross and a stone urn kept full of orange lilies appeared on the grave. Marie came often to visit the grave and pray in the room in which Boyle had died. She managed to maintain her anonymity, although one London columnist often speculated on the visits of the mysterious lady in black. Unfortunately the perpetual-care order ceased, most likely cancelled by Marie's own son, Prince Carol, when he ascended the Romanian throne in 1930. For the next decade Marie herself tended the grave whenever she was able to visit, but after her death in 1938 its condition deteriorated rapidly.

WOODSTOCK LIBRARY

The Boyle grave in London, circa 1954, with the Romanian stone cross and a stone urn supplied by Queen Marie. In 1983, Boyle's remains were reburied at the Presbyterian Cemetery in Woodstock, Ontario.

In 1926, Queen Marie made a semi-official visit to the United States. She traversed the continent, insisting that she see some of Canada too, so she could visit a small corner of Joe Boyle's homeland. Her special train, the Royal Romanian, left New York early in the day October 25, and travelled to Niagara Falls where, the following morning, she breakfasted with the Chamber of Commerce and enjoyed the sights. Later that day, the train crossed into Canada. The Queen stopped in Port Credit to send a telegram, then made her way to Toronto where she met privately with Joe's older brother David. Marie was feted in Toronto, Montreal, and at Government House in Ottawa, and attended a reception for seven hundred at the Parliament Building. In Winnipeg, ten thousand people reportedly cheered her. Then the royal train headed south to St. Paul and Minneapolis and west to Seattle. After a brief Vancouver visit, it headed back eastward through the United States.

But, that is not quite the end of the story.

In April 1983, through the efforts of his daughter Flora, Joe Boyle's remains were removed from the churchyard in London and repatriated to Canada. His urn is now interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Woodstock, Ontario, where Queen Marie's stone, urn, and cross mark the adventurer's new resting place. On Canada Day 1983, a graveside ceremony was held to honour Boyle and unveil a plaque in his memory. The Fourth Battalion and the Pipe Band of the Royal Canadian Regiment provided appropriate military honours and Ontario Lieutenant Governor John Black Aird took the salute.

Eric Gibson is a writer living in Mississauga, Ontario.

et cetera

The Last Romantic: A Biography of Queen Marie of Roumania by Hannah Pakula. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1984.

The Sourdough and the Queen: The Many Lives of Klondike Joe Boyle by Leonard W. Taylor. Methuen, Toronto, 1983

Joe Boyle: King of the Klondike by William Rodney. McGraw-Hill Ryerson, Toronto, 1974.

The Queen Marie Gallery at the Maryhill Museum of Art at Goldendale, Washington maintains a permanent exhibit of Marie's royal regalia including coronation gown, crown, silverware, furniture, jewellery, and memorabilia. More information at <www.maryhillmuseum.org>.

Kent State University library has an extensive online catalogue of photos of Queen Marie at <www.library.kent.edu/speccoll/women/marie.html>.

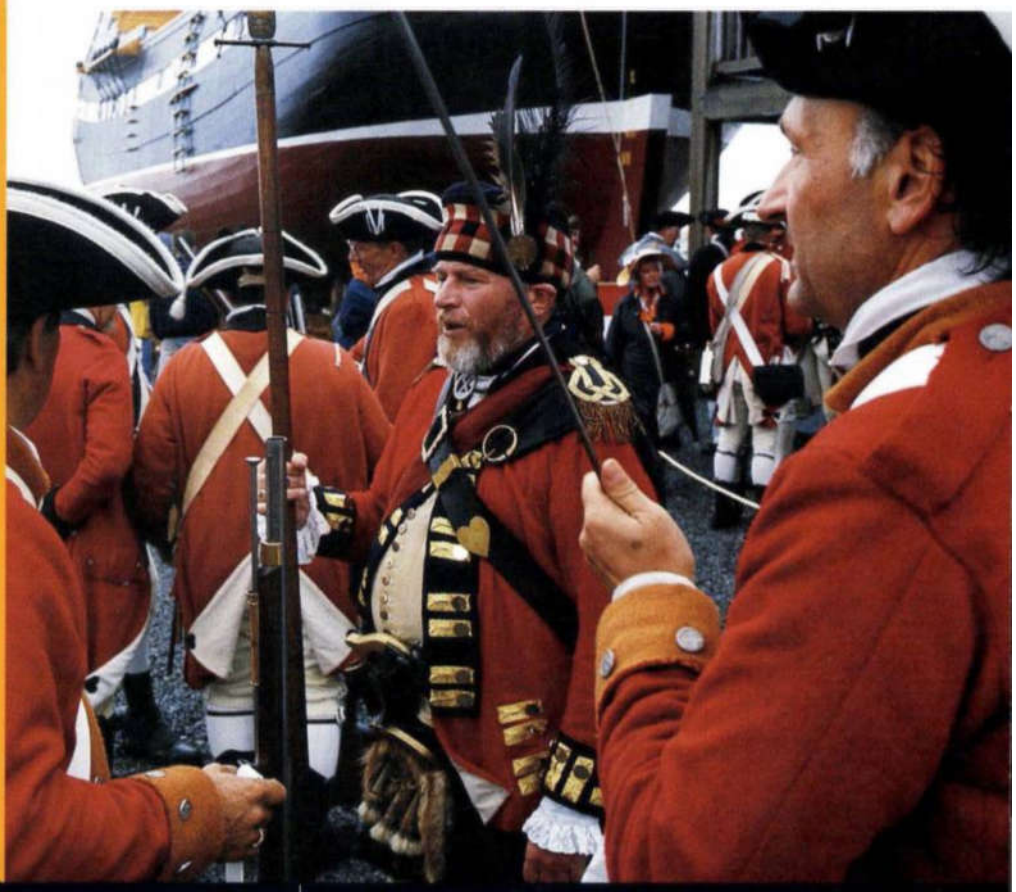
History Redux

by Matt Jackson

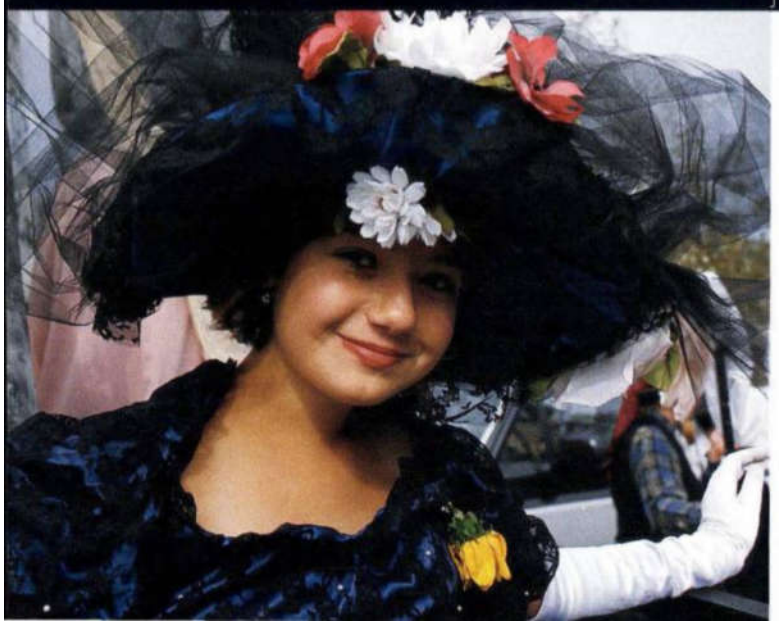
Those who forget history are condemned to repeat it, said philosopher George Santayana. Tell it to the reenactors. They remember history very well, and they love to repeat it.

It may have taken Lunenburg shipbuilders a decade to engineer a close replica of the good ship *Hector*, but the weather decided early on that it was not going to cooperate with the planned festivities. In fact, the afternoon of the *Hector*'s planned relaunch was nothing short of miserable, complete with a penetrating chill, howling winds, and dousing rain. The wind was so strong that planners had to postpone the much-anticipated sideways launch (a technique not used since 1918) for fear that high-velocity gusts would blow the ship sideways. The day was, in the words of one kilted gentleman from the Fraser clan, fine weather for a Scot.

As luck would have it, there were plenty of Scots on hand to witness the ceremony. The event was organized to commemorate the original *Hector*, an old Dutch cargo ship that sailed into Pictou Harbour on September 15, 1773, after a taxing two months at



Members of the Eighty-Second and Eighty-Fourth Regiments mingle (above) during a weekend of reenactments in Pictou, Nova Scotia, which included the launching of a replica of the *Hector*, an eighteenth-century cargo ship that brought the first Highland settlers to Canada in 1773.



Dressed up (below) for the Discovery Day parade in Dawson City, Yukon, which celebrates the August day in 1896 when gold was found in Bonanza Creek and the Klondike Gold Rush began.

All photographs by Matt Jackson / Summit Studio

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books—primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects—at significant savings. Selection may vary with each issue of *The Beaver*.

FIRST CROSSING *by Derek Hayes*

A lively account of Alexander Mackenzie's explorations, adventures, & misadventures across North America using his own journal and other contemporary accounts. Richly illustrated with current and archival material. 320 pp. Index.

Publisher's List Price $50. **Club Price $35.** (cloth)

DOUBLE CROSS: The Inside Story of James A. Richardson and Canadian Airways *by Shirley Render*

Air rage circa 1937. A tale of intrigue, double dealings, turf protection and political manoeuvrings. How Winnipeg businessman James A. Richardson's vision of building a national airline was thwarted by C.D. Howe. 334 pp. Publisher's List Price $35.; **Club Price $25.** (cloth)

THE LOYALISTS *by Christopher Moore*

The award-winning account of some 50,000 people who fled the U.S. for Canada in the late 18th century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $13.** (paper)

EXPLORING THE FUR TRADE ROUTES OF NORTH AMERICA *by Barbara Huck*

In the comfort of your car, use this stunning guide book to visit the main routes of the North American fur trade, from Quebec to Oregon. 256 pp. Photographs, maps, paintings. Includes complete driving instructions (car extra). Publisher's List Price $24.95; **Club Price $20.** (paper)

THE STORY OF CANADA *by Janet Lunn & Christopher Moore*

This award-winning and bestselling children's history of Canada is now updated and available in a handsome paperback edition. A key reference book for every Canadian family. 325 pp. Photos, illustrations, index. Publisher's List Price $29.95; **Club Price $21.** (paper)

THE SONGS OF ROBERT SERVICE *CD & Cassette*

A unique album featuring ten of the best-known poems of Robert Service all set to music designed to showcase the wonderful stories written by the Bard of the Yukon. **CD $20., Cassette $17.** *(+ $4. shipping, these items only)*

THE CANOE: An Illustrated History *by Jim Poling,Sr.*

A handsome book, with over 80 photographs, that documents the canoe from its use in exploration, trade, war and the hunt to an instrument for commercial trade, recreation and sport. 143 pp. Publisher's List Price $29.95; **Club Price $22.** (cloth)

TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT *compiled by Priscilla Galloway*

Engaging recollections of WWII by some of Canada's best-known writers of children's literature,who, being children or teenagers during the War, were "too young to fight" but old enough to remember their feelings and impressions." 207 pp., photos, index. Publisher's List Price $29.95; **Club Price $21.** (cloth)

CASTLES OF THE NORTH

A celebration of Canada's grand hotels–buildings that are among the country's most notable and fabled landmarks–six of which have been declared national historic sites. 340 pp. 400 photographs.

Publisher's List Price $39.95 **Club Price $30.** (cloth)

TODAY IN HISTORY *by Bob Johnstone*

CBC radio broadcasts–365 of the author's best–in book form; one engaging story a day, with the story coinciding with the anniversary date. Bob Johnstone is recipient of the 1998 Pierre Berton Award for "achievement in popularizing Canadian history." 366 pp. illus. Publisher's List Price $19.95; **Club Price $14.** (paper)

TALES OF AN EMPTY CABIN *by Grey Owl*

Originally published in 1936, this classic collection of rich and varied yarns, tales, and true-life adventures remains as delightful as ever. A master storyteller –and fraud!–Grey Owl's wit, charm, and passion for nature shine in abundance. 296 pp. Publisher's List Price $18.95; **Club Price $13.** (paper)

EARLY CANADIAN TIME-KEEPERS *by Jane Varkaris & James E. Connell*

Essential reading for anyone interested in early Canadian timepieces and their makers. The focus is on the individual makers, not the clock factories. 272 pp., photographs, maps, illustrations, index. Publisher's List Price $60.00; **Club Price $30.** (cloth)

CANADA'S CENTURY *from the pages of* Maclean's

A richly illustrated history of the people and events that shaped Canada over the last century based on almost 2500 issues of the magazine. 352 pp., index, illustrations, photographs. Publisher's List Price $55.; **Club Price $40.** (cloth)

TEN LOST YEARS *by Barry Broadfoot*

The book that launched the oral history genre in Canada. A classic grass-roots history of the depression era, the Dirty Thirties, as told by more than 600 ordinary men and women who lived to tell about it. 464 pp., B & W photos. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $12.** (paper)

TO THE ARCTIC BY CANOE 1819–1821: The Journal and Paintings of Robert Hood, Midshipman with Franklin *edited by C. Stuart Houston*

A remarkable record of the first overland Arctic expedition led by Sir John Franklin which, despite its accomplishments, remains one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Arctic exploration. 217 pp., maps, illustrations. Publisher's List Price $27.95; **Club Price $19.** (paper)

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF CANADA *edited by Craig Brown*

Newly revised and updated, this well-illustrated book is the first comprehensive, authoritative one-volume history of Canada written in lively fashion by seven of Canada's leading historians. 592 pp., photos and illustrations. Publisher's List Price $26.95; **Club Price $17.50** (paper)

1867: How the Fathers Made a Deal *by Christopher Moore*

Confederation revisited–with a difference: a 1990s book on the 1860s. In readable prose with an eye for anecdote & character, Moore offers an unsentimental look at Confederation and parallels to current political events. 279 pp. Publisher's List Price $16.99; **Club Price $10.50** (paper)

VOYAGES: Canada's Heritage Rivers *edited by Lynn E. Noel*

A handsome book that celebrates the rich diversity, splendour, and history of the 27 rivers nominated to the Canadian Heritage Rivers System. First foreign book to receive the Natural Resources Council of America Award. 207 pp., photographs, illustrations, maps. Publisher's List Price $34.95; **Club Price $24.50** (paper)

CONFESSIONS OF AN IGLOO DWELLER *by James Houston*

From 1948 to 1962 James Houston lived among the Inuit in the Arctic. A fascinating account of life in the old North by the man who introduced Inuit art to the outside world. 320 pp., 30 illustrations by the author. maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $12.** (paper)

A MILITARY HISTORY OF CANADA *by Desmond Morton*

Morton has integrated the experiences of Canadians fighting on land, sea, and air and linked them, for the first time, to Canadian history as a whole. 3rd Edition. 315 pp., photos, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; **Club Price $13.** (paper)

• SAVE! Buy two books for $18.50 •

Publisher's List Price $12.95 each **Club Price $10.** (paper)

by James H. Gray

RED LIGHTS ON THE PRAIRIES

An unconventional social history that takes a lively look at the history of prostitution in prairie cities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. A huge success when originally published. 235 pp., index.

MEN AGAINST THE DESERT

This book tells of the triumph over circumstances in Alberta's Palliser Triangle desert district during the Dirty Thirties. 288 pp., photos.

TITLE _____ $ _____

TITLE _____ $ _____

TITLE _____ $ _____

*Shipping + Handling $ _____

*In Canada: $7., plus GST (7%) on total order. U.S.: $10. Foreign: $15.

GST (in Canada only) $ _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $ _____

MAIL ORDER TO: THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0T6 **OR BY FAX:** (204) 988-9309 **OR ONLINE:** www.beavermagazine.ca **FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:** 1-800-816-6777 Toll Free, M–F 8:30–4:30 CST

Please print:

NAME _____ MEMBERSHIP # _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV/STATE _____

TELEPHONE _____ P CODE/ZIP _____

☐ Cheque/MO payable to The Beaver ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ AmEx

CREDIT CARD # _____ EXPIRY DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

BUY ONLINE: www.beavermagazine.ca

sea. Severe storms had blown the limping ship off course, and during the final days of the voyage its occupants had to brave tumultuous seas and eat mouldy scraps of food that had previously been discarded. Several children died en route, but when they finally came ashore the small band of highlanders would turn Pictou, Nova Scotia, into Canada's much-heralded "birthplace of New Scotland."

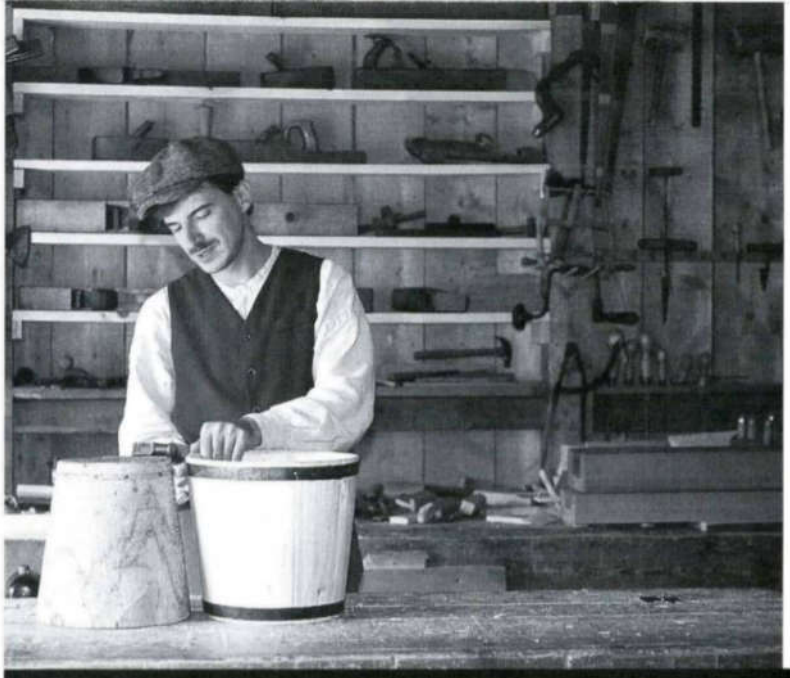
It was this gripping tale, despite the horrendous weather, that convinced thousands to gather along Pictou's streets—a sure sign that Canadian history is not dead in the twenty-first century. The wail of bagpipes and patter of drums mingled with colourful clan tartans. Reenactors carrying muskets posed as soldiers from various eighteenth-century colonial regiments, tamping shot and powder into their rifles and firing volleys into the air. The boom of nine-pound cannons echoed out over Pictou Harbour. At one point during the weekend, the reenactors even staged a mock landing, rowing ashore in a dory as pioneers would have two centuries ago.

Forget the minivans and video cameras for a moment. It was the kind of weekend event that makes you wonder what century you're in.

There are those who would argue that a country without its history is like a person without a memory. And in a world ruled by Hollywood celebrities, the Internet, and a plethora of other multimedia distractions, forgetting our roots is becoming increasingly possible, particularly for the younger generations. Even many of our schools have abandoned Canadian history, stating that business and technology courses are much more important for coping with our rapidly globalizing world. Of Canada's ten provinces, in fact, only four require students in high school to study our country's history at all.

Considering the decline of Canadian history in mainstream education, some would argue that the sideways slip of the *Hector* into Pictou Harbour represents more than just a big splash. Certainly it was a boon for the town's tourism industry, but should we also consider the event a form of education, a way for Canadians to see, hear, and physically touch a piece of our heritage? "There's no question events like this revive more interest in our history," says Mike Randolph, a journalist who recently sailed along Canada's west coast on a replica of Captain Cook's *Endeavour*. "It brings history to life and makes it more fun; people can actually run their fingers along the deck of a real ship."

An opportunity to relive history, preserve it, and share it with others is exactly what inspires many of these projects. A good example is Sgt. Ken Burton of the RCMP who, in 2000, retraced the 1940–1942 voyage of legendary RCMP officer Henry Larsen around North America in the *St. Roch*. Although Burton captained a modern vessel, the voyage retraced the route of the original ship, stopping at all the same ports along the way. Its greater purpose, according to Burton, was not only to raise money for the restoration of the old ship, which is in the Vancouver Maritime Museum, but to make history come alive for Canadians.



The woodworking shop at the Acadian Historical Village outside Caraquet, New Brunswick, a fishing port northeast of Bathurst. Here, Acadian life between 1780 and 1880 is recreated by reenactors for summer visitors.

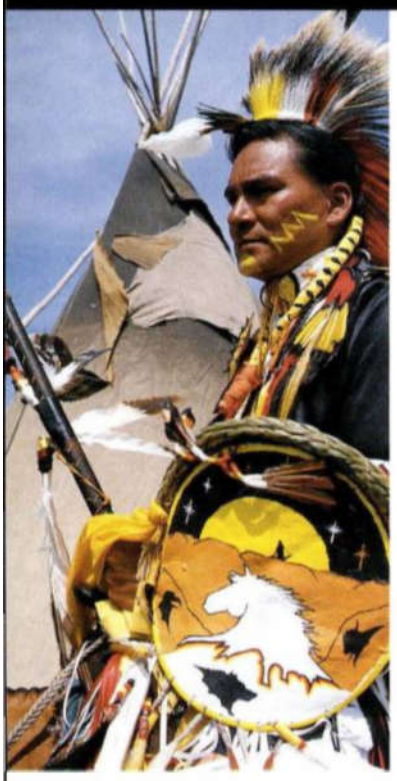
Indeed, during the 169-day voyage, Burton was surprised to meet so many people from the northern communities who remembered Larsen. One Inuit elder thought she and her children were going to die on an ice floe until Larsen and the *St. Roch* had unexpectedly showed up to save them. Meeting Burton was the first opportunity she'd had to formally thank the RCMP. "We certainly stirred up a lot of memories on the voyage," says Burton. "Not only did we retell an amazing story of survival at the top of the world, but for me it was the trip of a lifetime."

While Burton can't really be classified as a hardcore reenactor, there are certainly those

"It's a bit of an obsession, ... one of those hobbies where you give up a sofa to get a new outfit."

Members of the Queen's Cowboys (above) relive the early days of the North-West Mounted Police on the prairies. Like many reenactors, they are meticulous in recreating down to the finest detail the clothing and conduct of the nineteenth-century police officers.

Conrad Rope, in traditional Assiniboine headdress and clothing (below), joins a reenactment of the 1873–1874 March West of the North-West Mounted Police.



who play at history very seriously. Of these, a group of reenactors from Nova Scotia who pose as the Eighty-Fourth Regiment of Foot, the first Highland regiment to be raised and trained outside of Scotland, are among the most serious and best equipped. Every detail down to the pattern and moulding of the buttons on their costumes, not to mention the defects of their embroidery, are taken into consideration when making duplicates of the uniforms. "You have to strive to be authentic," says Robert Redden, one of the Eighty-Fourth's founding members. "Any reenactment group worth their salt strives for the highest level of authenticity possible."

According to Redden, authenticity counts everywhere, including in the kitchen and on the battlefield. Every year his group attends one or two mock battles, helping to stage events like the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, fighting at Louisbourg, as well as one detailed recreation of the 1779 burning of Fairfield, Connecticut, during the American Revolutionary War. His wife uses a recipe book published in 1797—one of the oldest cookbooks published in North America—which has a pound-cake recipe that calls for a pound of butter, a pound of flour, and a pound of eggs. "You didn't worry about cholesterol back then," says Bernice Redden, Robert's wife. "You were usually dead by forty anyway."

Of course, there are times when this type of playing can seem more like work to your average person, which leads to the question: Why? Why spend every other weekend rolling around in the mud, eating grit-laced campfire food, and generally depriving oneself of normal sanitary measures? "It's a bit of an obsession," admits Bernice Redden. "It's one of those hobbies where you give up a sofa to get a new outfit."

An obsession, perhaps, but what specifically motivates these people to participate in events weekend after weekend, year after year, is more difficult to pin down. In fact, when talking to many reenactors, you tend to get the impression that it's not something they can even define. "I do it just because I'm proud of being Canadian and I think we tend to forget our history," one fellow told me. "I want to keep the skills of my ancestors alive," said another.

Whatever the reasons, there's one thing that seems certain. The ability to bring other Canadians closer to their past, if only for a short while, tends to diminish the hardships of looking, feeling, and smelling like our ancestors. Take Rick Stanick, for example, a founding member of the Manitoba reenactment group, the Queen's Cowboys. One of the best parts of his work is the weekend camps where he and his colleagues teach school-age children about the history and horsemanship skills of the RCMP. "The hardships those early officers faced—now that's the kind of history that inspires," says Stanick. "I get a kick out of sharing that with people."

In the end, for dedicated reenactors, recreating history is one step beyond a hobby. It's a lifestyle. Reenactors thrive in a setting outside the bounds of day-to-day life where they can play by their own rules while at the same time playing by rules established in another time. And they take pleasure in a simplicity that's centred around the family doing things together. When their kids were growing up, for example, Robert and Bernice Redden went everywhere with their children, who were quite happy playing with eighteenth-century toys—wooden dolls, hoops, and horseshoes. When their kids got older, the Reddens took further pleasure in watching them gravitate toward reenactment projects of their own.

With so many people working to recreate history these days, there's little doubt that it rekindles fondness for our country's roots. Making history more fun does that. "There's almost a competition that's developed to help Canadians remember what our country has accomplished," says Burton. "Reenacting events is a good way to teach children and remind adults about a fairly significant past." It may be a competition, as Burton points out, but it's clearly a competition without a winner. The real winners are those participants and spectators who carry the torch of collective memory, and by doing so ensure that we never forget who we are and where we've come from.

Matt Jackson is a Calgary-based photojournalist. He is currently writing a book about a four-year hitchhiking journey across Canada.

Reviews

Featured Books

■ **River Song: Sailing the History of the St. Lawrence**
By Phil Jenkins
Penguin, Toronto, 2001
288 pp., illus., $34.00 hardcover

■ **Amiens: Dawn of Victory**
by James McWilliams and R. James Steel
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2001
317 pp., illus., $22.99 paper

■ **The Bloody Battle for Tilly: Normandy, 1944**
by Ken Tout
Sutton Publishing, Stroud, Gloucestershire, U.K., 2000
256 pp., illus., $53.95 hardcover

■ **The Patricias: The Proud History of a Fighting Regiment**
by David J. Bercuson
Stoddart Publishing, Toronto, 2001
347 pp., illus., $354.95 hardcover

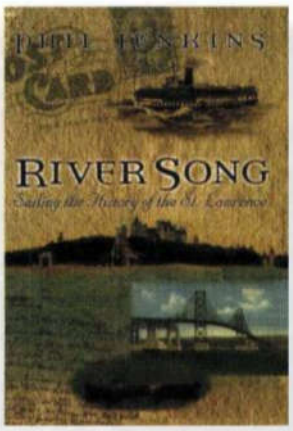
■ **First Crossing: Alexander Mackenzie, His Expedition Across North America, and the Opening of the Continent**
by Derek Hayes
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2001
320 pp., illus., $50.00

■ **As Near to Heaven by Sea: A History of Newfoundland and Labrador**
By Kevin Major
Penguin Viking, Toronto, 2001
492 pp., illus., $36.00 hardcover

Ode to a River

Like the Volga and the Amazon, the St. Lawrence is a murky destination for writers of history because, like those other great rivers, its existence in the minds of Canadians is buoyed by both its size and the myths surrounding it. Yet, as an arterial circuit that connects the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, *la fleuve* (as Quebeckers call it) is *the* waterway of Canadian history.

In ***River Song***, Phil Jenkins shows himself to be a skillful captain of this treacherous and powerful river, both as an able seaman and as a gifted writer of history. The work is a cruise through geography and time. From the opening pages, Jenkins lashes you to the deck and takes you cascading on a marvelous romp that is at times sentimental and humorous and at other times angry and almost outraged.



From the birchbark canoes of natives to the multifunnelled behemoths of later times, Jenkins writes about the various vessels Canadians have used on the river with an attention to detail those interested in navigation seem to have imbued in their DNA. And if a male tendency to be impressed by size takes him off on child-like tangents of fascination with modern ships, this is more than counterbalanced by the sensitive sincerity and conviction with which he condemns humanity for its horrible abuse of the St. Lawrence.

> It took only four hundred years, a blink of the river's eye, but by 1900 man could look into the shit-filled, oil-stained, gaseous, toxin-riddled, reconfigured, muddy, crapulous, humiliated St. Lawrence River—and see his own reflection.

Although Jenkins's environmentalism is strong as he rafts us through the native period, the seventeenth-century voyageurs, and even the potshot naval battles of the War of 1812, this is no environmentalist screed. Indeed, Jenkins leaves room for optimism, pointing out that in more recent times specific steps have been taken to make this artery of Canadian history less of a cesspool than our ancestors left it.

Besides ecological catastrophes, he also brings a keen eye to the human stories that have unfolded on the banks and island of this wondrous body of water. His treatment and analysis of the appalling misery at the Grosse Île immigration and quarantine station during the nineteenth century, for instance, is powerful enough to make you cry.

Jenkins's turns of phrase and thoughtful construction of sentences should serve as a model to others who wish to write successful popular works of Canadian history. Here he is on Quebec City:

> To sail into Quebec is to walk in the footprints of history. The walled city is almost a history factory, as evidenced by the two cruise ships in port busy disgorging their clients armed with cameras primed to capture some history and take it home. Quebec is one of those towns that exists in two tenses simultaneously, past and present, and makes part of its living from selling the way it used to make a living.

The vivid writing style is buttressed by another delicious feature too often missing in history books: attitude. There is an edge to his work. With wry and biting prose, Jenkins unloads some of his best invective to describe the sad disposal of a number of communities during the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

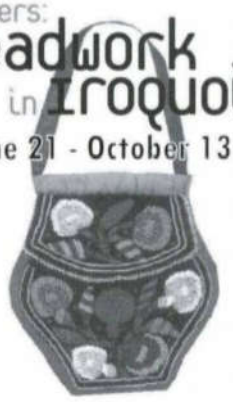
> On the way to the deal, they created sub-commissions that begat studies. The studies begat surveys, which begat possibilities, which begat meetings, and so it went for four decades as the two countries inched towards legislation at the speed of politics.

WOW!
When you advertise in The Beaver, you reach more than 50,000 dedicated subscribers.
For further information, contact
Michael Wile, (902) 421-7022
fax: (902) 425-0166
email: michaelwile@historysociety.ca
5502 Atlantic Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 1G4 Canada
The Beaver

New Publication Announcement

CANOEING A CONTINENT
On the Trail of Alexander Mackenzie
Max Finkelstein
Generously illustrated
$25.95
$25.95 + $4 S&H + GST
Travel the most significant water trail in North America with one of Canada's most respected paddlers.
NATURAL HERITAGE BOOKS
Toll-Free 1-800-725-9982
E Mail natherbooks@idirect.com

E. Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake
Collected Poems and Selected Prose
Edited by Carole Gerson and Veronica Strong-Boag
The first complete collection of all the known poems by one of modern Canada's best-selling poets, together with a selection of her journalism and fiction. 336 pp • Paper 0802084974 $25.95
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
PHONE 1-800-565-9523 • WWW.UTPPUBLISHING.COM

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM
NATURE • CIVILIZATION • DISCOVERY
Across Borders:
Beadwork in Iroquois Life
June 21 - October 13

Discover the significance of beadwork in the lives of the Iroquois people.
Open Daily • Bloor St. W. at Avenue Rd. • Toronto
Museum subway stop • 416-586-8000 • www.rom.on.ca
Organized and circulated by the McCord Museum, Montreal, Quebec, and the Castellani Art Museum of Niagara University, NY, in collaboration with the Kanien'kehaka Onkwawén:na Raotitiohkwa Cultural Center, Kahnawake, the Tuscarora Nation community beadworkers within New York State, and the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.
The Rockefeller Foundation
ROM
ROM is an agency of the Government of Ontario. Iroquois Pouch, late 19th century

On the relocation during the 1950s of historic monuments after towns and villages were flooded out of their existence:

> The historic fields were destined to become riverbed and so the monument was moved. Soil from the battlefield was piled up in a mound, several trees were artfully planted, and the old monument got stuck on top of its fresh mounting in a calm park, marking the exact spot where the battle didn't happen.

From Cartier's early exploration to Jenkins's charming account of his own ten-day cruise to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1998, *River Song* is more than one man's historic and literary monument to a body of water that has taken over his soul. It's history with an edge.

Reviewed by **Anthony Germain**, host of CBC Radio's *The House: The Week in National Politics.*

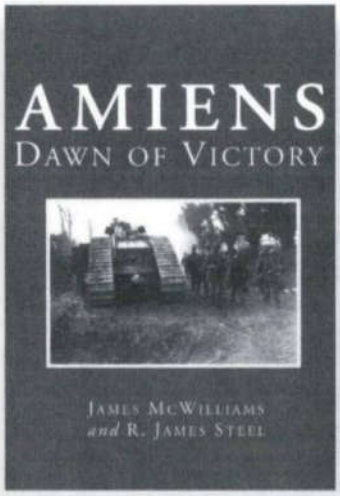
Foot Men

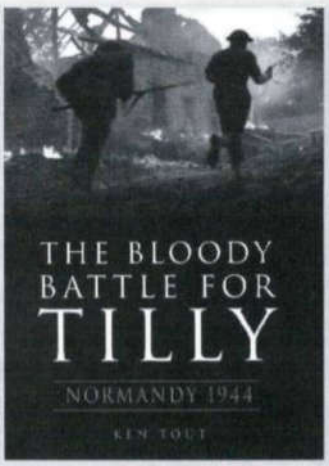
In army jargon, the PBI are the "poor bloody infantry," the walking soldiers who face the greatest threats in the pursuit of military objectives. Three recent books describe how the infantry has proved its mettle in some of the grimmest fighting ever undertaken by Canadian troops: at Amiens in the First World War, Tilly-la-Campagne in the Second World War, and various campaigns throughout the almost nine-decade history of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

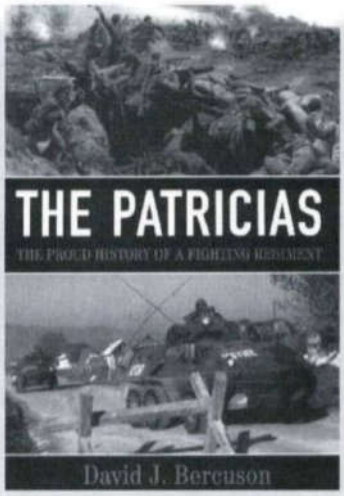
Amiens was the decisive battle of the First World War, resulting in a major Allied breakthrough on August 8, 1918, after years of slaughter on the western front. That day was called the "the black day of the German Army" by commander Erich Ludendorff. The loss effectively broke the fighting spirit of Germany, and the armistice was signed three months later.

Amiens: Dawn of Victory, begun in 1978, is the first book written on this victory, and it is painstakingly researched and thoroughly referenced. McWilliams and Steel, both avid mil-

itary historians, do a superb job examining the tactics behind the attack and explaining the war's dying days from the German soldier's perspective. The concluding two chapters, with their analysis of the battle and thoughtful appraisal of its consequences, deserve special mention.







The individual photographs are excellent; nevertheless the narrow basis for their selection is surprising. The battle of Amiens brought together the armies of Britain, France, Canada, Australia, and the United States, but all the pictures originate from the National Archives of Canada. While Canadians helped to spearhead the attack, a greater variety of pictures would have been appropriate.

The Tilly campaign saw some of the Second World War's most vicious infantry fighting. Fought near Caen in Normandy during the summer of 1944, the engagement initially pitted the Canadians and British against elite and battle-hardened German troops, many of whom had served on the Russian front. It took five bloody assaults by the Canadian Third Division before the Scottish Seaforths Highlanders finally secured Tilly, assisted by tank support and aerial bombing. Success came on August 8, 1944, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Amiens breakthrough, a point not lost on Canadian army commander General Harry Crerar. Victory had a heavy price. Canadian infantry losses were as costly pro rata as those suffered at Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele in the First World War.

Ken Tout, a British tank veteran who saw action in the Tilly region, covers all these points and many others in ***The Bloody Battle for Tilly***. He draws upon the contemporary recollections of veterans from both sides to help shape his account. Time has not dulled their memories, and all are able to describe appalling fighting conditions in vivid detail. Says Manfred Thorn, a Nazi Panzer-tank driver: "With some it may be a melody that awakes a vivid memory, or a smile, or that whiff of perfume, but I–I only have to hear the name Tilly."

Tout sprinkles little-known army expressions and undefined military abbreviations throughout the text. While these habits are natural for a veteran, they are nonetheless irritating. The writing style is folksy and engaging, but the presentation is often disjointed and hard to follow. There are also several typographical errors in the spelling of proper names. Nevertheless, *The Bloody Battle for Tilly* is written with passion and conviction and features a selection of photographs mainly from Canada, Britain, and Germany. It is a fine testament to military valour and sacrifice.

Bercuson's book on the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry is a gem, although containing occasional lapses in objectivity. ***The Patricias*** chronicles the regiment's raising by Montreal millionaire Andrew Hamilton Gault in 1914 to its peacekeeping role in Kosovo during 1999. Most recently, the Patricias have been deployed to Afghanistan to work with the Americans in the "war on terrorism."

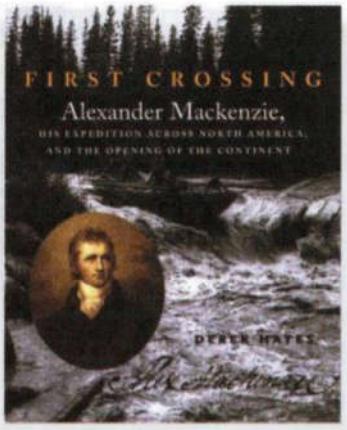
The regiment's founding patron was Princess Patricia, daughter of the governor general in 1914 and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The Patricias took part in virtually all major British and Canadian offensives in the First World War and were awarded three Victoria Crosses and 366 other decorations for gallantry. The regiment also fought in Italy and northwest Europe during the Second World War and in the Korean War. They have served on several peacekeeping missions since then.

Bercuson, a University of Calgary academic, draws upon a wide range of sources for *The Patricias*. He also provides extensive endnotes and a roll of honour for the regiment's dead. The choice of photographs is generally good, although some pictures are too small to make out. Wrong names and incorrect dates for the regiment's early history mar the opening chapters. At one point he has the Patricias in the trenches in January 1914, a full seven months before their actual formation.

These works add to our collective knowledge and understanding of Canada's military heritage. They all describe the Canadian contribution to international military operations. Five nations fought together at Amiens. Canada, Britain, and the United States liberated Tilly. The Patricias served under the British in the First World War (and saw action at Amiens), with the British in the Second World War, for the United Nations in Korea and Cyprus, for the UN and NATO in the Balkans, and with the Americans in Afghanistan. History often forgets that Canada has been a major supporter of multinational armed forces for a century. *Amiens*, *The Bloody Battle for Tilly*, and *The Patricias* help underline this point and place Canada's military efforts in their proper historical context.

Reviewed by **Gavin Murphy**, an Ottawa lawyer who has a history degree from Carleton University.

Continental Trek



Sir Alexander Mackenzie remains a prominent figure in the history of North American exploration, and the book ***First Crossing: Alexander Mackenzie, His Expedition Across North America, and the Opening of the Continent*** adds to an already large literature on the subject. Its great value is that it draws together and assembles many, if not all, prominent illustrations about Mackenzie's voyages. The quality of illustrations is a great credit to the publisher.

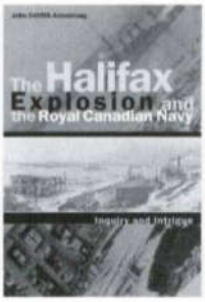
Alexander Mackenzie, born near Stornoway, Isle of Lewis, in 1762, came to North America as part of the Scottish diaspora of the 1770s. He sailed, so to speak, into the eye of the storm, and by the time he arrived in North America the storm had commenced: the American Revolution. A loyalist, he found himself in northern New York colony where skirmishes and counterskirmishes were common. We then see him in Montreal, first as student, then as clerk. Soon he is brought into the expanding fur trade of the continental interior, and before long he sees all the prominent places of western commerce stretching west and north to Athabasca, new El Dorado of the fur trade. Working with the enigmatic Nor'Wester Peter Pond, he learns about a water course leading to Cook's River (now Cook Inlet, Alaska), but his great northern voyage leads him to Arctic, not Pacific, waters, in 1789. A second voyage, in 1792 and 1793, finds him at Pacific tidewater, having completed, by fits and starts but with true Scottish perseverance and acumen, his own northwest passage by land. This was the first crossing of the continent north of Mexico, and considering the various difficulties along the way it was a huge and mighty achievement. Assistance from native persons was critical to his success; he knew this and acknowledged it.

Mackenzie's feats as well as his momentous 1802 volume *Voyages from Montreal* place him among the truly great figures of human, certainly North American and Canadian, history. As popular as it is nowadays to discount the role of personalities, and in particular heroes (as opposed to heroines) as a force in history, it is nonetheless undeniably true that Mackenzie brought to the elusive Northwest-Passage search his own form of genius. Doubt remains that he ever had the support of the North West Company's leadership and partners, and I am not easily convinced that Mackenzie had much in the way of backing for his own ventures. But by augmenting the wealth of the inland traders, his power grew, which made his explorations possible. He sometimes believed that he was neglected by others – and certainly his many rivals in the commercial concern were vying for prominence – but the northern and western journeys gave Mackenzie added success and placed him in the front rank of energetic, frontier entrepreneurs. Few, if any, can stand with him in such august illumination. David Thompson's surveys were of a different order; Simon Fraser's were brief, delineating one geographic feature (the river which bears his name); and Sir John Franklin, who owed so much to Mackenzie, filled in many of the places on the map. Even before Mackenzie reached Pacific shores, George Vancouver, Spanish explorers, and many merchant traders in the sea-otter business had made known the general particulars of the farthest shores. But Mackenzie completed the great project begun by Champlain and La Verendrye.

The author's discussion of Mackenzie and Whale Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, tells us that cartographers later got the details wrong. Mackenzie's notice that he had reached these high latitudes, nailed to a post on Whale Island, has been recreated by Hayes according to what he has thought it to have been, and is therefore a literary, as opposed to a historical, recreation – a nice but inauthentic touch. To accompany the contemporary materials that are displayed in *First Crossing*, other illustrations have been included, such as aerial photographs and maps of our own times. A brief bibliography and index supplement this book.

Reviewed by **Barry Gough**, university research professor at Wilfrid Laurier University and author of *Fighting Sail on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay: The War of 1812 and Its Aftermath.*

UBCPress: Exploding the Issues



The Halifax Explosion and the Royal Canadian Navy
Inquiry and Intrigue

John Griffith Armstrong

Foreword by J.L.Granatstein

Reveals a network of implications, accusations, innuendo, and suspicion, all turning a disastrous navigational accident ... into a graphic bench-mark in the Canadian consciousness.
— Michael L. Hadley, author of *Tin Pots and Pirate Ships*

An absorbing read ... The prose is elegant, the research impressive, the arguments persuasive – all in all, a fascinating book.
— Jonathan Vance, author of *Death So Noble*

STUDIES IN CANADIAN MILITARY HISTORY

PUBLISHED IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM
ISBN 0-7748-0890-X • $39.95 hc

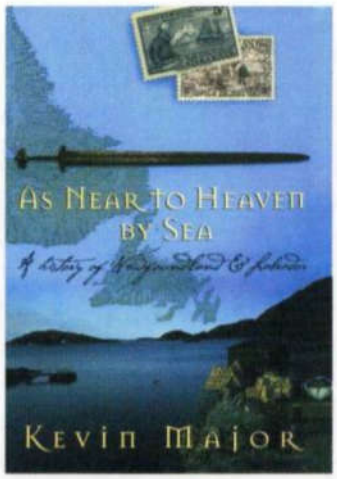
Order from your local bookstore
www.ubcpress.ca/history

Pop Rock

The publishers of this work will, of course, argue that they have produced a popular history that, in the words of their dust-jacket blurb, offers "a wealth of daring adventure and limitless imagination ... in exciting and vivid prose." But neither adventure nor imagination, nor even an exciting and vivid writing style creates history, not even popular history.

"Popular," one assumes, means accessible and interesting as opposed to pedantic, dense, and dry-as-dust; it does not vitiate the quality or character of history as such. Whether designated as popular or otherwise, a history of Newfoundland and Labrador should, at the very least, distinguish between what is significant and what is merely trivial. It should also organize facts within a framework of ideas that helps explain the nature of the Newfoundland people.

As Near to Heaven by Sea offers no such framework. It is essentially a compilation from other authors that exhibits little awareness of either the fundamental problems of Newfoundland history or of the explanations that have been proposed by recent scholarship. In his defence, however, the author acknowledges that his approach is subjective and that what he has read has been through an idiosyncratic lens. Indeed, we might suspect that there is a great deal that he did not read at all. Or, perhaps, read with an eye to reinforcing conventional wisdom and stereotypes, or to identifying amusing anecdotes, illuminating vignettes, or romantic legends that might enliven what he feared might otherwise be a dull tale. To his credit, though, a humorous turn of phrase or a sly tongue in cheek invariably suggest to the reader the salutary use of a grain of salt.

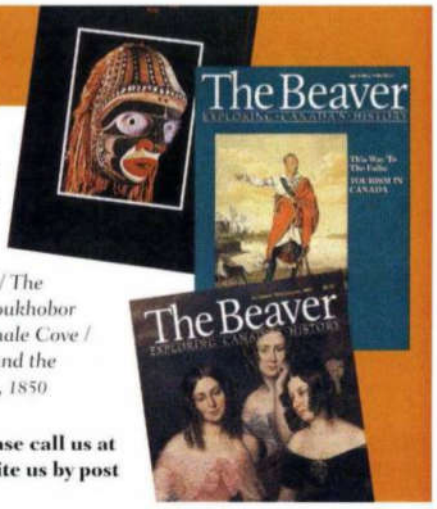


How, then, does the reviewer approach a book such as this? It cannot be seriously treated as a *new* history of Newfoundland and Labrador, since it contains nothing that is new, either in content or in interpretation. It can be best assessed against a standard set by others who have not gone beyond the creation of syntheses of current knowledge. In that sense, it has not noticeably advanced the standards set by a long line of progenitors in the genre, including the comparatively recent work of the late Senator Frederick W. Rowe.

What remains to be assessed must be a matter of style. If it offers no addition to the sum of our general knowledge, if it offers no new interpretation, if it poses no new and ingenious solutions to the general problems of Newfoundland historiography, then why does it exist? Well, in the first instance, we may say that it exists because the publisher, a very reputable one, and the author, a responsible and respected writer, collectively thought that it should. And, perhaps they were right. Kevin Major's writing style is deft, light, and accessible; his name will attract a readership that might not otherwise be tempted to a work of history with a dry-as-dust appearance. The approach to history that inspires Major's work appears to be a desire to rescue readers from the perils of cultural amnesia (a desire that all good historians possess) and the determination that the memories preserved will be the appropriately inspirational ones. If this means the mixing of the history with a little myth, a little legend, a little folklore, then so be it. It is very clear, however, that Major is a very long way from accepting the principle so clearly demonstrated by Farley Mowat, for example, that the facts should never be allowed to interfere with the truth. Indeed, we may say that Major, in a sense that is very nearly the opposite of that, treats history as a form of literary entertainment whose special appeal is that its material is, by and large, factual.

Reviewed by **Leslie Harris**, past president of Memorial University.

Over 40 years' worth of Beaver back issues

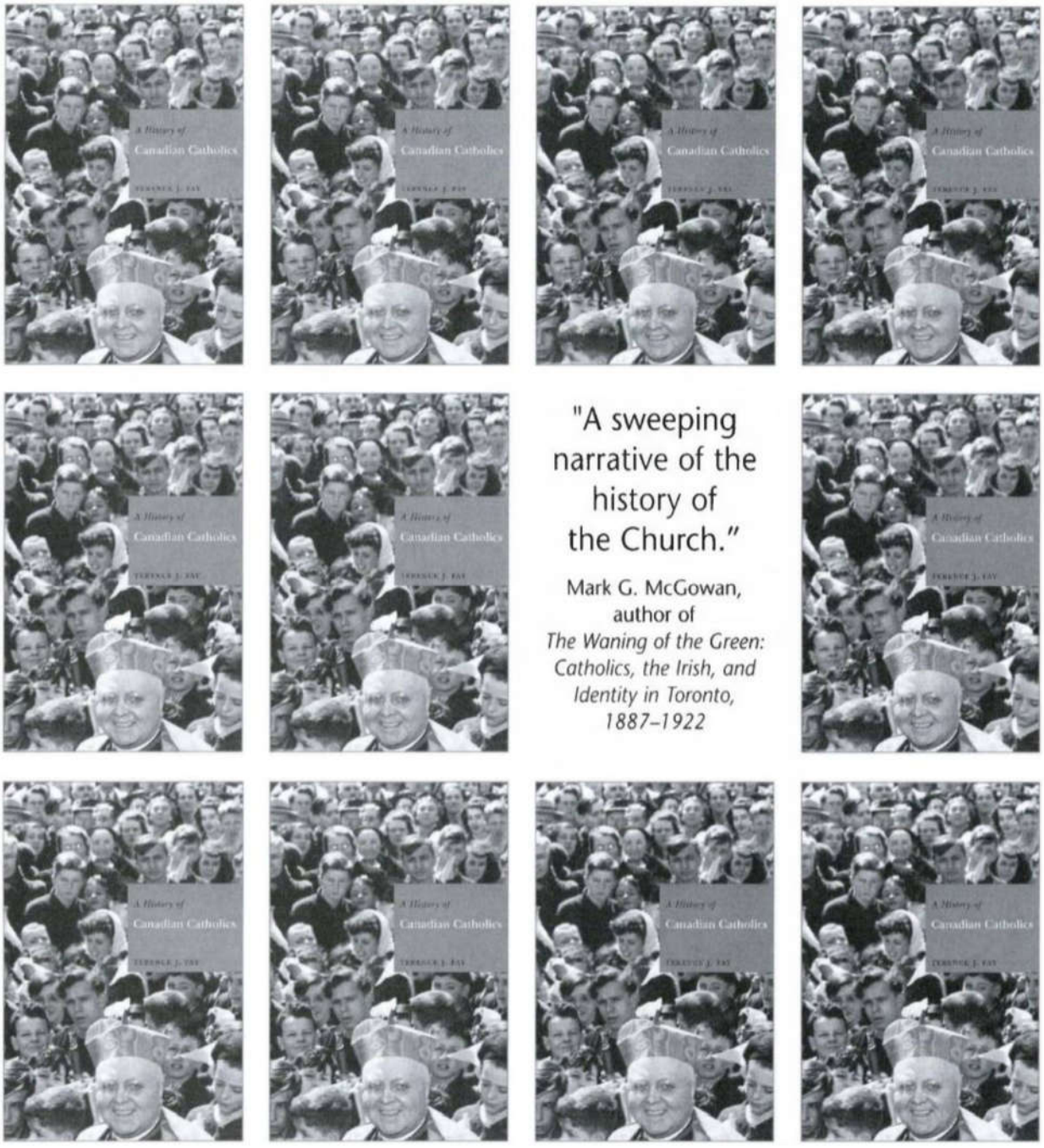


A rich and varied treasury of Canadian history available for $6 a copy, or $10 if a rare issue. (Price includes postage & taxes for North American orders.) **Here is a content sample:**

SUMMER 1984 *Historic peace-pipe of Ojibwa and Iroquois warriors is rediscovered / The Blind Man and the Loon: a powerful epic as depicted by Inuit artists / Sons of God (Doukhobor trek to Yorkton, 1902), by Pierre Berton / Saga of Northern radio / Wall hangings at Whale Cove / Reprieve for the Fur-trade Canoe / Boomtown Norman Wells / Alexander Mackenzie and the Empress of Russia / Yukon wildflowers / Massacre of the Inuit on the Mackenzie River, 1850*

Discounts available for bulk orders. For details, or a complimentary backlist, please call us at 1-800-816-6777 (between 8:30 and 4:30 central time), fax us at (204) 988-9309, or write us by post or e-mail to the addresses on page 2 of this issue.

www.mqup.ca



"A sweeping narrative of the history of the Church."

Mark G. McGowan,
author of
The Waning of the Green: Catholics, the Irish, and Identity in Toronto, 1887–1922

A HISTORY OF CANADIAN CATHOLICS

TERENCE J. FAY • ISBN 0-7735-2314-6 • $27.95

McGILL-QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PRESS

CHRIS RAIBLE

Booknotes

History is not only what happened, it is what is remembered and related. That it changes through time is wonderfully demonstrated in *Heroines & History*, a book about Madeleine de Verchères and Laura Secord (the former was the cover subject of last month's *Beaver*). More accurately, it is a book about how these two women have been portrayed in different eras – by history books, by stories for children, by public monuments, and by popular culture. The facts of what they did are less significant than the heroic myths that evolved, myths that reveal deeply set cultural attitudes, especially about gender but also about aboriginal people in our nation's history. Although academic in style and intent, any *Beaver* reader would find it intriguing, even disquieting.

Another fine, focused – and also disquieting – social history is *Walk Toward the Gallows*. It is about an 1899 murder that culminated in the hanging of Hilda Blake in Brandon, Manitoba. Through the pages of this book, her sad story is transformed into a wide-ranging inquiry into social attitudes about women, orphans, paupers, immigrants, servants, tramps, race, insanity, and more. The drama of Hilda Blake had many scenes, played in the courts, the newspapers, the pulpits, the parliaments, and in popular literature and entertainment. She was hanged, but an entire culture stands indicted.

Women are also central to a totally engrossing book by Australian author Cassandra Pybus. It is part personal memoir, part Canadian history. Pybus describes her travels and travails in search of the truth of a tale about a nineteenth-century Russian émigrée in New York who determined to walk back to Russia – via Canada and Alaska – and (maybe) succeeded. Originally published in Australia as *Raven Road*, it is due to be published in Canada under the title *The Woman Who Walked to Russia*. Watch for it.

Shortly before noon on December 19, 1846, the mayor of Toronto telegraphed (the first time in Canada) the mayor of Hamilton. But before the official communication could commence, two telegraph operators had to coordinate their clocks. Hamilton and Toronto had different times – seventeen minutes different. By creating an instantaneous link between two geographic points, this first Canadian telegram fundamentally changed the traditional notion of time. *The Invisible Empire* is a history of this country's telecommunications industry. It is a careful and thoughtful study, at times technical, but always intelligible. From that first telegram to the founding of Nortel, telecommunications have shaped Canada, have interconnected it with the U.S., and have helped it to escape American domination.

To be enlightened (dare I say inspired?) read *A History of Britain*. Based on a BBC television series (yet to be aired on this side of the Atlantic), these books – to date, two of three volumes – are published in Canada by McClelland & Stewart. They are splendid! Simon Schama, a Columbia University historian and art historian, presents a narrative sweep of some 5,000 years (volume 1 goes from 3,000 BC to 1600 AD). Volume 2 covers two centuries: from James I through the conquest of India. Schama writes clearly and sensitively, his descriptions interspersed with quotations and occasional saucy comments. There are many, but not too many, illustrations – mostly paintings. This is not a "people's" history, but the people are always part of it, along with all the monarchs and political and military leaders. Canadian content is limited, but it is included and aptly related. The larger context of the British-French wars that led ultimately to the Conquest (and the American Revolution) is sketched very nicely indeed. These volumes are not for your coffee table – they deserve shelf space in your permanent library. But first read them and be well rewarded.

At my request, with this issue, "Booknotes" comes to a close (I leave it to devote more time to my continuing work on William Lyon Mackenzie). In the course of the past six years, I have made reference to some 273 books. I also read (or read in) several hundred more, many of which were covered in the "More Books Worth Noting" section added two years ago. Not surprisingly, nearly all these volumes were quite specific – biographies, local and regional histories, military histories, social histories, and such. Only a few – and often the more disappointing – were national in scope. Canadian history is neither dull nor dead, but most of it is so focused it is fragmented. There are many tiles, but there are few compilations of a whole mosaic. Thus, if I could choose three Canadian history books I wish would be written, the first would be a literate, informed, reflective, comprehensive history of Canada by one author. (Is there a Canadian Simon Schama?) Such a book would not, could not, be objective – it would be strong and opinionated. A national argument would ensue. What better debate could we all engage in?

My other two wishes are, alas, equally unlikely to be granted. I wish some deeply committed Quebec nationalist and historian would write, in English, a history of Quebec and French Canada. I would like to view the past through such a person's eyes – perhaps I might better understand. And I wish someone would write a serious biography of William Lyon Mackenzie King. He was, most histori-

Books Cited

- *Heroines & History: Representations of Madeleine de Verchères and Laura Secord*
  By Colin M. Coates and Cecilia Morgan. University of Toronto Press, 2002. $75.00 hardcover; $27.95 paper.
- *Walk Towards the Gallows: The Tragedy of Hilda Blake, Hanged 1899*
  By Reinhold Kramer & Tom Mitchell. Oxford University Press, 2001. $23.95 paper.
- *A History of Britain: the British Wars 1603–1776*, Vol. 2
  By Simon Schama, McClelland & Stewart, 2001. $60.00 hardcover.
- *The Invisible Empire: A History of the Telecommunications Industry in Canada, 1846–1956*
  By Jean-Guy Rens. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001. $49.95 hardcover
- *The Woman Who Walked to Russia*
  By Cassandra Pybus. Thomas Allen, forthcoming.

ans agree, our best prime minister, yet most Canadians know only strange, silly, and (mostly) inaccurate things about him. His life and influence were too important not to be properly presented.

If any such books are written, perhaps the *Beaver* will ask my opinion of them – I expect to contribute occasional articles and reviews to future issues. In the meantime, good reading!

More Books Worth Noting

- *Alone in Silence: European Women in the Canadian North Before 1940*
  By Barbara E. Kelcey. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001. $75.00 hardcover; $27.95 paper.

  This study of literally hundreds of women – missionaries and nurses, scientists and journalists, most as wives working with or for their husbands – reveals their faith, their strengths, and their attitudes in a hostile geographic environment.

- *And On That Farm He Had a Wife: Ontario Farm Women and Feminism, 1900–1970*
  By Monda Halpern. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001. $70.00 hardcover.

  The author shows how essential to Ontario's farm economy were women, through their productive and reproductive labour. An intriguing look at an unexpected aspect of social feminism.

- *Canada's Greatest Wartime Muddle: National Selective Service and the Mobilization of Human Resources During World War II*
  By Michael D. Stevenson. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001. $55.00 hardcover.

  World War II was more than the battles so many books have been written about; it was also the government's attempts to mobilize the labour force. A detailed and sometimes disturbing study of how we muddled through.

- *Canadian Intellectuals, the Tory Tradition, and the Challenge of Modernity, 1939–1970*
  By Philip Massolin. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $60.00 hardcover.

  Among those who resisted the forces of modernization – the shift from Victorian, agrarian, religious moral values to industrial, scientific, secular modes of thought – were some famous Canadians: Harold Innis, Donald Creighton, Vincent Massey, Hilda Neatby, George P. Grant, W.L. Morton, Northrop Frye, Marshall McLuhan.

- *Curious Canadians*
  By Nancy Liss & Ted Liss. Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 2001. $27.95 paper.

  Believe-it-or-not stories of Canadian characters – tales intriguing, entertaining, amusing, albeit inconsequential.

- *The Diary of Sarah Clinch: A Spirited Socialite in Victorian Nova Scotia*
  Edited by Meghan Hallett. Nimbus Publishing, 2001. $21.95 paper.

  A year in the life of a young woman in Halifax in the middle of the nineteenth century is told through diary entries interspersed with insightful editorial comment and charming archival pictures. The book design alone makes it a delight to read.

- *Government on Fire: The History and Archaeology of Upper Canada's First Parliament Buildings*
  By Frank A. Dieterman and Ronald F. Williamson. Eastendbooks, 2001. $17.95 paper.

  Upper Canada's first two Parliament buildings burned down (Americans torched the first one, accidental fire took the second, and 180 years later, the site (now a car wash) was subjected to an intensive archaeological dig.

- *"Medicine That Walks": Disease, Medicine, and Canadian Plains Native People, 1880–1940*
  By Maureen K. Lux. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $50.00 hardcover; $22.95 paper.

  It has long been argued that the aboriginal people of the prairies suffered from epidemics of European diseases they were helpless to combat. This new study, thoroughly researched and carefully argued, suggests that more serious invasions were not biological but military, economic, and cultural.

- *Renegade Lawyer: The Life of J.L. Cohen*
  By Laurel Sefton MacDowell. University of Toronto Press for the Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History, 2001. $60.00 hardcover.

  A brilliant, influential labour lawyer who challenged the establishment but ultimately destroyed himself. Impressively researched and sensitively narrated.

- *Rotting Face: Smallpox and the American Indian*
  By R. G. Robertson. Caxton Press (Caldwell, Idaho), 2001. US$24.95 hardcover.

  The author attempts to document "one of history's most tragic pairings," that is, "the fur trade spread smallpox, and smallpox eliminated Indian competition, allowing the fur trade to spread."

- *Schooling in the Clearings: Stanstead 1800–1850*
  By Kathleen H. Brown. Stanstead Historical Society (535 Dufferin St., Stanstead, Quebec J0B 3E0) 2001. $25.00 paper.

  An amazingly comprehensive documenting of the evolution of public education among early English-speaking Protestants from New England who settled in an eastern township of Quebec.

Historical Societies Conference a Success

You have renewed my faith in conferences and interest in working with my local historical society in a more direct way than I have been doing.

David Goss
New Brunswick Historical Society

This is but one of the many rave reviews received in response to a conference for provincial and territorial historical societies (PATHS) held in Quebec City, February 22–24. The event was organized by Canada's National History Society (CNHS) and sponsored by Historica. The conference was chaired by René Durocher, retired professor of history at the University of Montreal, currently the executive director of the Canada Research Chairs Program and a CNHS director

Twenty-four delegates, representing thirteen historical societies, assembled at the historic Hotel Clarendon, the oldest hotel in Quebec City, for a substantial weekend of topics and tours tailored to the needs and interests of their grassroots organizations. On the agenda was a session on strategic planning for nonprofit organizations, a panel on history publications, and a presentation entitled "everything you ever wanted to know about a historical organization or institution but were afraid to ask." Jacques Lacoursière, the prominent historian who received the Society's Pierre Berton Award in 1996, gave a lively, entertaining, and authoritative talk on history education in the Canadian school system, with special emphasis on the Quebec situation.

The formal sessions were complemented by tours

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

of the Fairmont Château Frontenac and Quebec City itself, and a reception hosted by La Société Historique de Quebec.

But over and above the official program, the conference provided a unique opportunity for delegates to network with counterparts from across the country. Delegates discovered common bonds with others whom they previously did not know, and whom they would not otherwise have had the chance to meet. "It was refreshing to meet others who appreciated the same things," commented Jim Blanchard, president of the Manitoba Historical Society. The conference not only generated positive feedback, but two participants – demonstrating unbridled honesty – confessed they came as skeptics of the cause but left as converts.

The conference ended with the unanimous approval of a resolution calling on the federal government to open the post-1901 census records (*see sidebar*). PATHS members will send this resolution on to their respective MPs and senators. This was not a unique conference result. At the first PATHS conference two years ago in Toronto, delegates passed a unanimous resolution calling on their respective governments for more history education in the schools. Patricia Wagner, president of the Saskatchewan History & Folklore Society, summed it up nicely: "This national gathering of history-based organizations is finding its footing as a useful instrument, not only in strengthening our individual organizations … but also in forging a meaningful advocacy voice at the national level."

With such an endorsement, and given the positive outcome of the first two conferences, CNHS is giving serious consideration to a third conference, in Winnipeg in 2004.

Resolution

Quebec, February 24, 2002

Whereas censuses have always been a thought-provoking information source to document the social history and the evolution of our history;

Whereas access to historical data from censuses, as of 1901, is essential to social history research for provinces and regions which have been developed since the beginning of the twentieth century;

Whereas Statistics Canada is unable to prove the authenticity of the perpetual declaration of secrecy which would have been granted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government;

Whereas the report provided by the committee of experts has found that a perpetual secrecy guarantee does not apply to censuses and whereas it recommends that public access be allowed to all records of past, present, and future censuses, ninety-two years after the collection of data, as provided by the regulations appended in the Privacy Act;

Whereas, in the long run, the forbidden access to censuses will limit the value of historical studies about the twentieth century and, consequently, the dissemination of this history, this period, and the education related to it;

Whereas the delegates of the 2002 Provincial and Territorial Historical Societies Conference (PATHS delegates) and the various associations dedicated to history and genealogy in Canada consider that it is essential that the enumeration books be available, after a reasonable period of time, in order to understand the Canadian society's history.

Consequently, the PATHS delegates propose to ask the federal government to take all legislative and regulatory measures possible to allow the National Archivist to grant public access to censuses, ninety-two years after the collection of data, and propose that the PATHS delegates, their members and their sister affiliations send their deputies and senators a petition letter to that effect.

Canada's National History Society

Board of Directors

• James Arnett, Toronto • Joanne Burgess, Ottawa/Montreal • René Durocher, Montreal • Marianne Fedori, Edmonton • Brian Grose, Oakville • Fernand Harvey, Sainte-foy, QC • Charles Hou, Vancouver • Eric Jackman, Toronto • Joseph E. Martin, Toronto • Patricia O'Brien, St. John's • Mark Starowicz, Toronto • Bill Waiser, Saskatoon

Museum Profile

The Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature is the province's largest heritage centre, unique in its combined human and natural history themes, science and astronomy education, and in the scope and quality of community programs. Since it opened in 1970, this award-winning museum has delighted a half-million visitors annually.

Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature
190 Rupert Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0N2
For information contact:
Telephone: (204) 956-2830
E-mail: <info@manitobamuseum.mb.ca>
Website: <www.manitobamuseum.mb.ca>

The museum explores the interrelationship of people and their environment through millions of years and across Manitoba's landscape, from the icy Arctic coast to the windswept prairies of the southern grasslands. Visitors can board a seventeenth-century ketch bound for Hudson Bay, experience the drama of the great Canadian fur trade, discover how life at the bottom of a sea might have looked 450 million years ago, stare into the eyes of a hungry polar bear, and take in the excitement of 1920s vaudeville theatre.

This summer, museum visitors will experience the colourful delights of more than 120 pieces of outdoor folk art in the exhibition THIS OTHER EDEN: CANADIAN FOLK ART OUTDOORS (through September 2). Produced by the Canadian Museum of Civilization and presented by Investors Group, this whimsical collection features birds, birdhouses, barnyard animals, fantasy creatures, weathervanes, whirligigs, and more – all uniquely displayed in various garden settings.

Summer hours (Victoria Day to Labour Day): open daily from 10 AM to 6 PM.

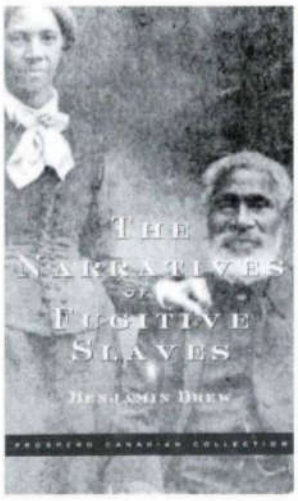
The *Nonsuch*

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

The Varieties of Black Experience

"By the blessing of God, I have been enabled to become possessor of fifty acres in Colchester of which six or seven acres are cleared." From seventeenth-century New France to the early-twentieth-century prairies, this kind of statement sums up one broad stream of Canadian history. It's the proud testimony of the poor, hard-working immigrant family. They got here. They got a piece of land. They got to work. They got on the path to prosperity.

This particular speaker, however, didn't come from Ireland or Normandy or Ukraine, and didn't ride west on the colonist cars of the CPR. "I escaped from the neighbourhood of New Orleans seventeen years ago," he says. "Had some difficulty about getting through. ... There were many slaveholders ... but I got through." Daniel Hall came to Canada as a fugitive on the run from slavery, and the only railroad he took was the underground one.



Hall's story about his route to Canada was recorded in 1855 by Benjamin Drew, a Boston abolitionist and oral historian before his time, who toured Canada West (that is, today's southern Ontario) seeking the testimonies of fugitive slaves about their lives. Their stories make Drew's *Narratives of Fugitive Slaves*, published in 1856, a searing and dramatic primer in the physical and psychological brutalities of slavery, and the terrors of escaping toward a remote and unknown country to the north. They also describe black life and experience in Canada in the 1850s. They speak frankly about the prejudices blacks faced here. "Coloured children were not received into the schools. I fought and fought and fought," says William Thompson of Galt. But they talk of freedom, too. "I feel lighter. The dread is gone," says Sarah Jackson. "Nothing would induce me to go back," says Henry Williamson simply. "I am now in a good situation and doing well."

Benjamin Drew intended his book as an antislavery tract for an American abolitionist audience. Inevitably, he leaves an impression that blacks in Canada in the 1850s were almost all fugitives, newly arrived here, in flight from slavery, and living in a few exile communities near the American border.

Toronto historian Michael Wayne has revised that view recently. Through a painstaking analysis of census data, Professor Wayne was able to show that black settlers were quite widely dispersed across Canada West by the 1850s. Very few of them lived in all-black communities. There were large numbers of black women and black children, even though most often it was male slaves who could escape southern plantations and reach Canada. Indeed, Wayne estimates, only a third of the 25,000 or so blacks of Canada West were themselves escaped slaves. By the 1850s, in other words, blacks were a more rooted, permanent, and diverse part of the Canadian population than the fugitive slave narratives might suggest.

By the 1850s, blacks were a more rooted, permanent, and diverse part of the Canadian population than the fugitive slave narratives might suggest.

This lesson – the variety of black Canadian experience – is now a common theme in Canadian black history. Blacks, we have begun to realize, lived in New France, in the early Maritime colonies, on prairie settlements, in early Victoria and Vancouver. Today, the Canadian black population grows through immigration from the Caribbean and from Africa itself. The African-Canadian presence in Canada has ever more diverse heritages to commemorate. As Rosemary Sadlier of Ontario's Black History Society puts the case for minority histories, "One needs traditional history to engender a common culture; one needs black history to engender a clearer and more complete culture."

In recent years, celebrating the

diversity of those heritages has been the project of Black History Month, which seems to have been remarkably successful (in my part of the country, at least), both for the media attention it commands and for the diversity of intriguing historical material it brings forth about the black experience in Canada. This year, in fact, its very success bred some controversy. Some in the black community suggested, in effect, that every month should be black history month, or at least that black history should not be confined to February alone. In acknowledgement of the diversity of black history, I thought I could write this column for June/July rather than February – though Black History Month still seems a good idea.

For all the diversity of black experience in Canada, the power of that fugitive slave experience endures. Last fall the city of Windsor unveiled a bronze multifigure statue of fugitive slaves reaching safety on Canadian soil. This spring Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum opened a year-long exhibition on the underground railroad. The fugitive slave remains a powerful symbol of resistance and deliverance; and so the stories in Benjamin Drew's book remain precious as testimony.

NANCY HOWARD

Underground Railroad Monument (left), unveiled October, 2001 in Windsor, Ontario.

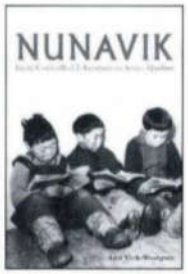
How the *Narratives of Fugitive Slaves* became available to Canadian readers again is a story in itself. Collectors of Canadiana may recall the Coles Canadiana Collection, now long out of print, for having packaged some terrific historical material in some of the ugliest, flimsiest, least attractive books ever offered for sale in this country. Recently, a Coles offshoot, Prospero Books (now a part of the Indigo-Chapters empire), began to realize what treasures it had. In the last couple of years, the Prospero Canadian Collection has begun to reoffer the classics of nineteenth-century Canadiana – from Sam Steele's adventures to Susanna Moodie's memoirs – in books with good paper, durable hardcover bindings, modest prices, and strikingly elegant covers. It was the way a display of the collection caught my eye in a bookstore recently that started me rereading *Narratives of Fugitive Slaves*. Good to have them back.

The Fugitive, or Narratives of Fugitive Slaves, compiled by Benjamin Drew, first published in Boston in 1856, was republished by Prospero Books in its Canadian Collection in 2000. The Prospero Canadian Collection now includes twelve titles and director Ed Wilkinson tells me more are expected.

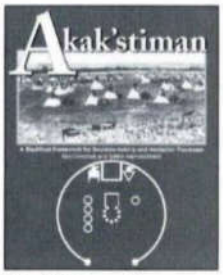
UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS

the heartland publisher

Innovation and Entrepreneurship in Western Canada: From Family Businesses to Multinationals
J.J. Chrisman, J. Adam D. Holbrook, Jess H. Chua

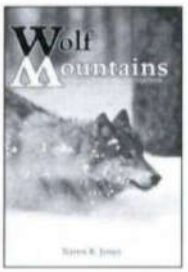


Nunavik: Inuit-Controlled Education in Arctic Quebec
Ann Vick-Westgate



Akak'stiman: A Blackfoot Framework for Decision-Making and Mediation Processes
Reg Crowshoe and Sybille Manneschmidt

Ancestral Portraits: The Colour of My People
Frederick R. McDonald



Wolf Mountains: A History of Wolves Along the Great Divide
Karen R. Jones

COMING SOON
An Inside Look at External Affairs During the Trudeau Years
The Memoirs of Mark MacGuigan
Edited by P. Whitney Lackenbauer, Foreword by Paul C. Martin

www.uofcpress.com

Order from Raincoast Distribution Services Tel:1-800-663-5714 Fax:1-800-565-3770 Email: custserv@raincoast.com

Album

Molly Titus, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the granddaughter of Molly (Robertson) Sedgewick. Her grandchildren are the sixth generation to spend their summers at Struan. She lives in Port Medway, Nova Scotia.

Repose Molly Robertson loved the Nova Scotia countryside. So much so, it is said, that she wept until her husband, a young lawyer named George Sedgewick, who had taken her to Toronto, agreed to buy land for a summer home. And so Struan was built, a cottage on the banks of the Clyde River in Shelburne County, which endures to this day as a family retreat.

Molly's older sister Mabel loved to take photographs, and her photos of picnics and fishing expeditions show the young women in skirts and long-sleeved blouses, often in hats, and the men in butterfly collars and ties – no incongruity at the turn of the last century where the line between formality and informality was drawn higher than in our own time. Mabel may have posed Molly amid the black spruce and maple trees, but she did not outfit her for the occasion.

And so we have a summer's day a century ago. The sun illuminates the lovely face of a young woman who will spend all her winters in Toronto with her husband and two daughters. But she will spend all her summers – but two, it is said – where her heart remained, at Struan, in Nova Scotia.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, *c/o The Beaver*, #478 – 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CANADIANS DON'T BRAG ABOUT THEIR LIVES. SO WE WILL.

CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS

9PM ET/PT

"Canadian History Wednesdays" feature the real stories of the saints and sinners who built this country and have left a lasting impression.

HISTORY TELEVISION

HistoryTelevision.ca

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	THE CANADIANS					CANADIAN HISTORY	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM							
8:00 AM	SCATTERING OF SEEDS					HISTORY LANDS	
8:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY SERIES						
9:30 AM							
10:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
11:00 AM	THE CANADIANS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOC. SERIES TREASURE SEEKERS	WAR STORIES
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
4:30 PM	HISTORY BITES						
5:00 PM	COMBAT					HISTORY OF WAR	DOCUMENTARY SERIES —WAR
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					HISTORY LANDS	HISTORY LANDS
6:30 PM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES					ROYAL SECRETS	STREETS OF THE WORLD
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					STREETS OF THE WORLD	DISASTERS
7:30 PM						ODYSSEYS	
8:00 PM	HISTORY BITES					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	SEA HUNTERS
8:30 PM	CROWN AND COUNTRY						
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	THE UNTOUCHABLES						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	THE UNTOUCHABLES						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC HOUR	DISASTERS
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					WESTERN MATINEE	SEA HUNTERS
4:30 AM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES						
5:00 AM	PAID PROGRAMMING						HISTORY LANDS
5:30 AM							STREETS OF THE WORLD
6:00 AM	COMBAT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Programming to change as of July 7, 2002.